



THE
WILLIAM R. PERKINS
LIBRARY
OF
DUKE UNIVERSITY



Rare Books

~~351~~
351

THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY

EARL OF MORELAND.

THIRD EDITION.

~~~~~  
VOLUME II.  
~~~~~

LONDON:

Printed at the Conference-Office, North-Green, Finsbury-Square, G. STORY, Agent. Sold by G. WHITFIELD, New-Chapel, City-Road: and at the Methodist Preaching-Houses in Town and Country.

1893.

RBR
B872H
V.2

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
HENRY EARL of MORELAND.

~~~~~

[*The History of a Reprobate, continued.*]

THE palace, though it appeared one uniform edifice, was divided into two by an impassable barrier. The one was the habitation of Ali and his attendants: and his wives, with their eunuchs, were lodged in the other, where it was impalement for any man, save Ali himself, to enter. For three days and nights, after I entered his palace, though I was treated with an attention that gave me much uneasiness, yet I had not the honour of being called to his presence. At length I was conducted by a private door to his cabinet. My friend David, said he, what hast thou to tell me concerning my dear and brave nephew Osmyn? I then minutely, and at large, recited to him the particulars above related. And we shed many tears, that were provoked by the tears of each other.

Having closed my narration, he cast his eyes down awhile, as in deep meditation; and raising them again, he said, the presumptions are strong, very strong against this man, and yet there is a possibility that he may be guiltless. And though Osmyn was my nephew, and almost my bowels, yet humanity demands of us, David, that nine criminals should escape the punishment they deserve, rather than one innocent person should perish in his righteousness. But the great Alla may give us further lights in this business.

In about five days after, a convict was to be gaunched for the rape and murder of a free woman. He was to be thrown from the top of a high tower, from whose walls projected several sharp and shagged instruments, resembling hooks, scythes, tenters, at certain distances, some below others. He fainted several times as he was carrying to execution; and then being in an agony, he said, he had a matter of the highest consequence to impart to the great Ali, and prayed to be brought into his presence.

I was on the spot when he was led in, and looking earnestly at him, recollected that he was the ruffian who had spit in my face, and given me a buffet when I entered Barber's ship.

Wretch! cried the Dey, what hast thou to say to Ali? That I am guilty, answered the convict of crimes more heinous than that for which I am to suffer; of crimes that nearly concern yourself, Oh Ali, but which you shall never know, unless you swear to me, by Mahomet, to mitigate the manner of my death. I do swear it, said the regent, provided the discovery which you make shall be found to be of due import.

He then deposed that on the night in which Osmyn disappeared, the captain, with ten confederated ruffians of whom he was one, entered the prince's cabin, and having muffled the faces of him and his attendant, to prevent their crying out, bound them hand and foot, and heaved them thro' the window into a frigate that waited for them. That then getting into the frigate they massacred the seven Moors to whose care she had been left, and rifling her of all the money and plate and valuables they could find, they sunk the frigate, with Osmyn and his attendant in her, and then returned to their own ship.

Here Barber was sent for, who as soon as he saw the face of the convict, without waiting to be confronted by his evidence, rushed violently, with his head foremost, toward the opposite wall, and if a man who was at hand had not caught him by the chain, he would instantly have dashed his skull to shivers.

Ali hereupon, without further examination, ordered the head of the convict to be struck off, and Barber

ber to be impaled in the face of the people. Never was joy like mine, on hearing this sentence pronounced against Barber ; and I rose early the next morning to see the execution. He was so enfeebled by his panicks, that they were obliged to draw him on a sledge to the stake ; and his countenance had all the impressions of death, despair and hell, represented upon it.

This, however, did not affect me with any other sensation than joy, till the executioners, with unfeeling hearts began to take the wretch in hand. But when I saw them, with difficulty and great violence, thrusting the stake thro' his body ; when I saw him writhing in agony, and heard his horrible roars and groanings, all my revenge was turned into terror and compassion ; his pangs and sufferings, as it seemed, were transferred to my own person, and, had I not turned away, I should have fainted on the spot.

The Dey from this time became extremely fond of me, and familiar with me. He allotted me an affluent pension, with slaves, horses, and attendants. He said I should be to him in the place of a nephew, and of a son, and he called me by the name of David Osmyn.

Some time after, tidings were brought that Caled Amurath, of Fez, was making mighty preparations to invade his dominions. We will more than meet him half way, cried the gallant Ali : perhaps we may even prevent his threatened expedition. He then summoned his forces from all quarters. I was present when he made a general muster of them. His foot were more formidable for their numbers than their discipline ; but his horse were perfectly trained.

The day before he set out I threw myself at his feet. I will go with you, my master, I will go with you, I cried. I will not have any command or post of honour ; I only desire permission to fight by your side. No, David, he replied, my people know you are still a christian. I could not refrain from shewing the love I have for you ; and that might be matter of jealousy to my captains. I will leave you here a band of soldiers, with whom you are to encamp within sight of my palace, and to keep these walls from violence, and

my women from pollution. But, while you are their guardian, beware that you do not turn an invader, David! I would pardon you any thing but this, I would not pardon you the invasion of my bed, David Osmyn! No, my Lord, I cried aloud, I cannot prove ungrateful. Tho' your women were as obvious to my walks as yonder pavement, and tho' adorned with more graces than their first mother in Paradise, they should have no temptation for me, my master.

The next morning Ali began his march; and having escorted him a piece on his way, I returned to my charge. That night, as I lay in my tent, I began to call myself to an account. David, said I to my soul, thou hast now gotten preferment, and riches, and honours; thou art as it were, the second man in the realm, and all this people have thee in high estimation: but art thou the better or the happier man for all this, David? Far otherwise, far otherwise. Oh frail and vain heart! these glories have taken hold upon thee, and they have drawn a painted veil between me and my God. To my chain, and my straw, and my nakedness! return me to them, O Lord; return me to my slavery, return me to my labours! I was not then, indeed, gaining conquests and winning prizes; but I was near to obtaining *the prize of the high calling*. My body was not adorned with gold and pearl; but my spirit rejoiced in *the pearl of great price*!

In about five weeks after, as I was taking, by moonlight, my evening's walk of meditation, on the marble that chequered the pavement before the palace, Muley, an old black and chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio, came up and accosted me. Osmyn, said he, taking a bundle from under his arm, I have here a present for you that would make proud the greatest emperor upon earth. It is a complete suit wrought purposely for you by the fingers of the Sultana, as also by the fingers of her fair and princely sisters. They have heard of your great achievements during the festival, and they send you this in reward. So saying, he unfolded the robes to the moon. They were flowered with gold, pearl and gems of such a vivid lustre as reflected her beams with tenfold brightness.

And

And what is required of me, Muley, I demanded, in return for this inestimable honour? Nothing, said Muley, but a single hour's attendance, to give them a short sketch of your life and adventures. Take back your presents, I cried, there is poison and death in them: I will not betray the trust that our master has reposed in me. Nay, said Muley, I affirm to you that there is no such intention. Our ladies are all women of the severest chastity. I will undertake to conduct, and reconduct you back in safety. Neither can our master be betrayed in any degree. They all live together, they love like sisters, and no one keeps a secret from the other. However, they desired me to tell you that, if you are of a fearful temper, they will not insist on the favour so much expected. Here I felt myself piqued: No, Muley, I cried, I am no coward. I can dare all honest dangers. I will attend you. But I will not stay, Muley. I will let your ladies know, that, in the cause of honour and virtue, I can resist all temptations.

I then called a distant slave, who waited my orders, and, giving him the bundle, desired him to lay it within my tent. Where now, Muley, said I. I will shew you, said Muley. He then led me to a large bucket, wherein water was accustomed to be raised, by pullies, to the balcony, and there to be emptied into vessels that stood upon the leads. You must not enter any door of the lower story, said Muley; for there our domestics inhabit. But, if you get into this bucket, in a minute or two I will raise you by the pullies, and take you gently in.

Muley then went from me, and was admitted, on striking at a distant door; while I stood by the bucket, and, observing its first motion, jumped in and was conveyed to the top of the palace. Muley there received me in darkness and silence, and, taking me by the hand, led me down by a few steps into a narrow apartment that was scarcely enlightened by a glimmering lamp. He there left me again, giving me only a whispering promise that he would quickly return. I waited for him, under great impatience of getting speedily back again. At length he came, and, taking me

me by the hand, without speaking a word, he led me thro' a long and dark entry, till, coming to a folding-door he touched a spring, whereupon the door flew open on either side, and threw a sudden blaze upon my dazzled eyes.

The saloon, upon which it opened, was profusely illuminated, and most sumptuously furnished. In the midst a board was covered with an elegant collation. Around it were placed a great number of small sofas; and behind each sofa stood a lady richly adorned, but veiled from the head to the waist.

Again Muley led me to the further end, while I made a low obeisance as I passed the company. He then compelled me to sit, where, by a small turn of my head, I could have a full prospect of each fair-one at table. Then, as by one motion, they were all instantly seated; and again, as by one motion, they all instantly threw up their veils, and I had like to have fallen backward with astonishment. The Sultana Adelaide, sat nearest to me on the right; and was no way distinguished from her princely sisters, but by a small coronet of feathered diamonds that was inserted in her lovely locks. Osmyn, said she, you seem something surprized; were you never in a seraglio before? Have you no seraglios in your country, Osmyn? No, Madam, I replied, we have no seraglio in our country; but sure, no seraglio upon earth, ever produced such and so many beauties as now strike my eyes.

Would you not wish then, said Adelaide, to have such a seraglio of your own? No, Madam, I answered; without love, in my judgment, there can be no true enjoyment; if ever I love, it can be but the one object, and her I shall love with my whole heart. Here she looked at me with a tenderness that sunk into my soul, and, taking out her handkerchief, wiped away a swelling tear.

Here they pressed me to tell them my story; and here I confess, to my shame, that, however vile I appeared in my own eyes, I was ambitious of appearing as honourable as possible in the eyes of the fair Adelaide. I therefore suppressed what was black, glossed over what was offensive, and enlarged on every thing that I deemed advantageous in my character.

The



The night was far spent, by the time I concluded ; and the Sultana arising, proposed to shew me the curiosities of an adjoining cabinet. I accordingly attended her, and was astonished at the lustre, the riches, and profusion of the jewels, as well as at the miracles of art that she displayed before my eyes.

On our return, we perceived that our company had absconded. Adelaide grew all crimson, and cast down her eyes ; I also was confused, my heart began to throb, and I looked about for some pretence to make a quick escape. But—but—in short, Gentlemen, neither my resolutions, nor religion, nor honour, nor gratitude were of any avail against such a temptation ; they fell together, an easy victim to the all-conquering Adelaide.

Adelaide was the first to press my retreat. It was not yet day. I found Muley in waiting. We went by the way we came, I stepped into the bucket, and he let me gently down. As I approached the pavement, I felt a hand behind that seized me violently by the shoulder. I sprung round, and seizing the wretch by the throat, would have plunged my poniard into his bosom ; but some power arrested my arm, and said to my heart, beware that thou add not murder to adultery, David !

While I hesitated, a number rushed upon me : they griped me by each arm, and, wresting the poinard from me, bound my hands behind, and led me to the cell of the Imams that stood something aloof from one end of the palace. As soon as they had brought lights, What, Osmyn ! exclaimed their chief, can this be our renowned Osmyn ? Is it thus that you repay the favours of your generous and kind master ? You are a Christian, cried another ; has your Christ then taught you to betray the confidence that is reposed in you ? This was a home stab ; it went thro' my heart ; but I stood in a shamefaced sullenness, and opened not my lips.

Here they went apart, and having consulted awhile, returned. Osmyn, said their chief, you are a brave man, and it is a pity to lose you. Your secret is yet with us ; and, we swear to you, by our holy Prophet, and by the terrible Alha, that if you perform the  
single

single condition we enjoin, we will bury what we know, in a depth below the grave, and we will recommend you to the love of Ali, and the acclamations of all the people. Name it quickly, I cried, whatever it may be, at the risque, at the loss of my life, I will perform it. It is, said he, no more than to abjure Christ, and to confess Mahomet, whose priests we are.

Here I gave a deep groan; and casting down my head, and shedding a silent tear, without daring to lift my thoughts to heaven; No, no, I cried, though Christ is nothing to me, tho' I have no interest in him; tho' he has rejected me, for time, and for eternity; tho' I have daily denied him by every action of my life; yet my tongue shall never deny him. In poverty and nakedness, in dangers and in dungeons, in death here, and in hell hereafter, my tongue shall confess him.

Here they went apart again, and, returning, told me that I should have two days to deliberate on their proposal; but that, if I did not comply, I should be impaled alive on the third morning, with all the additional tortures that art could invent. They then put me into a covered waggon, and conveyed me to Algiers, where I was cast into a noisome dungeon, bolted down to the ground with irons, sustained with coarse bread and water, and not allowed a ray of light to divert my thoughts from the horrors of my situation.

Mean time I endeavoured to reinforce my resolution, by repeating to myself the sacred promise, where Christ says, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." Mine, indeed, said I, is but a verbal confession; but even that, with what I am about to suffer for his sake, may serve to make me less criminal, if not acceptable, in his sight.

I then longed to be brought to the test, while I shuddered at the thoughts of it. At length the day arrived. The Imams came and once more repeated the question; but I still persisted, tho' in terms that were scarcely intelligible, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. They then stripped me to these drawers, out of which also they took my money with  
other

other valuables, and every thing except this insignificant walnut, and, having tied me to a sledge, I was dragged to the place of execution.

The chief Imam once more asked if I would renounce the Son of David ; but I made him no answer, for I was unable to speak. I had seen the preparations ; the stake in the hands of the executioners ; the fires kindled about me, with horrid instruments ready to be put therein, for the tearing off my frying and quivering flesh from the bones.

Could I then have had the confidence to have turned my soul to God, and to have besought his assistance in that trying and terrible hour, I make no question but he would have given me strength from on high, to defy all that men or devils could do unto me. But when I reflected on the writhings of Barber, the bare sight of which my spirits were not able to support ; when I saw such an apparatus of additional torments ; and when they took me in hand, for instant execution, I utterly lost my senses ; I shrunk inward with fear, my hairs stood on end with horror ; my tongue found sudden utterance, and I cried, Stay, stay, I will say, I will do whatever you enjoin me.

The Imam then began to pronounce a form of renunciation, which he ordered me to repeat after him ; but I was so panting and breathless, that they were obliged to get a cordial for me to keep me from swooning. As soon as my spirits were something restored, the Imam again began his impious ceremony, and I make no question but I should have gone thro' it, however repugnant to my soul, but in that instant, we heard distant shouts and cries, as of many people ; the sound of the clamours drew nearer and nearer ; and, soon after, we saw numbers hurrying to and from the city. Their words became now, as distinct as they were audible ; Ali is slain, Ali is slain ! was the only cry ; and Amurath comes in full march upon us.

Here all turned suddenly from me, and, flying several ways, left me unbound and alone, sitting close by the stake. Seeing this, I began to recover from the fearful condition in which I was ; and, rising, I made the best of my way to the port. There I saw a long-boat just about to set off with a number of fellows,  
much

much in my own plight, and, taking a run, I sprang from the beach into the midst of them. A man then demanded, in English, if I was one of the ransomed? Yes, ransomed, ransomed, I cried, wonderfully ransomed indeed. Whereupon, without further question, they set up their sail, and in about two hours we reached the ship, which the consul had appointed to take them in. For the remainder of that day, I continued in a state that is hard to be conceived. My head and stomach, at times, were disordered by sick fits, and my soul hovered in a fearful kind of a doze, as one not rightly awakened from a dream of horror.

Toward evening I threw myself down in the hold, and sunk into a state of utter oblivion, as I had not slept for the three foregoing nights and days. The day following I found my body something refreshed, but the situation of my mind was like that of a disturbed and tumbling sea after a raging storm. I looked around for comfort, but no comfort was near; I looked afar off for hope, but no hope came in prospect. The sense of existence became a misery under which I was not able to bear up; and, could I have had my wish, creation would again have been uncreated. During the whole of our voyage I continued very nearly in this distemper of spirit; in a depth of despondence, whose darkness would admit no ray of consolation.

I would then call myself at dead of night, before that terrible judgment. Thou fiend, David, I would say, wherefore art thou sunk in guilt above all that ever were guilty? It was thy fortune to get three good and kind masters, good and kind above thy wants, and even up to thy wishes; and all these thou hast deceived, thou hast spoiled and betrayed them. Even the Master of all masters, the Master who was my freedom in the midst of my captivity. I was on the brink of denying Jesus also; nay, I did reject, I did deny him; I promised, I engaged to reject and deny him; and he will reject thee, thro' time; and thro' eternity, he will deny thee, David!

One evening a terrible storm arose; and, while most of the crew gave some of their little matters to the Providere for liquors, and sat, drowning the sense of danger, at one end of the ship; my companions, who

arc

1810 455

are present, were praying or singing glory to God in the other. Both parties invited me to join them, but I refused to be partaker with either; for I could not abet in others, that wickedness which I condemned and detested in myself; and I could not think of taking into my execrable mouth, the sacred name of that Christ to whom I had so lately turned a false apostate. In the mean time, I held myself as Jonah, whose crimes brought perdition on all in the vessel; and I was on the point of advising the mariners to cast me out. At length the tempest abated, but my peturbations did not abate. I wished to repent, but I deemed myself past the possibility of repentance. And thus I continued in a state of enmity against my God, against man, and woman-kind.

When the constables entered, and by the order of Sir Thomas, laid hold on such a number of my late associates; tho' I did not care what became of me, yet nature began to re-assert her rights; I trembled and turned pale, as I suppose; all my crimes came rushing together into my memory; I imagined that they were exposed before your eyes also; and I expected every moment, to be seized, like my fellow culprits, and thrown into a dungeon. But, when I found that, instead of punishment, you proposed to load me with your bounties, all my sins appeared to me more exceeding sinful; your goodness came, in a heap, upon the head of my own guilt; and I fell prostrate at your feet, as under the weight of a mountain.

As soon as he had closed his story; Take courage, David, I cried. Your case is not near so desperate as your fears have formed it. Your error lay in trusting to your own strength for resisting temptation; and the best man that ever breathed, with no better a dependance, must inevitably have fallen, as you did. You now know your own weakness; you are taught, by repeated experience, that, in or of yourself, you no more can stand against the enemies of your soul, when they assail you, than a tree severed from its root, and barely set on end, can stand the assaults of a tempest. Keep therefore to your root, David. Never dare, in your own strength to oppose yourself to a reed. Apply to the Rock, my friend, from whence

you were hewn. Cling to him, repose upon him, put your whole confidence in him; and then your weakness shall become stronger than an army with banners; and neither life nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

While I spoke, his eyes began to glisten, the cloud of his countenance cleared, his aspect assumed a cheerful serenity, he could scarce have been known for the same person; and he cried,—I will, I will, once more seek to my God. Do you, my Master, pray him to permit my approach; and in life, or in death, I never will let go my hold of him any more. He then would again have cast himself at my feet, but I hastened to prevent him.

David, said I, I am going to France, and before I set out, I should be greatly pleased to see you in some decent way of livelihood. Now, instead of the twenty pounds, of which you held yourself so unworthy, here are two hundred to make a beginning for you, and I should be glad to know the use you propose to make of this money.

In the first place, Sir, said he, I will refund to my two masters, all the money of which I defrauded them, with full or double interest, amounting, as I suppose, to seventy or eighty pounds. And in the next place, I will return to your honour every penny of the remainder; for indeed you shall not persuade me to trust myself with it. In my present way of thinking, it would be of no more use to me than the stones or dirt of the street. My state of slavery and labour was the only state of happiness that I have known since my birth; and I dread, I shudder at the apprehension of affluence. I am already but too rich, in having my liberty. I am now in a free country, and therefore, Lord of my own earnings. Matter of labour is but matter of play to me. The pay of a porter, on the spot where I am, will be too much of opulence; it will give me a further sufficiency to supply the wants of the needy, and the cravings of the beggar.

My good David, my beloved penitent, said the worthy Sir Thomas; and so saying he took him most cordially

cordially by the hand, How came you by that walnut, the only remnant of all your treasures, which you called insignificant, and have yet retained to this day? You are as Pharoah to his chief butler, Sir, said David, you bring my faults fully into the remembrance of your servant. While the Sultana, as I told you, was shewing me the treasures of her cabinet, she desired me to take whatever I held most estimable. But, as my covetous fit was not upon me, I turned my eye on a few walnuts that I saw in a corner, and taking one of them, said, that I would keep it for her sake. Swear to me then, she cried, that you will never break or open it, till you get into your own country. This was an easy condition, and I instantly complied with it.

Did you love the Sultana, David? Yes, Sir, to excess, as I am also persuaded that she loved me; and we vowed to intermarry, if ever it should be our fortune to regain our liberty; and, bound or free, never to marry another.

Let me look at your walnut, David, said Sir Thomas, you are now under no further injunction concerning it. Do not break it, I beseech you, then, Sir, said David, because I intend never to part with it. I will not break it, David, I will only open it with my knife.

Sir Thomas then took the walnut, and having poised it for some time in his hand; I will give you a hundred guineas, David, said he, for your hazard of what this shell contains. I would take a hundred pence, Sir, said David, if I was inclined to take your money without giving value. Sir Thomas then took his knife, and dividing the shell with the utmost caution, I have a strong fancy, David, said he, that I must soon raise the market; and instantly produced a diamond of the first water and magnitude. We all started back and looked astonished; and David was the only person in company, who, neither by word or look, expressed the smallest joy or satisfaction.

Sir Thomas, who was a jeweller, having inspected the stone with much delight and admiration, Mr. David, said he, I would offer you seventeen hundred pieces for this diamond, if I did not think my offer

considerably under the value, but I shall be a better judge when I have put it in the scales. Keep it, keep it, Sir, cried David, and heartily welcome, return me only the shell, it is all I will accept of. Then, turning to me a pale and alarmed aspect, Ah! Sir, said he, this is questionless another device of the tempter; I fear that I am not to get quit of my old associate so soon as I looked for. I do not think with you, David, in this matter, I replied. I rather conceive that Providence hath sent you this treasure at a time that he sees you will make a worthy use of it. O, Sir, he cried, if it shall ever again be my case to fall from my God, I shall certainly run mad, or make away with myself. Why so, David? said I. You must not expect, all on a sudden, to jump into a sinless state. Such a state is only for those who have already *fought the good fight*. Such a state is only for those in whom the babe of Bethlehem is not only conceived, but grown up. These indeed run, with a joyful and free will, into all sorts of goodness, as a stream is prone to run to its kindred and parent ocean. But as for such as you and I, brother David, we must be content to struggle on. Yet we should not despond, but turn to our Helper, in total diffidence of ourselves, and full confidence in his mightiness.

Here he caught at my hand, and pressing his lips upon it, What shall I render you, my master? What shall I render you, he cried, for the peace and comfort which you have shed abroad thro' my bosom? I may now draw near to the Throne of Compassion, heavy laden with all my sins, that is to say, with all myself; and I will trust to free-mercy for removing the burden, and to free-grace alone for any good that shall ever be in me. As it now grew late, we agreed that Sir Thomas should take David home in his own coach, and that I should take Thomas with me in a hackney; and I gave their remaining comrades an order for a hundred and fifty guineas *per man*.

When we were just upon separating, Thomas caught David about the neck. Oh my dear David! said he, I shall surely never dare to judge any man again; for I held you to be a very reprobate, when you were fifty times over, a better man than myself. Hereupon I wished .



I wished Sir Thomas and David a good night, and, making Tirlah and Thomas go into the coach with me, went directly home. As I entered the house Mrs. Tirrel met me with joy in her countenance. My dear Sir, she cried, I began to be in trouble about you; I have kept supper back this long time. Then, said I, let us have it as soon as you please; for I have brought a dear friend home with me. I placed the twins directly opposite to each other at table, and I made Tirlah and young James sit down along with us.

While I was employed in observing the emotions of the brother and sister, they looked eagerly at each other, they both changed countenance, and neither of them offered to taste a bit. Mr. Thomas, said I, why do not you eat? Thomas! Thomas! cried the sister, in a quick and passionate accent; it may be—it may be—O!—my brother!

So saying, she gave a jump which, for the world, she could not have done at any other time. Over tumbled the table, meat, dishes, and plates; while she caught and clung about her brother, without casting a thought away upon the ruins that she had wrought. O my Tommy, O my Nelly! my Tommy, my Nelly! was all that was uttered in the midst of their caresses. They saw no one but each other; they heard no one but each other; and I would gladly lose a thousand suppers, to be feasted as I was at that season.

When Mr. Clinton came to this part of his story, a messenger entered in fearful haste, and delivered a letter to Lady Maitland. As soon as she had run it over, My dearest Sir, she cried, I must leave you this instant. I lately made you an offer of a hundred thousand pounds, and now I know not that I have so many shillings upon earth. I am here informed that the trustee of all my affairs has absconded and made his escape to France: but I must hurry to town, and enquire into this business. So saying, she suddenly withdrew, without giving her cousin time to make a tender of his services.

The next morning Mr. Clinton ordered his chariot to the door, and hastened to attend her ladyship at her house in London; but there he was told that she had

set out for Dover about an hour before, and he returned much grieved upon her account.

In about three weeks after Mr. Clement, with his young pupil, came home quite lightened of the money they had taken abroad. Mr. Fenton, for so we shall call him again, gave Clement a friendly embrace, and took Harry to his caresses as though he had returned from a long and dangerous voyage. Well, Clement, said Mr. Fenton, what account have you to give us of your expedition? An account, Sir, that would be extremely displeasing to any man except yourself. Our young gentleman, here, has plunged you above a thousand pounds in debt, over and above the large sums that we carried with us. I hope the objects were worthy, said Mr. Fenton; wonderfully worthy, indeed, Sir; I never saw such affecting scenes. Then I shall be over-paid by the narration.

Here Harry enquired for Mrs. Clement and his friend Ned, and being told that they were on a visit to the widow Neighbourly, he took a hasty leave for the present, and away he flew to embrace them.

As soon as he was gone, Sir, said Mr. Clement, I cannot think that there is, in the world, such another boy as your's. I will leave to himself the detail of our adventures in the several prisons; they had such an effect on his heart, that they cannot but have made a deep impression upon his memory; so I shall only tell you of what happened in our way to London.

By the time we approached the suburbs, we had nearly overtaken a grown girl who carried a basket of eggs on her head. A great lubberly boy, just then, passed us by at a smart pace, and tripping up to the girl, gave the basket a tip with his hand, and dashed all the eggs into mash against a stony part of the road, and again taking to his heels, run on as before. Immediately Harry's indignation was kindled, and, setting out at top speed, he soon overtook him, and gave him several smart strokes with his little cane across the shoulders. The fellow then turned upon Harry and gave him a furious blow with his fist over the head, while I hastened to his relief, as the other appeared quite an over match for him. But, before I had arrived, our hero had put a quick end to the combat,

for,

for, springing from the ground, he darted his head full into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who instantly roared out, and, seeing his own blood come pouring down, he once more took to flight, while Harry continued to press upon him, and belaboured him at pleasure, till he judged that he had beaten him to the full value of the eggs.

Mean while the poor girl, wholly unmindful of what passed, remained wailing and wringing her hands over the wreck of her merchandise. The voice of a Syren could not so powerfully have recalled Harry; he returned with speed to her, and I followed. My poor girl, says he, where were you going with those eggs? To market, Master, says she: and what did you expect to get for them? About five shillings, Sir, and I had promised my Daddy and Mammy to lay it out in shoes and stockings for my little brothers and sisters; and so I must now bear all the blame of the poor things going barefoot. Here she again set up her wailings, and her tears poured down afresh.

Harry then desired me to lend him ten shillings, and, turning to the mourner, Hold out your two hands, my poor girl, he cried. Then, putting five shillings into each hand, here is the payment for your eggs, said he, and here are five shillings more, though I fear it is too little, to pay for all the tears they cost you. Never did I see so sudden a change in any countenance. Surprise, gratitude, extacy, flashed from her eyes, and gave a joyous flush to her whole aspect. She hurried her money into her bosom, and dropping on her knees in the dirt, and seizing hold of Harry's hand, she squeezed and kissed it repeatedly, without being able to utter a word. While Harry's eyes began to fill, and having disengaged himself, he made off, as fast as he could, from such thanks as he thought he had no way deserved.

This, Sir, was our adventure going to London. But, had you seen us on our return, about two hours ago, you would have wondered at the miry plight into which we were put by helping passengers up with their bundels that had tumbled into the dirt; or by assisting to raise cattle that had fallen under their carriages; for Master Harry would compel me to be as busy

busy and active, in matters of charity, as himself. However, Sir, I am to tell you, that Master Harry with all his excellencies, will be accounted a mere idiot among people of distinction, if he is not permitted to enter into some of the fashionable foibles and vices of the age.

We were taking a walk in the Mall, when we were met by the Earl of Mansfield, who expressed great joy at seeing Master Harry, his old acquaintance, as he called him; and he pressed us so earnestly to dinner, that we could not, in good manners, refuse him. There was a vast concourse of company, more especially of the young quality of both sexes, who came to pay their respects to young Lord Bottom and his sister the Lady Louisa.

Harry was received and saluted by Lady Mansfield and the young Lord, without any appearance of the old animosity. Some time after dinner a large packet of letters was brought in to the Earl, who making his excuse to Harry alone, rose from the table and retired to his closet. Lord Bottom and his sister then led the young males and females to an adjoining apartment, where several card-tables were laid, and I began to tremble for the credit of my pupil.

I stood at a little distance behind my Lady's chair, seemingly inattentive to any thing that passed, when Bottom entered on tiptoe, and, tripping up to his mother, and tittering and whispering in her ear, What do you think, Mamma, said he; sure, Master Fenton is a fool, a down-right fool, upon my honour. He does not know a single card in the whole pack, he does not know the difference between the ace of hearts and the nine of clubs. I do not think either that he knows any thing of the difference or value of coin; for as we passed through the hall to-day, a beggar asked for a halfpenny, and I saw him slip a shilling into his hand. Indeed, Mamma, he is the greatest fool that ever I knew; and yet, poor fellow, he does not seem to know any thing of the matter himself.

Soon after, Harry entered with the rest of the small quality, Master Fenton, cries my Lady, I beg to speak with you. Do not you know the cards, my dear?

No,

No, indeed, Madam. Cannot you play at dice? No, Madam. Can you play at draughts or chess? Not at all, Madam. Why then, my dear, I must tell you, that all your father's fortune will never introduce you among people of any breeding or fashion. Can you play at any kind of game, Master Harry? A little at fox and geese, Madam: and pray, my dear, said my Lady, smiling, which of the parties do you espouse? The part of the geese, Madam: I thought as much, cried out my Lord Bottom, whereupon a loud laugh was echoed through the room.

Here my Lady chid the company, and calling Harry to her again, Tell me, I pray you, said she, why you espouse the part of the geese? Because, Madam, I always wish that simplicity should get the better of fraud and cunning. The Countess here looked astonished, and having gazed awhile at him, caught and kissed him eagerly. You are a noble fellow, she cried, and all must be fools or mad that take you for the one or the other.

Jemmy Bottom, cried my Lady aloud, come here; I cannot but tell you, Jemmy, that you have behaved yourself extremely ill to your young friend here, who might have improved you by his example as much as he has honoured you by his visit. I must further tell you, Jemmy Bottom, that whenever you pique yourself on degrading Master Fenton, you only pride in your own abasement, and glory in your shame. Hereupon, I got up, and, leaving our compliments for the Earl, I carried off my young charge.

Harry now entered, with Mrs. Clement caressing him on the one side, and his old dependant Ned hanging about him on the other. As soon as all were settled and seated: Well, Harry, said Mr. Fenton, will you favour us with some account of your expedition? Have you ever a pretty story for me, my Harry? Several stories, Sir, said Harry, but Mr. Clement had better tell them; they would be sadly bungled if they came through my hands. The company will make allowances, replied Mr. Fenton; let us have these stories in your own way.

On the second day, Sir, as my tutor and I were walking in the court-yard of the Fleet-Prison, who should I spy but my old Master, Mr. Vindex, walking, very sad, to and again by the wall. He was so pale and shabby, and so fallen away, that I did not rightly know him, till I looked at him very earnestly. My heart then began to soften and warm toward the poor man; for it told me that something very sorrowful must have happened, before he could have been brought to that condition. So I went up to him with a face, I believe, as melancholy as his own.

How do you do, Mr. Vindex? said I. I should be glad to see you, if I did not see you look so sad. He then stared at me for some time, and, at length, remembering me, he turned away to shun me; but I took him by the hand, and said, You must not leave me, Mr. Vindex; will not you know your old scholar, Harry Fenton? Yes, says he, casting down his eyes, I know you now, Master; I know I used you basely, and I know why you are come; but reproach me as much as you please, all is welcome now, since I cannot lie lower till I am laid in the earth.

I do not mean to insult you; my dear Mr. Vindex, and so I wiped my eye. Here are twenty guineas to put warm clothes upon you in this cold weather. Little and low as I am myself, I will try to do something better for you, and so give me one kiss in token that we are friends. The poor dear man then opened his broad eyes, with a look that was made up half of joy and half of shame. He then kneeled down, that I might reach to kiss him, and taking me into his arms, You are not born of woman, you are an angel, an angel, he cried; and so he fell a crying, and cried so sadly, that I could not, for my heart, but keep him company. I did all I could to pacify him, and getting him up at last, You must not part with me, Mr. Vindex, said I, we must dine together. Here is Mr. Clement, my tutor, you and he too must be friends.

I then led him by the hand into a large ground room that Mr. Close, the keeper, had appointed for us; and I ordered dinner to be brought up. As soon as we were all seated, Mr. Vindex, said I, be so kind to let

me know what the money may come to for which you are confined? A terrible sum, indeed, my Darling, said he, no less than a hundred and fifty two pounds. I then put my hand in my pocket, and taking out two bills and a little matter of money that made up the sum, I put it into his hand, saying, My friend shall never lie in jail for such a trifle as this.

Having looked for some time at the bills with amazement, he turned to my tutor and said, Is this young Gentleman, Sir, duly authorized to dispose of such vast matters as these? He is, said Mr. Clement, he is the disposer of his father's fortune; and I am confident that his father will think himself doubly paid in the use that his noble son has made of his privilege this day. A gleam then, like that of sunshine, broke through his sad countenance; And, are you the one, he cried, Master Harry, whom I treated so barbarously? You may forgive me, my little cherub, you, indeed, may forgive me, but I never shall forgive myself. O, Mr. Vindex, said I, I would undergo the same whipping again, to make you love me twice as much as you now love me.

Dinner was now served, and calling for wine, I filled him a bumper, in a large glass, which he drank to the health of my glorious Dada, as he called you, Sir. Upon this we grew very friendly, and, when dinner was over, I begged him to tell me how he came to be put into confinement.

O, Master Harry, he cried, I have suffered all that I have suffered very justly, for my harsh and cruel usage of you, Master Harry. After the affair of the hobgoblins, as you know, the shame to which I was put by my fright, and by my scourging, began to be whispered, and then to be noised about the town. The boys at length, caught the rumour, and began to hoot at me; and the more I chastised them the more they shouted after me, A rod for the flogger, a rod for the flogger!

No blasting so baneful, as contempt to a man in the way of his profession. My boys grew disorderly, and behaved themselves in school, without respect to my person, or regard to my government. Even my intimates

intimates shunned me, and would cast at me a side glance of smiling scorn as they passed. My school melted from me like snow in a fog. Even my boarders forsook me. I stood at a high rent; my effects were seized by the landlord. It was in vain that I solicited payment from the parents of my scholars. No one who was indebted to me would give me a penny; while all that I owed came like a tumbling house upon me; and so I was cast into this prison, from whence your bounty has set me free.

Alas, alas, poor Mr. Vindex, said I, had I guessed any part of the mischiefs that our unlucky pranks have brought upon you, I would have put both my hands into a furnace, rather than have born a part in such a wickedness. In conscience, now, we are indebted to you for every misfortune we caused you; and, as you are not yet paid for the half of your sufferings, I here give you my hand and word to make up a hundred and fifty pounds more for you; and for this I will not accept the smallest thanks, as I think it is no more than an act of common honesty. And I, cried Mr. Fenton, I hold myself indebted to you a thousand pounds, my noble Harry, for that single sentiment. That is well, that is well, Sir, cried Harry, leaping up and clapping his hands, I shall now be clear in the world with all my poor creditors. Thus, Sir, continued he, it rejoiced my heart greatly to send poor Mr. Vindex away in such triumph; while my tutor and I went two or three doors off, to see a mighty pretty young creature who was confined with her ancient father. And I will tell you their story with two or three other stories.

On tapping at the door we were desired to walk in, and saw a female, with her back to us, weaving bone lace on a cushion; while an elderly man, with spectacles on, read to her in Thomas a Kempis. They both rose to salute us. Mr. Clement then stepped up, and, seeing what they were about, cried, God cannot but prosper your work, good people, since you employ your time to such purposes. As an earnest of his kindness to you, he sends you, by us a considerable charity, which you shall receive as soon as you inform us who, and what you are, and how you came here? Blessed



be the messengers of my God, cried out the father, whether they come with happy or with heavy tidings, I say with old Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

O, Sir! I was quite charmed when the daughter turned to me. There was such a sweetness, such a heavenly harmlessness in her face, that I could have kissed her, and kissed her again. The good man thus began his story. My father's name was Samuel Stern. He had a clear estate of nine hundred and fifty pounds a year, in Suffex, and had, by my mother, three daughters and four sons, of whom I was the second. My father, unhappily, was a loyalist, and when the troubles broke out between King Charles and the Parliament, he took up all the money he could, at any interest, and raised a company at his own cost, which he headed on the part of his royal master.

After some successful skirmishes, his head was split by the broad-sword of a trooper, at the battle of Naseby. Immediately all our servants forsook us, each carrying away with them whatever came to hand; and, quickly after, the soldiers came, drove off all the cattle, and left nothing of our house except the bare walls. In the mean time we, poor children, huddled together into the garden, and, there separating, ran and crept under bushes and hedges, as so many chickens endeavouring to gain shelter from the kite. As soon as the noise was over, we arose, and looked about fearfully, and, getting together again, we helped one another through the garden-hedge, and made, as fast as we could, to the cottage of a neighbouring farmer, who had been our father's tenant. Here we were received coldly, and fared but very hardly for that night. On the next day, however, in order to get quit of us, as I suppose, the man went among our relations, and prevailed on one to take a son, and on another to take a daughter, till we were all divided among them; and so we entered on a kind of service to our kindred; a service, as I believe, that is found, on experience, to be much harder than any service to a stranger.

I forgot to tell you, Gentlemen, that our mother died before our father engaged in arms, insomuch, that

we became orphans in all respects. I fell to the share of an uncle by my mother's side. He had a small estate of about a hundred and twenty pounds yearly income, with one son, and a daughter whom I thought very lovely. My uncle appointed me overseer of his labourers, as also his clerk; but when it was intimated to him that there was a liking between his daughter and me, he called me aside, and swore that, if ever I married his daughter, he would not give us a groat. If you ever knew what love was, said he to Mr. Clement, you must know that it breaks over stronger fences than these. In short, we were wedded, and turned out of the house without any thing to live upon, except about twenty pounds, in small matters, which had been given to my wife, from time to time, by her god-mother.

We made the best of our way to London. My wife understood needlework, and as I knew that my father-in-law was irreconcilable, I joined myself to a house-painter, to whom I gave my time for nothing, on condition of his giving me an insight into his business. In the third year my dear wife brought this poor creature into the world; but, happily, she did not encumber mankind with any more of our wretched progeny. All our care and delight was fixed on this our little daughter, and we thought nothing of any pains that might serve to introduce her, like herself, into the world.

As soon as Charles II. had ascended the throne, our relations were fully assured that we should be restored to our ancient possessions; and they contributed, for their own credit, to set us forth in a suitable manner for appearing at court. There accordingly we attended, from time to time, for the space of twelve months, and got a number of woeful memorials presented to his Majesty; but his Majesty was so deeply engaged in his pleasures, or so fearful of offending the enemies of his house, that he gave no attention to our wrongs. There may also be something in the great that excites them to acts of bounty rather than acts of justice; for these, as they apprehend, might be accepted as matter of debt, and not as matter of favour.

Being

Being tired of a fruitless suit I returned to my former employment, and, by industry and frugality, I lived with my little family quite happy and contented. About ten months ago two men came to our lodgings. The one was in a rich livery, and having enquired for my daughter, presented her with a note to this effect.—“Lady Diana Templar sends Diana Stern the enclosed bill of twenty-five pounds, in order to put her into some little way of livelihood.”—As my poor, dear child had no cause to suspect any fraud in the case, she desired the men to return her most humble thanks and duty to her Ladyship, and away they went.

As this lady was a distant relation of my wife's father, my daughter, in a few days, dressed herself in her best clothes, and went to return thanks to her ladyship in person; but was told that she was gone to her seat in the country. In the mean time she laid out her supposed bounty in furnishing a little shop with some millinery wares, and was already beginning to get some custom, when one evening two bailiffs entered, arrested her, and, taking her up in their arms, hurried her into a coach that drove up to the door.

My wife and I had rushed out on hearing our child shriek, and seeing a coach set off with her at a great rate, we ran after as fast as we could, shouting, screaming, and crying, Stop the coach, stop the coach, a rape, a rape! At length a bold fellow, who was passing, caught one of the horses by the bridle, and, while the coachman lashed at him, took out his knife and cut the reins in two. A mob then began to gather, whereupon a well dressed man, who was in the coach, leaped out and made his escape; but the coachman was not so lucky, the people pulled him from the box, and having beaten and kicked him, they dragged him through the kennel.

Mean while we got our child out, and then the mob overturned the coach, and, jumping upon it, broke and dashed it all to pieces. We then thought that we had nothing further to apprehend, and, taking our child between us, we turned back and walked homeward; but, alas! we were not permitted to enter; the two bailiffs met us, and, producing their writ, again ar-

rested our daughter at the suit, as they said, of Jonathan Delvil, Esq ; for the sum of twenty-five pounds, which he had lent her on such a day. So they conducted her here while my wife and I accompanied her, weeping and sobbing all the way. I then took these poor apartments, and hastening back to our lodgings, had our bedding brought hither.

It was now evident that the pretended gift of Lady Templar was no other than a scheme of the villain Delvil, to get the person of my darling within his fangs ; and I cursed my own stupidity for not perceiving it ; but blessed be my God, however, in all events, that my lamb was still innocent. What with grief and the fright together, my dear wife took her bed, from whence she never rose, but expired on the fifth day, blessing and pressing her daughter to her bosom. My poor infant then fell as dead beside her mother, and could not be recovered from her fit in many hours ; and, indeed, it was then the wish of my soul, that we might all be laid and forgotten in one grave together.

As soon as my darling was recovered, however, I again wished to live for her sake, that I might not leave her without a comforter or protector, in the midst of a merciless world.

In order to pay the nurse, the doctor, and apothecary, as also to defray the funeral expences, I left my child with the nurse, and going to our former lodgings, I sold all her millinery wares under prime cost ; and having discharged the lodgings and paid my jail debts, I prepared to lay my precious deposit in the womb of that earth, which is one day to render her back incorruptible to eternity. When the corpse was carrying out at the door my child fell once more into fits, and I was divided about what I should do, whether to stay with the living, or pay my duty to the dead. But I will no longer detain you with melancholy matters, since all worldly griefs, with all worldly joys, must shortly be done away.

As soon as I understood that Lady Templar was returned to town, I waited upon her, and giving her an abridgement of our manifold misfortunes, I produced the note that had been written in her name ; but she coldly replied, that it was not her hand, and that she was not answerable for the frauds or villanies of others.

Mean while my dear girl accused herself as the cause of all our calamities, and pined away, on that account; as pale as the sheets she lay in. She was also so enfeebled by her faintish and sick fits, that she was not able to make a third of her usual earnings; and as I, on my part, was also disqualified from labouring in my profession, since I did not dare to leave my child alone and unsheltered, we were reduced to a state of the greatest extremity. One day word was brought me that a Gentleman, a few doors off, desired to speak with me; and as they who are sinking, catch at any thing for their support, my heart fluttered in the hope of some happy reverse. Accordingly I followed the messenger. His appearance, in dress and person, was altogether that of a Gentleman.

He ordered all others out of the room, and requesting me to sit beside him, in a half-whispering voice he began: I am come, Mr. Stern, from one whom you have great reason to account your greatest enemy, I come from Mr. Delvil, at whose suit your daughter now lies in prison: I started.—Be patient, Sir, he said. He knows your distresses, he knows all your wants; he knows also that he is the author of them, yet I tell you that he feels them, as if they were his own; and that it was not his enmity but his love that occasioned them.

He depends on his old uncle Dimmock for a vast fortune. He saw your daughter and loved her; he saw her again and loved her to madness. He enquired her family, her character, and found that he had nothing to expect from any licentious proposal. He feared, however, that all must love her as he did, and, to prevent other pirates, he made use of the stratagem, which, contrary to his intentions, has brought you here. He never meant any thing dishonourable by your daughter. Had he carried her clear off you might all have been happy together at this day; and, if you consent, he will marry her here, in the presence of a few witnesses, who shall be sworn to secrecy till his uncle's death, and he will instantly pay you down three hundred pounds in recompence for your sufferings, and will settle one hundred pounds annuity on your child for life.

I must own that, to one in my circumstances, this proposal had something tempting in it. But who is this Mr. Delvil, said I, I know him not, I never saw him?—I am the man, Sir, said he. I would have discharged my action as I came to this place, but I dare not permit your daughter to get out of my custody; for, at the loss of my fortune, at the loss of my life, I am determined that no other man shall possess her. I then promised him that I would make a faithful narrative to my child of all that had passed, but told him at the same time, that I would wholly subscribe to her pleasure; and so we parted.

As soon as I represented this matter to my Diana, O no, my Papa, she cried, it is impossible! it never can be! I would do any thing, suffer any thing, but this, for your relief. Would you act the marriage of the lamb and the wolf in the fable? If such have been the consequences of this Gentleman's affection for us, what have we not to expect from the effects of his aversion? I would prefer any kind of death to a life with such a man. And then my mother, she cried, and burst into tears, my dear mother whom he has murdered! Though he were worth half the world, and would marry me publicly in the face of the other half; it will not be! it cannot be, indeed, my Papa! Hereupon I wrote Mr. Delvil almost a literal account of my daughter's answer. It is nearly five weeks since this happened, and we have not heard any thing further from him.

In this time, however, we got acquainted with a family at the next door, whose converse has been a great consolation to us. There is a father and mother, with seven small children, boys and girls; they are very worthy people, and of noble descent, but how they contrive to live at all I cannot conceive, for they have no visible means of making a penny. Had we not known them, we should have thought ourselves the poorest of all creatures. We must own them more deserving of your charity than we are.

Here poor Mr. Stern, ended; and you cannot think, Sir, how my heart leaped with love toward him, on his recommending others as more deserving than himself. So I resolved at once what to do, and taking

two fifty pound notes from my pocket book, you shall not be under the necessity, Mr. Stern, says I, of marrying your pretty lamb to the ugly wolf, so here is fifty pounds to pay your action and fees, and other small debts.

On taking the note, Sir, he looked at it very earnestly, and when he saw it was a true note, he opened his eyes and his mouth so wide, and stood so stiff without stirring hand or foot, that he put me in mind of Lot's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt. However, I did not seem to mind him, but, turning to his daughter, and shewing her the other note, Miss Diana, says I, here are fifty pounds for you also, in order to set you up in your little shop again, but you shall not have it without a certain condition: What condition, Master, said she, smiling; The condition, says I, of putting your arms about my neck, and giving me one or two sweet kisses. She then looked earnestly at me, with eyes swimming in pleasure, and starting suddenly to me, and catching me to her bosom, she kissed my lips, and my forehead, and my head, again and again, and then set up as lamentable and loud a cry as if her father had lain a corpse before her.

Mr. Stern then lifted up his eyes, and dropping on his knees, O my God! he cried, how bountiful art thou to a wretch who is not worthy the least of all thy mercies! Hereupon the daughter turned, and, seeing the posture of her father, she fell on her knees before him, and throwing her arms about him, he folded her in his also, and they wept plentifully upon each other.

How comes it, Sir, that crying should be so catching? However it be, Mr. Clement and I could not contain. On hearing a smart rapping, Mr. Stern rose and opened the door, where a footman, almost breathless, delivered him a letter. The letter was to this purpose, that Mr. Delvil was ill of a quinsy, that he had but a few hours to live, and requested Mr. Stern to bring his daughter to him, that, by marriage he might give her a lawful title to his fortune. No, Papa, cried Diana, living or dead, nothing shall ever bribe me to give my hand to a man who has been the cause of the death of my dearest mother. Mr. Clement, however, thought it adviseable that Mr. Stern should attend the messenger

messenger to see if Mr. Delvil was really ill; or whether this might not be some new contrived treachery.

We promised to stay with his Diana till his return; and he had not been long gone till some one tapped at the door. I opened it, and saw an exceeding old and reverend man; he was dressed all in black, and his white head looked like snow on the feathers of a raven. Is Tom Stern here? said he. No, Sir, said I, he is gone into town. I thought he was a prisoner; no, Sir, it is not he, but his daughter, who is under confinement. Will you give a feeble old man leave to sit with you, Gentlemen? and so down he sat. Come here to me, child, says he to Diana, are you the daughter of Tom Stern? I am, Sir, so please you. And what was your mother's name? Anne Roche, Sir; but alas! she is not living, I was the cause of her death; she broke her heart, good Sir, on my being put to jail. I hope, child, said the old Gentleman, that you were not imprisoned for any thing that was naughty? No, Sir, no, cried Mr. Clement, it was her honesty alone that brought and kept her here; had she been less virtuous, she might have been at liberty and flitting about in her coach.

The old man then put on his spectacles, and ordering her to draw nearer, he took a hand in each of his, and looking intently in her face, What is your name, my dear? said he: Diana, honoured Sir. Indeed, Diana, you are a sweet babe, and the prettiest little prisoner that ever I saw. I will pay all your debts, and give a thousand pounds over, if you will come along with me and be my prisoner, Diana. Ah, Sir, cried the girl, it is too much to have broken the heart of one parent already; I would not leave my dear father for all the money in the world. You do not leave your father, he cried, by going with me, Diana. I am your true father, the father of Nanny Roche, the father of her who bore you, your own grandfather, my Diana.

Here she sunk on her knees, between his knees, begging his blessing; while his hands and eyes were lifted in prayer over her. He then raised her, and placing her gently on his knee, clasped her in his aged arms; while she threw her's about his neck, and joining



ing her cheek to his, sobbed aloud and poured her tears into his bosom. The old gentleman, however, did not express his concern by word, or sob, or even any change of his countenance; and yet his tears fell fast down his reverend and delightful features, upon his grand-child.

As soon as the height of their passion was abated, Miss Diana turned her eye toward me, and said, You were pleased, my grand-papa, to promise that you would pay my debts; but that is done already. This angel here was sent to prevent all others, and he further presented me with this bill of fifty pounds to set me up in a better shop than I kept before.

I rejoice, cried the old man, I rejoice to find that so much of heaven is still left upon earth. But you, my Diana, are now in a condition rather to give charity than receive it from any. Your dear uncle Jeremy, who traded to the West Indies, lately died of the small-pox on his passage homeward. You are the heir of his fortunes, and the heir of my fortune; you are the whole and sole lady of all our possessions. But, tell me, how much did this young gentleman advance in your favour? A hundred pounds, Sir.

He then took out a bank note of a hundred pounds, and having offered it to me, I did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the respectable old gentleman; so I held it in my hand after a doubting manner. My dear Miss Diana, says I, I will not be put to the pain of taking this back again, but on the condition of your telling me to whom I shall give it? O, she cried out instantly, to the babies, to the sweet babies at the next door; I wish to heaven I had as much more to add to it for their sakes.

I then enquired the name of her favourite family at the next door, and being told it was Ruth. I looked over my list, and found that Mr. Ruth was in for above seven hundred pounds. This grieved me very much, as such a sum nearly amounted to the half of our whole stock. However, I comforted myself with the hope that God would send some one else to make up to this poor family what should be wanting on my part.

Mr. Stern just then returned. I beg pardon, said he, Gentlemen, for detaining you so long, but I could not avoid

avoid it. The unhappy man is actually dying, a very terrible death, indeed, in his full strength, and almost in his full health, stifling and gasping for air, which the swelling of his glands will not suffer to pass. As soon as I entered he beckoned to me, and put this paper, sealed, into my hand. And again, observing that I was deeply concerned for the state under which he laboured, he reached out his hand to me, and, grasping my right hand, put this ring upon my finger. This paper contains, under his hand and seal, a discharge of the action which he had laid upon my daughter, as also a conveyance to us of the cash notes enclosed, amounting to three hundred pounds, in consideration, as he recites, of our unjust sufferings. And so, my dear Master Fenton, I here return you your hundred pounds with all possible acknowledgments, and a sense of the obligation that will never leave me during life.

Sir, said I, you must excuse me, I am already paid. That Gentleman, yonder, compelled me to accept of the very sum you offer. Mr. Stern then started, and turning, he saw his uncle; and, eyeing him inquisitively, at length recollected who he was. He then stepped up, and falling on his knees before him, O, Sir, he cried, your pardon, your pardon! it is all I presume to ask, I dare not hope for your blessing.

Tom, said the old Gentleman, I wanted to be even with you; I wanted to seduce your daughter, as you seduced mine. But your daughter, Tom, though come of very rebellious parents would not be seduced. Howsomever, as I have taken a liking to her, she must come along with me whether she will or no. And, as Jacob said to Joseph concerning Ephraim and Manasseh, she shall be mine and not thine, Tom; and my name and the name of my fathers shall be named upon her, according to her inheritance. But if you have any affection for this my child, Tom, and are unwilling to part with her, you may follow her and welcome.

Soon after we got up, and, having congratulated this happy family on the blessing of their meeting and reconciliation, I stepped to the old Gentleman, and, catching him about the neck, tenderly took my leave of him, as I did also of Mr. Stern. But when I went to take leave of the fair Diana, she drew some steps backward,

ward, and her eyes and sweet features beginning to swell, she again run forward, and, catching me in her dear arms, O my darling! my darling, she cried, am I then going to loose you, it may be, never to see you more! Were it but once in a week, in a month, in a year to behold you, even that would keep me alive. O my best, my most generous, my first preserver, it is you who might be the seducer, who might make me and others to run after you bare-foot. But if we must part, my little angel, do but promise to know me in heaven, and there your poor Diana will meet you, never to part any more.

What could I say or do, Father, in answer to the dear girl? My heart swelled, almost to bursting, while she caressed and wept over me. At length, as well as my tears would give me leave, I demanded the name of the place to which she was going, and promised to pay her a visit as soon as possibly I could. We then parted very melancholy, notwithstanding all our success; and going out, I wiped my eyes, and begged Mr. Clement to order tea and coffee, with a comfortable entertainment for the family, at the next door, while I should go in and introduce myself as well as I could.

Having tapped gently at the door, it was opened by a little ragged boy of about five years old. Mrs. Ruth sat full in my view, and her three little daughters stood before her, while she examined them in the Old Testament-questions of who was the first man, and the wisest man, and the strongest man, and the oldest man, and, above all, the man after God's own heart.

Mrs. Ruth was a fine woman, and had a great deal of humble dignity about her. I bowed to her as I entered, and going familiarly up, I took her by the hand and kissed it. Allow me, Madam, said I, to introduce a little neighbour to you; I lodge within a few doors, and shall think myself happy in being acquainted in your family. Alas, my dear, says she, there are very few who seek acquaintance with calamity. They who wish to relieve it, seek acquaintance with it, Madam. Having eyed me all over with an earnest kind of surprise, You look, my love, said she, to be very good-natured, and I dare say will be very charitable  
when

when you come to have the ability. The little ability I have, Madam, shall be strained for your service. In the mean time, pray pardon the freedom I have taken in ordering tea and coffee into your room, with some cakes and sweetmeats for these pretty Misses. I will only trouble you, Madam, with one guest more, it is Mr. Clement, my tutor, who, good man, has been no stranger to poverty or distress.

Here she called Mr. Ruth from an inner room: Give me leave, my dear, says she, to introduce a young stranger to you, from what world he comes I know not, but I am sure that he is not wholly of the world that we have lived in. Mr. Ruth's countenance spoke at once the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job. Having saluted, we both sat down. Mr. Ruth, said I, I have a message to you and your Lady from your sweet pretty neighbour, Miss Diana Stern. In token of her respect and affection for you, she presents you with this cash note of a hundred pounds. Diana Stern! cried out Mr. Ruth, why, Master, she is nearly as poor as ourselves. By no means, Sir, I assure you; her grandfather is come to town, she is worth several thousands, besides a considerable estate to which she is heiress. O, the dear angel! cried Mrs. Ruth, I will instantly go and pay her my acknowledgements; so up she got, and out she ran, before I could prevent her.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Ruth, says I, my Father is much fonder of me than I deserve. He has given me a little money to dispose of at pleasure among the confined debtors, and though I may not have enough to answer your occasions, yet my Father is so very good, that if you give me the sum of your debts, with the story of your distresses, his heart, I am sure will melt, and he will set you clear in the world.

He made no answer, however, to this my offer, but, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Well mightest thou say, great Saviour of the simple, "suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. O, thou first born of many brethren." Here indeed, is a true brother of thine; but he speaks in his simplicity, and not according to knowledge. Then, turning toward me, Can you guess, my darling, said he, what you undertake to do for me? I question if the charities  
of

of all this nation would be sufficient, when united, to effect my deliverance. Nothing, nothing but the arm of the Almighty can do it. He will do it, indeed in death; but what then shall become of my wife and seven infants, that truly is terrible, it is worse than death to think of.

While we were speaking two sweet little fellows came in, the eldest very nearly of my size, but both clad in very thin and poor apparel. Having kneeled for their father's blessing, they slipt behind us, and, turning my head to observe them, I was quite ashamed, and drew it back again, on perceiving that the poor things were unlading their pockets of old crusts and broken meats, which I supposed they had begged for the family.

Mrs. Ruth just then returned, and her countenance looked something dejected. She took her seat by her husband, and, continuing a while silent, she put her handkerchief before her eyes, and began in broken words, Can you guess, my dear, said she, what sort of a creature this is whom we have got among us? This little heavenly impostor, to lighten our obligation, would have persuaded us that the hundred pounds was the gift of another, but it is all his own bounty, it is all his own graciousness. Come, my daughters, come my children, kneel down and return your thanks to this your patron, your benefactor, your little father here!

O Sir, you would have pitied me sadly had you seen me at that time. The poor dear things came, all in a cluster, pressing, and catching, and clasping, and clinging about me; while my love and my very heart were torn, as it were, to fitters among them. So I took them, one by one, in my arms, and kissed and embraced them very cordially, calling them my brothers and sisters. I then took out another hundred pound note, and, giving it to the eldest of the daughters, Here, my dear, said I, I always loved the little Misses; here is for yourself and your sisters to clothe you in a way more becoming your family. And then taking a note of equal value I gave it to the eldest son, for himself and his brothers, as I said, to help to educate them in a manner more agreeable to the house from whence they came.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruth looked so astonished at me, and at each other, that for a while they were not able to utter a syllable. And just as they began to make their acknowledgments, I cried, Hush! hush! here comes my tutor. Mr. Clement just then entered, followed by people bringing tea, cold fowls, and a bottle of wine. Having introduced Mr. Clement, we all got round the table, and, when we had finished our little repast, I besought Mr. Ruth to give us the story of his misfortunes.

My father, said he, was Baron of Frankford. He left my brother, with the title, four thousand five hundred pounds a year, entailed, however, upon me in case of his dying without male issue, and he left me four hundred pounds yearly, to support the appearance of a Gentleman. As my concern bordered on my brother's estate, we saw one another every day, and continued for several years in tender-amity.

Being both invited one day to dine, with other company, at the house of a neighbour, called Mr. Hartless, a question happened to be started over the bottle, whether the method of setting an egg on end was originally the invention of Columbus, or whether it was communicated to him by some other; and I unhappily espoused the opinion that was opposite to that of my brother. Now, though the question was not worth the very shell of the egg about which we debated, yet we entered as warmly into it as though a province had lain at stake; for it is not truth or instruction that disputants seek after: it is victory that is the object of their contention.

After some warm words had passed between my brother and me, he started into a passion, and gave me the lie; whereupon, reaching across the table, I gave him a tap on the cheek with the flat of my fingers; then, rising furiously from his seat, he swore a fearful oath, and cried, I will ruin you, Harry, though it cost me my estate; I will ruin you, Harry Ruth, with all who are your's.

The very next day he mustered his tenants and labourers, and coming upon me with a little army, he laid most of my fences level with the earth. When I complained

I complained of this violence to my next neighbours, Mr. Heartless, and Mr. Hollow, they protested they would stand by me against such outrageous proceedings to the last of their fortunes. They then advanced me, between them, five hundred pounds for the purpose. I immediately commenced a suit against my Lord's tenants. But, though I cast them all with costs, I unhappily found that nearly all my money was sunk in the contest.

Mean time scarce a day passed wherein I was not served with a subpoena from Chancery to answer such or such a bill, to which my brother had procured me to be made a party. And he also commenced a suit against me himself, in order to invalidate my father's will, whereby I claimed my little patrimony. When I told this to my friend Mr. Hollow, he broke into a loud laugh. Your title! cried he; the world cannot invalidate your title, Mr. Ruth: I will let you have a thousand pounds upon it to-morrow: and this I was under the necessity of accepting soon after.

The more I had loved my brother, the more I now detested him. Instead of any submission or overture to appease him, my lips uttered, in daily invectives the overflowings of my heart; as I also was assured that, on his part, he wished me nothing less than perdition. Thus we burned on both sides with unquenchable fire, and the kingdom of Satan was fully opened within us.

At length my body was imprisoned, at the suit of my neighbour Heartless, for seven hundred and fifty pounds, and my lands were taken under execution, at the suit of my neighbour Hollow, for the sum of two thousand pounds. But I soon was informed that all this money was my brother's, who had advanced it, from time to time, to those his clandestine correspondents, in order to hasten and deepen my destruction. When I understood this, I raged, I was all on fire: and I took a horrid pleasure in the notion of having the fangs of a tyger, that I might tear my brother to piecemeal, and my false friends, limb from limb, and feast my spirit on their pangs, and mine eyes on their carnage.

But when I turned a look on my wife and seven infants, grief joined with rage to tear me by a double

distraction. I cursed the lot to which I was appointed upon earth : and I should have sought some desperate means of putting an end to my torments, but that I dreaded, by my death, to give pleasure to my brother, ten times more than I dreaded the pain of death itself.

O, my friends, had all that ever were sainted come and preached to me the peace of our Lord Christ, at that season, it would have been no more than beating the air. It is distress alone that humbles a proud spirit, by plucking away all its props. At first I was as a worm under the foot of my God. I turned, and struggled, and writhed, and fought with all my force against the crusher. But alas ! all was in vain ! he was too mighty for me ; and opposition served only to add to my anguish. At length I was compelled to acquiesce, rather through the want of power than the want of will to resist. And I lay as it were without motion under his dispensations, at the same time that my heart reproached him in secret.

Having sold all our moveables, and even our wearing apparel, for sustenance, we were reduced to the necessity of sending our eldest boys to beg fragments of victuals at kitchen windows, to keep us from utterly starving. This I held to be such a further disgrace as stung my soul to the quick ; I therefore began to kick against these pricks also ; but finding that the more I spurned the stronger I was held, I gave up all resistance, and contented myself with grieving and weeping under the hand of the Almighty.

From hence I gradually sunk into a state of resigned serenity, which, although without sunshine was yet without disturbance. My fury smoothed its crest, my passions subsided, and I felt nothing more of rancour against my brother, or resistance against my God. As I had now no further prospect or concern upon earth, I began to turn my thoughts and attention toward heaven. I locked myself into yonder closet. I threw myself into the dust. I have sinned, I cried, I have greatly sinned, O God ! I am nothing, I am crushed even lower than the nothing that I am : spare, spare me from a deeper perdition, I beseech thee.

I felt that my prayer was heard ; peace descended upon me like dew upon the grass. The day-star began gradually



gradually to dawn upon my soul. The dark kingdom of Satan gave way before the kingdom of the Sun of Light and Love; and I would no more have entertained any one of my former passions, than I would have taken burning coals in my bosom.

I now pitied my brother as much as ever: I had hated him. I grieved for having caused the loss of his peace. I wished to restore it to him. I wrote a penitential acknowledgment of my faults. I besought his pardon, in the humblest manner, for the unfortunate blow. I subscribed to the justice of my consequent sufferings; and I sent my son, here, to attend his Lordship with my lowly address.

The triumph which this humiliation gave to my brother, supplied him with patience to go through my memorial. But then conceiving, as I suppose, that it was dictated by mercenary meanness and hypocrisy, he tore it to pieces and dashed it into the fire. Then, returning to my child the box which had so inflamed the soul of his Lordship, he kicked my poor little fellow out of his house.

My child came home to me weeping sadly; but I consoled him the best I could, and mingled my tears with his; not in any resentment for the treatment received, but through grief for the inveteracy of my unhappy brother. O my God! I cried, I no longer repine at my abasement, at the weight of my sufferings; I bless thee for them, O God! they have proved my best friends, my most salutary physicians. Cruel and stern, indeed, is the porter who stands at the iron gate of pain; but O! it opens upon regions of inward delight; for he who clotheth himself with the cross, is all glorious within.

My happy experience of this truth opened for me a new prospect into the mystery of God's dispensation to mortals; and threw a number of shining lights on those very articles of gospel-redemption which had formerly appeared to me so exceptionable. If God, said I to myself, hath suffered man to fall, he hath also provided for him every possible means of recovery.

Wherefore, when sin came into the world, God also sent suffering, its inseparable attendant, to be a cure and an antidote to the poison thereof. If sin, there-

fore, hath thrust the kingdom of heaven from within us, suffering comes as God's fore-runner; it relaxes and unfolds the brazen gates of our polluted temple, that Christ our righteousness, may enter, the very hem of whose garment is salvation to every soul that lays hold upon it.

Here I took Mr. Ruth about the neck, and, kissing him, said, I was sure my Father would be willing to pay his whole debt, in return for the sweet instructions which he had given to his Harry. You speak of your Father, my dear, said he, as though he were the representative of God in the gospel, who forgave to his servant ten thousand talents. What you have given me already, Master, is beyond any human bounty that I ever heard of. I shall therefore lay by two of these notes, till I am better informed how far your good father may be satisfied with the donation.

Soon after we took leave for the present, of this honourable family. We then went among the other principal debtors, whose distresses, indeed were great, though their stories had little in them.

On Tuesday, about noon, in the last week, I stepped to Mr. Ruth's, to see if the family had been decently clad, agreeable to my request. There I found him and his four sons clothed in warm and clean, though very coarse, apparel; and he told me that his wife had gone abroad with her three daughters, in order to put them also into a suitable condition.

While I sat with him a young woman came in, of a very genteel appearance, though in a plain dress. Do not you remember the girl, Sir, said she, to Mr. Ruth, who used to come to you over night in a green bonnet and a little red mantle. I should be very ungrateful, indeed, said he, if any change of dress could conceal from my remembrance that sweet and charitable countenance. O, Sir, she cried, the few shillings that I brought you, from time to time, came from a very affectionate hand, though from a hand you would little suspect of any affection toward you; they came from your loving niece Belinda Ruth, who has shed many a shower of tears on your misfortunes. May heaven be her portion, cried out the good man, since earth has nothing equal to so much goodness. Indeed, Sir, continued

tinued the girl, the little that your niece sent you was procured with much difficulty and danger to herself; for, from the time that, on her knees and with a deluge of tears, she petitioned her father, in your behalf, he kept a watchful eye over her, and took from her all family trusts, so that she had nothing wherewith to supply you, except the price of some cast gowns, and of other little matters. Moreover, my Lord swore vehemently, that if ever she furnished you with the value of a farthing, or kept any kind of correspondence with you or with your's, he would disown and turn her into the public streets.

You alarm me greatly, cried out Mr. Ruth. Is any thing amiss, has any thing happened to my dear child? She was a lovely little lamb, a little angel from her cradle; though I should not know her now, if she stood before me. I hope, I say—tell me—proceed, I beseech you!

There was a servant, Sir, a man whom your niece thought very faithful, and therefore entrusted with the secret of my coming to you, that he might attend and see me safe back again. This fellow, presuming on the confidence that was placed in him, would, this morning, have taken indecent liberties with his young mistress. This she resented in a becoming manner, and threatened to complain of his insolence to her father. The revengeful villain instantly ran and told the affair to his Lord, with many aggravations, as though his daughter was robbing him of all his substance. Thereupon she was hastily called, and, having in part confessed the charge, my Lord drew his sword in his fury, whereupon, giving a shriek and a sudden spring, she got out of his presence, and has sent me to know, Sir, if you will be pleased to receive her.

Yes, cried Mr. Ruth, to my bosom, to my heart; with the same pleasure and welcome that a convict receives pardon on the hour of execution. Just then Mrs. Ruth entered, with her three daughters, who running up to their father, dropped together on their knees before him for a blessing. While his hands and eyes were raised in prayer over them, a young stranger stepped earnestly up, and, falling on her knees beside the daughters, she broke into tears, and cried aloud,

Bless

Bless me, bless me also, O my father ! I am your niece, your Belinda. My father is no more ! Your's, my Lord, is the title, your's all the possession ; I now, in my turn, depend on your bounty for a morsel of bread. My brother, my brother is dead ! exclaimed Mr. Ruth. He is, my Lord, she replied ; he was suffocated by his rising choler, and expired on the spot.

While the young Lady spoke, Mrs. Ruth looked as quite terrified by the tidings of such a sudden elevation ; and clapping her hands together, and, lifting her eyes, she cried, It cannot be, it is impossible ! Our's the title, our's the fortune !—O my God !—O my husband !—O my children !—with which word she sunk senseless on the floor.

While Harry was speaking, Ned saw a woman standing before one of the windows, and, looking earnestly at her, he gave a sudden jump, and cried, O Sir, Sir, my mammy ! my mammy ! my mammy ! There is my mammy, there is my mammy, as sure as day !

Run, Ned, instantly, cried Mr. Fenton, and call James to me.—James, yonder is the woman who stole Ned from his parents ; have an eye to her, do not let her escape ! Order Frank to take a horse and go with all speed to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, that they may come and know of a surety, whether Ned is their child or not.—Stay a moment ; as soon as you have given Frank his orders, take the rest of the servants and lay hold on this bad woman, bring her into the house by force, and confine her in one of the back rooms till Mr. Fielding arrives. By all Ned's account, she must be a very sad creature.

James went out upon his commission, and, having executed matters with his accustomed punctuality, he returned to the company. La ! Sir, cried James, it is impossible that this woman should be Ned's mammy, as he called her. This is some unhappy decayed gentlewoman, as innocent of the fact, I dare answer, as the child unborn. I am sorry, with all my heart, that I had her used so roughly. Beside, Sir, she is so deaf that she cannot answer to any thing of which she may be accused.

Go to her yourself, Ned, cries Mr. Fenton, and observe her more exactly ; for, if what she says has  
any

any truth in it, it is impossible she should be your mammy. Ned accordingly went, but returned under evident confusion. I do not know what to think, Sir, cries Ned. When I look at the gentlewoman's face, I could swear, twenty times over, to every feature; but when I look at her dress and manners, I could again almost swear against her face.

Ned's perplexity added greatly to Mr. Fenton's curiosity. He got up in haste and went in person to inspect the party. When he entered, he saw a young woman who looked very pale and sickly, but of a genteel appearance, and neatly, though plainly dressed. She cast upon him a penetrating look, and curtsying to him, with downcast eyes, Sir, says she, your presence tells me that you are master here. I know not for what offence your people have confined me; but, if it is on any suspicion of misbehaviour, I have here the certificate of a worthy man, who vouches at least for the innocence of my conduct.—Here she presented him with a paper that contained the following words,

“ I certify that the bearer hath served me upwards of five years in quality of housekeeper. That she is a young woman of distinguished piety and merit, and departs, at her own desire, on some business to London. Given under my hand, &c.

MARMADUKE CATHARINES, Cl.”

On reading this, Mr. Fenton bowed, and made a motion with his hand for her to sit down. He then took a pen and paper that lay beside him, and wrote to the purpose, that he requested her to allow him to detain her certificate for about an hour, after which he would return it, and endeavour to make her amends for the treatment which his people had given her. On casting his eye over the paper, she made a low curtsy, and said, I shall willingly attend, Sir, during your pleasure; but hope, in the mean time, that your charity will afford me a morsel of bread, for I am faint with hunger.

Mr. Fenton then pulled a bell, and, having ordered some cold meats and white wine to be served, he bowed, and withdrew to his company.

Ned, said he, as he entered, this woman is just as much the empress of Russia as she is your mammy.  
Here,

Here, Mr. Clement, look at this certificate; I have no reason to doubt the truth of the character given in it, for her person and manners are every way conformable to it. I am sorry at heart that I sent in such a hurry for Mr. and Mrs. Fielding; I have thereby raised a sort of expectation in them, and it may be very mortifying to have the expectation wholly defeated.

Some time after a coach and six drove full gallop up to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Fielding alighted, with anxiety in their countenance. As soon as Mr. Fenton had duly received and seated them; My dear Madam, says he to Mrs. Fielding, I think myself very unhappy in having given you any unnecessary trouble. My poor Ned, here, has been utterly mistaken in the person of the woman whom he took to be his mammy. The certificate of her certain residence bears a date even previous to that in which we found him; and her deportment is more than a thousand testimonies against her being of the wandering or dissolute class of people. Be pleased, Mr. Fielding, to look over this certificate; I think it has all the marks of genuine.

The moment Mr. Fielding cast his eyes on the paper, "A well known character, a well known character, indeed!" he exclaimed. It is the hand of Mr. Catharines, my tutor, my friend; the man of the world, excepting yourself, Mr. Fenton, for whom I have the dearest affection. No question can be made of any thing to which he sets his affirmative.

Alas! cried Mrs. Fielding, then all the hopes we had conceived must again be cast aside. Here comes our nurse too, poor woman, in great haste; I sent her word that we had found the person whom we suspected to have stolen our child, and desired that she would meet me here directly.

While Mrs. Fielding spoke, nurse entered trembling and almost breathless, and, without taking any notice of the company, Where, she hastily cried, where is the boy, Madam, whom you supposed to be your child?

Ah! nurse, said Mrs. Fielding, we were quite mistaken in the woman whom we supposed to be the kidnapper, and so that affair is all over.

I have nothing to say, cried nurse, to this woman or the other woman; but you must not have another body's

body's child put upon you ; if he is indeed your son, I shall know him in an instant ; I should know him from all the children that ever were born. Why, nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, eagerly, do you know of any mark, by which you could guess at him ? He had no spot upon him, Madam ; but, if he be a living boy he has a mark of my own making that never will out, and that is the reason that I never dared to tell you of it. What mark, nurse ? what mark ? tell me instantly.

Why, Madam, you must know as how the weather was very cold, it being Twelfth day in Christmas holidays. So you and my master were from home a visiting, and I had a rousing fire, and my child stood by my knee, being just then twelve months nineteen days old, and as sturdy a fellow, of his age and inches, as any could desire to see. So the cat all at once, threw down some crockery-ware behind me. Up I started, and ran to save the vessels ; but, hearing my child scream, I turned much nimbler back again, and found him fallen, with his little neck against the upper bar of the grate. It was well that I did not die on the spot, for then he must have died too. So I whipt him up in my arms, but he roared terribly. So I got some softening cream and spread it over the burn, and put a plaister upon that again ; and I covered the place, from day to day, so well with his cap, that neither you nor my master knew any thing of the matter. But the shape of his hurt went so deep into my memory, that, as I was saying, I should know him by it again among all the children in all the world.

Go then, my dear nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, immediately, and examine if this boy has your mark upon him. Is this the master, Madam, whom you suspect to be your son ? It is, nurse, it is ; my heart took a liking to him the first moment I saw him ; he too was stolen from his parents, and may as well be my son as the son of another.

Here nurse made a hasty step or two toward Ned, but, suddenly stopping and turning pale, Ah ! Madam, she cried, I wish you would go and try yourself ; the wound, if he has it, is just under his right ear ; for, if I should find, that he is my very child, I shall certainly

ainly run mad for joy. I dare not try, nurse, I dare not try for the world, said Mrs. Fielding. I am all of a tremble.

Nurse, then, plucking up a little resolution, stepped suddenly to Ned, and turned up his hair; when, giving a loud scream, she had just the power to cry out, My child! my child! and dropped down in a violent hysteric fit.

Mrs. Fielding, on hearing the nurse cry out, rose hastily from her chair, and would have gone to embrace her son, but, falling instantly back, she fainted away.

While the family were all in a bustle, applying remedies to their patients, Mrs. Fielding recovered, and, hearing the cries of her nurse, she went and kneeled down by her, and wept with her and over her, while her tears proved a seasonable restorative to herself.

As soon as Mr. Fielding found that his lady was recovered, he turned to Ned, and, lifting his hair, observed the remarkable seam that the burn had made. It is, it is my child! he tenderly cried. O my God! how is this? wherein have I deserved thy smallest notice, that thou shouldst thus visit me with thy wonders, and, by thy mercies put me to confusion of face?

Here Ned kneeled respectfully down for a blessing, which his father silently called upon him with lifted hands and eyes. He then raised him, and, sitting down, took him fondly to his bosom; "Thou art, thou art my son, my beloved son, he cried; my first and my last, the only offspring of my life. Thou shalt no more be a wanderer, no more be a beggar, my babe. Thrice blessed be our meeting, and tenfold blessed thy future fortunes! O that our lives, my child, might be one whole oblation to Him from whom this amazing salvation hath come!"

By this time, the nurse's distemper was greatly abated, though she still continued extremely low and feeble, and did not seem to recollect, except by faint glimmerings, any thing that had passed. Mr. Fielding then proposed to take her to town, to the physician's; observing that there was room enough for her  
and



and Ned in their carriage, and, the coach was ordered to turn directly to the door. Poor Ned, during this time, was as a person who fluctuated between the dread of leaving known enjoyments, and the hopes of his possessing somewhat that he had not yet tasted.

Mr. Fielding then stepped up, in a kind of ecstasy, to Mr. Fenton. He caught him in his arms; my dearest Sir, he cried, I love, I respect, I revere you, even next to my God! What can I return you? All that I am or have sinks out of sight from your benefits.—I am blessed, my dear Sir, I am blessed beyond expression, replied Mr. Fenton, in being made an humble instrument of happiness to a worthy man.—O Sir, cried Mr. Fielding, what events next to miraculous! We came to your door, but we were not permitted to pass; our carriage broke for the purpose; you then told us of this foundling; but what likelihood that among millions he should happen to be ours? You then proposed an expedient for ascertaining the persons from whom he was kidnapped. This expedient failed. God, however, would discover him. He set upon him an indubitable mark for the purpose; none knew of this but his nurse, and she has revealed it. Had any one of these many circumstances been wanting, our child must have continued a stranger to us for ever. Indeed, Sir, said Mr. Fenton, they are all concurring proofs that you are under the especial eye of Providence. But, Sir, I fear we shall have a heavy loss of our friend Ned; for, though he does not want his small faults, he is a worthy-hearted child, and a very pleasant companion. O Sir, cried Mr. Fielding, you and Master Fenton have a right to command both him and us at all times. But come, Ned, take leave, for the present, of your best friends.

Here Ned, with filling eyes, stepped respectfully to Mr. Fenton, and, kneeling before him, took each of his hands and kissed them, crying, My father! my father! Whereupon Mr. Fenton tenderly raised him, and, pressing him affectionately to his bosom, cried, God be good to you, son, and make you a blessing to your true parents and to all your kin!

Ned then turned to Harry, and taking him by both hands, and looking him fondly in the face, O Master

Harry, Master Harry, he cried, I never shall be able to say the word farewell to you, my Master Harry. I was hungry and you fed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was a stranger and you took me in; the whole world to me was fatherless and friendless, when you were father and mother, and a whole world of friends to me, my true Lord and Master Harry. Are you not my owner, am I not your property, your own hard bargain? Did you not purchase me with your stripes, and will you suffer me to be taken away from you, my heart's master?

Here Harry, swallowing his passion as well as he was able, clasped Ned in his arms and cried, My brother, my friend and brother for ever! Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, and wiping his eyes, I hope, Madam, Sir, says he, that you will excuse my young friend here, for his partiality to a family who have loved him long and very dearly; in a little time, to be sure, he will love and respect you both above all the world. Though I grieve to part with him, I heartily rejoice at his being acknowledged to be the child of such worthy parents, and I hope, I say, that you will not be offended at his concern for parting with his old friends.

No, my noble creature, cried Mr. Fielding, we are delighted at the proof that he gives of his gratitude, and at the strength of his attachment where he has been so highly obliged. O Sir! O Madam! says Ned, kissing the hands of his parents, did you but know the value of what I lose, when I leave, when I leave—and here he burst afresh into tears.

Mrs. Fielding then took Ned in her arms, and, tenderly embracing him, cried, We do, my love, we do know the value of the family that you leave, and it is the dearest wish of my heart that we should all become as one family and as one household. This angel here, as you say, is your rightful owner, and we owe him more, on that account, than our whole fortune can pay, and he shall have you as long and as often as ever he pleases; but, for this night, my darling, it would be very unkind not to go with your good nurse, your true and loving mammy, who has suffered so much for your sake, and her case requires that we should take her im-

mediately

mediately to the doctor's. Here Ned acquiesced, and, having taken a weeping leave of all the family, not forgetting the meanest servant in the house, he stepped slowly into the coach, sat down by his nurse, and away they drove.

As soon as the family of the Fieldings were gone, Harry withdrew to his chamber and locked himself in, while Mr. Fenton went to enfranchise his late prisoner. He first returned her certificate to her, and then, presenting her with twenty guineas, he bowed and made a motion with his hand to the door, intimating that she was at liberty to depart.

Having looked several times, with silence and surprise, now at Mr. Fenton, and again at the money, I should be very ill-deserving of your bounty, Sir, she said, should I attempt any longer to impose upon you: I am not deaf, it was only an artifice which I made use of, when taken into custody, to avoid answering questions that might have brought a worthy family into disgrace. But you look so much the gentleman and the christian, that I ought to have no reserve toward you. Be pleased then, said Mr. Fenton, as far as prudence will allow, to let me know who and what you are.

I hope, Sir, she replied, that I am very far from being what I was, otherwise I should be the very vilest of the vile. Wherefore, if you will allow a weakly woman to sit, I will tell you the whole of my story, with the same openness that I make confession of my sins to him from whom alone I look for remission. My maiden name was Fielding; my father was a gentleman of large fortune and good repute: he had by my mother a very worthy son who inherits his estate, and a very unworthy daughter who now takes the shame of confessing her faults. My mother was one of the holiest of women, and brought me up, to the best of her power, in her own principles and practice; but she died when I was in the thirteenth year, before I had acquired a due relish for my duty, before the yoke of Christ became easy or his burden light.

My Father then provided me a governess, a woman well skilled in French and needle-work, and other shewy accomplishments; a woman also of much apparent modesty, though inwardly of a bad disposition. There

is nothing so pernicious to the morals of children, as being permitted to keep the company of servants. My governess, though something elderly, took a liking to my father's clerk, a modest young man, whom, however, she had the art to seduce to her wanton purposes. In order to promote her intrigue, in my father's absence, at evenings, she used to procure collations, and, after we had eat and drank, to propose plays and other matters of innocent merriment, as she called them. The chief of our men servants was one Guillaume, the butler, one in whom my father had placed great trust.

One night, as we were playing at Hide and Seek, this man watched the place where I sought to conceal myself, and, coming softly and suddenly to me, he caught me up in his arms, and, running with me to a distant apartment, he there ruined me. A false shame did not permit me to say any thing of the matter, and the villain had afterward the insolence to threaten me; that, if I did not admit him to a repetition of his crime, he would expose me to the family. At length both the governess and I proved with child, of which the house-keeper, in private, informed my father; whereupon the governess was turned out of doors, and I was locked up in a waste room. On the third day of my imprisonment my father entered, and, examined me with a stern though sedate severity; when on my knees, and with a flood of tears, I confessed the whole affair.

The butler was then sent for. Guillaume, said my father, if you do not directly marry this strumpet I will hang you for a rape; but, if you marry her, I will give you two hundred pounds to set you going in some poor way, on condition that I never see the face of either of you any more. The last terms were immediately complied with. A licence was sent for. We were married in my father's presence. The money was paid down, and we were directly turned into the streets. Upon this small fund, and about a hundred and fifty pounds more which my husband had saved, he set up a gaming-tavern, to which there was great resort; and, as he was a very bold, sensible, and enterprising man, he became extremely agreeable to  
numbers

numbers of his customers, among whom there were many persons of fortune and distinction.

At length the time of my labour approached. I lay, for a fortnight, in agonies that admitted of little intermission. My child died within me, and was brought into the world piecemeal. I languished for three months after my delivery, without being able to quit my bed; and the remembrance of the pangs that I endured caused me to vow, that I would never more have any commerce with mankind. On my recovery, therefore, I resolutely rejected the caresses of my husband, whereupon he began to behave with great coldness, and to frequent the company of lewd women.

In about fourteen months after my marriage, my husband had a run of dice against him, whereby he lost fifteen hundred pounds; and, as he had not wherewithal to discharge the full sum, he determined, at all events, to pay to the last penny of his debts of honour, as he called them. Hereupon he began to raise contributions on the public, and, after several very bold and successful exploits, he was taken from amidst his right honourable associates at a gaming-table, conveyed to Newgate, tried, convicted, and executed at Tyburn.

Upon this, all our substance was immediately seized by creditors; and I was turned into an unknown world without any thing to sustain me, save a few shillings in my pocket, and the single suit of clothes which I had on my back. I forgot to tell you, my dear Sir, that my worthy but afflicted father had died before this period; and this ought to have been the greatest of afflictions to myself; but the season of my feelings was not yet come; and I barely dropped a slight tear, without any sense of remorse for having been, in all likelihood, his principal executioner.

As my brother was now the only person upon earth to whom I had any right to apply for support, I accordingly went to his house with an anxious, beating heart, and sent him in a written state of my deplorable case. But his answer was, that, if ever I again appeared before his doors, he would take me up as a vagabond, and transport me to the plantations.

Wholly desperate by this disappointment, and stimulated almost to frenzy, my blood boiled in my veins.

The horrid thoughts of vengeance could alone assuage my raging spirit; and I resolved to compass my ends by poison, by dagger, or any of the speediest means. For I looked upon my brother as a robber, who had despoiled me of my title to my father's affection and inheritance. For this accursed purpose it was necessary to get near him. I sold my clothes, and, having disguised myself in the dress of a chair-woman, I engaged as a servant in a cellar over the way. From this place I observed an infant of about two years old, who at times was brought to the door by his nurse; and I learned that he was the only child of my brother, and that the lives of his parents were wrapped up in him.

Here I conceived I had found an object on whom I might execute my revenge, with better safety to my own person, and greater torture to my adversary, than by any other method. I therefore couched on my watch, like a lioness for her prey, and, spying the child alone, I shot across the street, caught him up in my arms, and away I flew. I hastened with him as fast as I could till I reached the fields. I then got under a ditch, and stripped him of his raiment, which I folded in a handkerchief; and having cut in pieces an old petticoat, and tacked it about him, I made my way to a little alehouse, and there took up my lodging for the first night.

I believe, Sir, I am the greatest instance, that ever was, of the length to which human nature can go in reprobacy, when abandoned of God. The strong bent which my mother had given me to religion, caused me only to recoil with the greater force; and, when my father cast me off, I even reproached God, for having suffered me to fall into my first offence.

I was yet urged and carried further down the hill of perdition, by the example of the licentious set of profligates that daily and nightly frequented my husband's house. In short, I became an alien to all goodness; and I would willingly have been a party in any kind of wickedness, save that of personal prostitution. How pitiable then must have been the case of the unhappy infant who had fallen into my cruel gripe! I often suffered him, on purpose, to weep for hunger, that I might

might please myself, with the miseries of my brother in the person of his child.

For four years and nine months I led a wandering and mendicant life, in which trade my little nephew grew very successful and useful to me, so that I began to abate of my severity toward him. Detested by my relations, and outcast from the world, I cared for nothing but myself, and nightly indulged my appetite with the best victuals and liquor that my pocket could afford.

One day, having passed through Enfield, where I had raised some petty contributions, I spied an infant on a bank at a distance from any house, and instantly the project occurred of exacting the larger charities by his means. I looked about, and, thinking that I was not observed, I caught the child up and ran off with all my speed. But I had not gone far, when I heard a man shouting after me, and perceived that I was pursued. Thereupon I cast down the child with my poach of provisions, and, leaving little Ned behind me also, I made the best of my way through the opposite thicket.

As my terrors continued, I continued to run, till I was faint with fatigue, but still keeping forward, though slower and slower. God conducted me within sight of the parsonage-house of Mr. Catharines, which I reached with difficulty, and sunk away on the threshold. I knew nothing further of what passed till I found myself in a warm though coarse bed, with one woman holding a bottle of salts to my nose, and another presenting me with a cordial. I looked about and found myself something revived, but, on the sight of some meat which was brought, I again fainted. Within some hours, I was seized with pains in all my bones, and fell into a raging fever. Mr. Catharines, who was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his flock, visited and prescribed for me, and had me attended with great humanity.

On the third night I dreamed that an invisible hand came, and seizing me by a single hair of my head, hurried me aloft, through the regions of the air, till it held me right over a fiery gulph, in the pinnacles of whose flames a variety of dæmons appeared to hover, the horridness of whose figures was indescribable.

They

They all seemed to struggle toward me, and to stretch forth their fangs to receive me, while my husband, Guillaume, ascended swiftly in the midst, and, rushing up with a pair of sheers, cut the hair, that withheld me, in twain; so down I thought I fell, and, giving a great shriek, I awaked to darkness and inexpressible horrors.

Though no light was in the room, my conscious spirit supplied the office. All my transgressions arose minutely and distinctly to my memory. They appeared as so many fiends, within me and around me; and I fell into an agony that threw me into a fit. I awoke again before morning, but without any abatement of my terrors. I groped about for a knife, or other instrument of self destruction; for, I said to myself, perhaps death may bring rest to the weary and over-laden, or at least afford some respite before the fearful judgment of final condemnation. So, finding no other means, I grasped my neck in my hands, and exerted my force to strangle myself; but nature proved repugnant, and I sunk from my agonies into a second fit.

On the breaking of the day Mr. Catharines entered, but, as the room was darkened, I did not know who he was. He approached my bed, and, taking hold of my hand, he sighed and said, You are very ill, poor woman, exceeding ill, indeed; you have more need of a physician for your soul than your body; if you please then, I will kneel down and pray with you and for you, that God may receive your departing spirit. O no, Sir, I cried, I cannot pray; even to hear a prayer would be worse than hell to me. I have no God, no Saviour; they have long since departed from me. I am a sinner to whom hope can never come. Omnipotence itself can do nothing for me; I feel that, if God would, he cannot save me, except he were to create me over again.

And he can create you over again, cried the good Mr. Catharines; even in this instant he can make you a new creature; he can save you from all your sins by an inward salvation, by pouring the abundance of himself into your bosom.

O, Sir,



O, Sir, I exclaimed, you do not know how vile I am. Even now I am in hell: the fiends have the property and possession of me. O; if any single soul were to suffer, for ever, what I suffered last night, better it were that creation had never been. Here I recounted to him my dream, with the agonies that I felt, and my attempt to destroy myself: when he cried out, Good hopes, good hopes! very excellent hopes, indeed. These are strong and blessed compunctions. I see that the Saviour of sinners is determined not to lose you. Be of good cheer! here, take this jalap to recruit your wearied spirits, that you may be able to lay open the wounds of your soul to the ministering physician of your dear and loving Lord.

But, do you think, Sir, said I, that there is any hope for me? Hope, cried he, there is assurance, more stable than the foundations of the earth. God is love: he never rejected any that turned to him. His incarnation, his whole task and business upon earth, his sufferings and crucifixion, his agonies and death, were embraced by him for the sake of sinners. It is in the darkness and the shadow of death, that the light of the loving Jesus delights to spring up. But come, my dear sister, tell me who and what you are. Lay open, with truth, the manifold distempers of your sin-sick soul; your weakness, your poverty, your nakedness, your pollutions, your errors, and your emptiness; and he, who shineth in darkness, will descend into you, and will be your strength, and the riches of pardoning mercy to you; and will purify your pollutions, and turn your errors into rectitude, and your emptiness into the fulness of the joy and glory of your God.

Here I made him a full recital of all the passages of my life, more minutely than I have done to your honour. Never was man so affected. He groaned, he sobbed aloud, he wet his handkerchief with his tears: as though it had been drenched in a river.

As soon as I had concluded, Do you not know me then? he cried, (breaking afresh into tears,) do you not know me, Mrs. Phoebe? Know you not Marmaduke Catharines, your brother's tutor and your tutor, the man from whose lips you used to imbibe instruction with so much avidity? Ah, had I stayed, nothing of this

this would have happened ; but your brother got me presented to a rich living here, and so I left my vineyard and the fruits thereof unguarded ! Oh that accursed Guillaume ! I left my lamb to the remorseless wolf !—From your infancy, Mrs. Phœbe, you were the darling of my affections ; the day did not seem to shine in which I saw you not. Your smiles cheated my spirit, and your unaffected graces played round my heart.

Your brother, too, saw and approved my passion for you. What happiness did he not propose to himself in our union ! We will be brothers, he cried, my Catharines, folding me fast in his arms ; we will be brothers in reality as well as inclination. But those blissful prospects soon vanished away. You were seduced, my daughter, you were seduced from your duty, from your God, and your lover. Your brother wrote me an account of your fatal falling away ; and I spent my nights in tears, and my days in anguish. Ah, how are you altered, even in person ! I could not have known you again. Sin hath taken away the sweetness of your countenance, and spread a cloudiness and stain in the place thereof. But you are returned to virtue, to yourself, and to your God ; and he will once more beautify you, and make you, as the king's daughter, all glorious within.

While the holy man spoke, the hardness of my heart began to dissolve, my terrors departed from me ; my breast began to heave with a kindly though sad emotion, and a torrent of tears greatly eased my distemper both of body and mind. Mr. Catharines, as I afterward learned, on hearing of my miscarriage, had vowed to himself, never to have commerce with woman-kind.

A widowed lady, however, of large fortune and liberal education, but much advanced in years, happened to reside in the neighbourhood. She was first caught by the simple and affecting piety of his discourses from the pulpit. She visited and was visited by him. She was then further charmed by the lustre of his sentiments, the sanctitude of his manners, and the sweetness of his disposition. Sir, said she to him one day, I am, by birth, a foreigner, and neither have  
children,

children, nor any relation in this kingdom. I blush not to tell you that, if I were young and beautiful, you are the man whom I would have chosen for my husband. But my defects take nothing from your great merits. You are as precious in my eyes as if I were deserving of you; and I am desirous of making you my own for life, provided you swear to me, before the nuptial knot is tied, that my fortune, my company, and my obedience, are all that ever you will require from me in right of our marriage. You shall live, and be as an only son to me; and I will have for you, at once, all the duty of a wife, and the tenderness of a mother. In the mean time my two capital prospects will be compassed by this scheme; the one of giving myself a legal title to your company; the other of giving you a legal title to my fortune.

A proposal for such a species of marriage answered exactly to Mr. Catharine's vow. The lady, though considerably upward of sixty, shone in all the graces separable from youth. He could therefore form no rational objection to the scheme; and, within a few weeks they were privately married.

While I wept, as I told you, Sir, under a kindly remorse for my manifold offences, Mr. Catharines kneeled down and poured forth his prayers with an elocution so warm, and so deeply affecting, as entered and searched through my heart and my reins, and seemed to tear out, by the roots all the evil that was in me.

As soon as he had ended, and that I had thanked him, with words half suffocated, for the graciousness of his consolations, Mrs. Catharines came in. Would you then, Sir, said she, would you monopolize all the charities? Will you not suffer a sister near the throne of grace, who may assist in the under services to the servants of our master? My dear, said he tenderly, I was about to request your presence. Here lies on the bed of sickness, and perhaps of death, the daughter of my patron, the sister of my friend, and once the dearest object of my affections. Pray order a chamber for her, more becoming her station, and my debts to her family.

She

She instantly went out, and, within a few minutes, several female servants entered, who, gently wrapping me in the clothes wherein I lay, conveyed me to a bed ready sheeted and warmed, that stood in a small but decent apartment. As soon as I was placed, Mrs. Catharines came up, and, stooping, tenderly kissed me, and said, God be gracious to you, my daughter!

Here I was treated with an attention and delicacy, that joined with my evil deeds as put me to utter shame. However, I began to recover apacè, and, within a few days, was able to sit up. On the seventh night I had a very singular dream or vision which will never depart my memory, and which, I trust, through life and death, will preserve its happy influence over me. Methought I walked with vast crowds of fine and merry people, along a road of a gentle and pleasant descent. On a sudden my husband stood beside me. I surveyed him with a delight that I had never known before. He seemed to surpass in beauty all the persons around us; his garments were embellished with gold and gems, and his countenance shone with a wonderful lustre.

Come, Miss Phoebe, said he, gracefully taking me by the hand, come with me to yonder paradise, where I will weave a garland for you of never fading flowers, and treat you with fruits of a heavenly flavour. Immediately a vast garden opened its incomparable beauties to my quickened imagination. The odours thereof perfumed the air far and wide, and the burdened trees reached forth fruits of irresistible temptation.

My husband then plucked, and gave me to eat of the clusters of the grape, which I seized and devoured with an intemperate relish; when, happening to look down, I perceived that he had got the legs and hoofs of a goat, and it instantly occurred that he could be no other than the tempter of our first parents. Terrified almost to death, I did not dare to speak out; but lifting up my heart in secret prayer, he and his paradise immediately vanished. At once I found myself in a vast and dreary wilderness, whose trees were barren of fruits; through which there was no path, and from whence there was no outlet. Go on what side I would,  
I had

I had scarce made my way through one thicket, when I was presented with another; till, being spent with fatigue, I despaired of any deliverance, and sat me down to die.

Soon after methought Mr. Catharines approached, in mean apparel, but with a majestic and stern countenance. Wretch! he cried, are you at length come to a knowledge of the evil of your ways? Are you now come to a sense of your vile and forlorn estate? Do you find at last that I alone can be your stay and your helper? So saying he seized me by the hand, and his touch filled my frame with confidence. We rose into the air, we moved together over a boundless tract of desert, from whence the lions roared and the wolves bayed at us. At length we allighted at the entrance of a narrow path that led up the ascent of a mountainous country. The nearer side was covered with clouds, and blasted by tempests, through which the farther part seemed to gleam with a faint radiance that promised the rising day.

Courage! said my conductor, we must ascend this mountain, in spite of all opposition; in spite of the toils, the difficulties, and dangers; the pains, calamities, distresses, and discouragements of the way. No obstacles, I cried, shall appal or discourage me; I will rejoice in distresses and pains while I have you by my side.

Hereupon I felt wonderful strength and alacrity. I ran up the ascent with an eager pace, and hoped in a few minutes to reach the top. But, alas! I was widely out in my account. The way became straiter, and steeper, and rougher. I began to fail through fatigue, and the edged flints tore my feet, and marked my footsteps with blood. Ah, Sir, I cried, this is very grievous indeed. Peace, said he, it is very salutary; these flints are your kindest friends, your truest physicians; and the wounds that they give your body, will be more than the balm of Gilead to the healing of your soul. I then summoned all my powers and proceeded, though with much anguish, which often compelled me to lean, with all my weight, upon my companion.

At length we came to a pass that was thick set and interwoven with briars and thorns, and, seeing no way, I made a full stop. Good cheer, cried my guide, this must also be traversed; there is no quailing now, you must endure to the end, my daughter. The thorn was pronounced a curse to the first Adam and his posterity, but your second Adam has made it a wreath of living brightness; these accordingly are appointed to twist the garland of your blessedness, and to make you a partaker of the crown of eternal glory.

Revived by this promise, I rushed into the midst, and struggled to get forward, though screaming with anguish; but, when the thorns rent my skin, and entered into my body and soul, and lodged their stings within me; I could endure no longer; but, casting myself on my conductor, O that death, I cried, would put an end to my sufferings! He then turned and smiled upon me, and, taking me under his arm, bore me harmless through the remainder; then, seating me on a bank, he placed himself beside me.

While I sat, still panting with pain and fatigue, he went forward, and pulled off his sandals. I then saw the large wounds that the nails had made. My spirit instantly told me that it was my Lord himself, under the form of his minister. I threw myself prostrate before him. My bosom opened wide; and taking hold of his feet, covered with dust as they were, I pressed them to my heart; when on their touch I felt such an ecstatic transport, that, if I had not awoke, my body could no longer have retained my spirit; it must instantly have issued to him who breathed it. The consolation of this dream greatly strengthened me, and I hastened to get up that I might delight myself in serving the servants of my benefactors.

When Mrs. Catharines rose, she found me busied in the basest employments of the kitchen. She looked astonished. Why, my dear, she cried, would you demean yourself in this manner? O, Madam, I replied, I beseech you to leave me to my own conscience, it tells me that even this office is much too honourable for me.

When breakfast was ready, Mr. Catharines came in from his morning's walk of meditation. As he entered,  
I cast

I cast myself before him, and, clasping his knees, cried, How blessed are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings of salvation to sinners ! But, above all, blessed is he who beareth, in his own person, the image and impression of the Prince of Peace ! Being much surprized and abashed at my manner of salutation, he demanded the reason of it, and I told my dream, whereupon they were so affected, that they both shed tears of tender congratulation.

I have already told you, Sir, that Mr. Catharines was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his parishioners ; I might have added, to all the country about him. For this purpose he had provided a little kind of apothecary's shop, where he kept all manner of drugs for the sick, as well as matters of surgery for the sore and the wounded. On these occasions I became his principal assistant. I was myself often astonished at the effects of my application in this way. I scarce remember an instance wherein I failed of success. A spirit of healing seemed to accompany my walks. I have frequently cured those who have been given up as incurable by the doctors and surgeons. And I never had such heartfelt delight as when, on my knees, I bathed the feet of the sick, or washed the ulcers of the beggar ; for in them methought the great physician of sin-sick souls lay before me, who had healed my own wounds, and done away my transgressions.

About three months ago Mrs. Catharines began to decline, and peaceably dropped, like over-ripe fruit, into the lap of our general mother. Mr. Catharines had often desired my permission to write to my brother in my favour ; but, conscious of the injury that I had done him in the person of his child, I had hitherto declined the proposal. At length, however, I determined to throw myself at his feet, and confess my guilt, though without any prospect of obtaining his pardon. My benefactor approved of my resolution ; he wrote a letter to my brother by me ; and, within a few days, I set out in his chaise for London.

On the road, I took it into my head once more to make trial of my brother's nature, and to present myself before him as an object of his charity. For this purpose I dismissed the chaise at St. Alban's. I

also sent back my little baggage with an account of my project in a note to Mr. Catharines, and retained nothing but this poor garb that I have on.

On that night I was taken suddenly and extremely ill; and could keep nothing on my stomach for six days. I sent to London for a physician, who attended me; and, by the time I was able to creep abroad, what with fees to the doctor, the apothecary's bill, and a still more exorbitant bill from the landlord, I had scarce eighteen-pence left to bear my charges to the city. With that sum, however, I set forward on foot; but, finding myself still very weak and sickly, I was tempted to repine for not having brought more money from home. But, again, I remembered that my Master had told me that sufferings were the best physicians for such a sinner. I was therefore pleased to be once more reduced to the lowest state of beggary, and, after three days sore travel, God was pleased to conduct me to your door.

This, Sir, is the letter which my friend wrote in my favour to my brother. You see it is open, but, before you read it, I ought to account to you for some touches of uncommon tenderness, which Mr. Catharines has expressed toward me.

Some weeks after the funeral of his lady, he and I stood chatting in the front of the house. The evening was exceeding pleasant, and the maids sat singing and milking the cows before us; when the great bull, suddenly tearing up the ground with his feet, ran furiously at his master. On seeing him approach, I shrieked and rushed into the house; but, observing that Mr. Catharines did not follow, I turned and ran as precipitately out again. There I saw the terrible creature had pinned him up between his horns against the wall.

Then casting fear aside, I sprung up, and, seizing the bull by one of his horns, would have torn him away from my dear protector. In the mean time a little favourite dog came out, and, leaping up, caught the monstrous animal by the nose, whereupon he gave a hideous roar, and, flinging away, ran kicking and leaping about the yard.

I remember nothing more till I awoke from a swoon, and perceived that Mr. Catharines sat beside me. He held



held one of my hands, which he had washed with his tears, and which at times he pressed to his lips, and again to his bosom. When he had prevailed upon me to swallow a spoonful of cordial, O my Phœbe, he cried, you have this day offered up your precious life, a victim, for the preservation of mine; and, from this day forward, my life, and all that I am is your property for ever. But tell me, my Phœbe, whence could you get, in a moment, such astonishing intrepidity? How attain to the power of acting against nature, against the constitutional terrors and delicacies of your sex? Ah, Sir, I replied, the book of life tells us, that "perfect love casteth out fear."

From that time Mr. Catharines earnestly pressed me to marriage. My first, and my last, and my only love, he would say, you know that in woman-kind I can love nothing but you. Your whole image, your every feature, is impressed upon my soul; I am already wedded to them, they are inseparable from my being. O, Sir, I would then say, let not our nuptials be sullied by any gloom or regret; let me first be reconciled, if possible, to my brother, and then dispose of me as you please.

I thank you Madam, said Mr. Fenton, I thank you for your affecting and edifying narrative; and I will endeavour to recompense you for the trouble that I have given you by being the bearer of very happy tidings. Your little nephew has lived with me almost ever since you lost him. He has received an education becoming his family, and was this day discovered and restored to his parents.

My God, my Christ, she exclaimed, what a wonder is here! How are blind and erring mortals, wilfully blind, and wilfully erring, deserving of such a clue as this to guide them? My nephew alive and well, discovered and restored this very day to his true parents! I am confounded, I am crushed to the center, beneath the weight of thy benefits, O thou overflowing Fountain of Mercy!

Now, Madam, said Mr. Fenton, now it is at your election to reveal or suppress the affair respecting your nephew. I know, Sir, she replied, you proposed this only to try me; I desire no advantage from fraud or

disguise, and, could I be so base, this letter, as you will find, would detect and betray me.

Mr. Fenton then unfolded the letter, and read as follows :

“ TO EDWARD FIELDING, Esq ;

“ Friend, and brother of my soul,

“ I Have often reprov'd and always detested that cruel custom of casting off our friends or kindred, on account of their errors or frailty, or even of their fall from honour. This custom is more especially condemnable, when it affects the more tender sex, the indiscretion of their parents begins the alarm ; the world follows and increases the cry ; the wretches, like marked deer, are driven forth to the hounds, and must speedily become a prey to famine and death, or forever be precluded from any return of virtue.

“ Had you, my dear brother, had you given that charity to your only sister, which you throw to a common beggar, you might have saved her soul alive, and have continued a happy parent of a promising son at this day. She resented your treatment ! She rent your child from you ! You merited resentment ; but, I am grieved at the consequence.

“ As God has been pleas'd wonderfully to restore your sister to virtue, she would rejoice to restore your son to you ; but it is not in her power, he strayed from her within some miles of this place ; we have used all possible means to recover him, but in vain ; and his loss has cost her seas of tears.

“ Receive her then as a precious pearl from the bottom of the deep, as a casket of jewels recovered from shipwreck ; she was dead but is alive again, she was lost but is found. Receive her then, I say, as an angel of God sent on purpose to effect your own salvation. I know not how it comes to pass that great sinners often become the greatest of saints. It is even so with our precious Phœbe. She is become a gentle flame of divine love. While she stands upon earth and bends, in her lowliness, beneath all creatures, the moon of changeable things is put under her feet.

“ Receive her then, I say again, as the dearest boon and blessing that Heaven can bestow. But, O, restore her.

her to me ; give her to me, according to promise, that she may assist to conduct me to that kingdom of little children, whereof she is a blessed inhabitant at this day. Yours, &c. M. CATHARINES."

You see, Sir, said Mrs. Phœbe, smiling, you see that Mr. Catharines must be a lover, by the extravagance of his praise. I see, Madam, said Mr. Fenton, that he deservedly loves, and greatly deserves also to be beloved. But, Madam, if you will be ruled by my advice, you will stay here till your brother shall call upon me, which I expect he will do in a very little time. Mean while I will introduce you to a sister saint, who has been long tried in the hottest furnace of affliction.

The very next morning Mr. Fielding rode to the door, attended only by a single servant. As soon as he had saluted Mr. Fenton, and sat down, he took out a note for 2000*l.* and presented it to him. You must not refuse, said he, to relieve my distress, by accepting this in part of what I owe you. I can spare it without the smallest inconvenience. I have lately recovered a tract of land that lies contiguous to Mr. Catharines, the worthy man of whom you heard me speak yesterday ; so that I shall soon have the pleasure of taking possession of a considerable accession to my fortune, and, at the same time, the greater pleasure of embracing so very dear a friend. This sum, Sir, said Mr. Fenton, comes very seasonably to the relief of a person for whom I have conceived an extraordinary esteem and affection, a person who is intitled to my best service, and who may also be intitled to your further munificence. So saying, Mr. Fenton rose, went to the door, took Mrs. Phœbe by the hand, and leading her toward her brother, This, Sir, said he, is the gentlewoman of whom I spoke, and whom I recommend to your tenderest regards.

Mr. Fielding looked earnestly at his sister, changed colour, and, for a while, sat mute with astonishment : When, suddenly rising, and stepping hastily to her, he clasped her in his arms, and cried aloud, My Phœbe, my dearest Phœbe, my long lost, long sought, my long lamented sister ! Have I found you at last ? Are my prayers

prayers at length heard? And are you once more restored to my bosom? Ah, what must have been your sufferings? What have I not suffered myself, from the stinging recollection of the barbarity of my behaviour? But, at the time that you applied to me, I was exasperated against you, by being told you had turned out a common prostitute; and, from your connexion with that reprobate to whom my father had unhappily married you, I was ready to believe the worst that could be reported concerning you. Pardon me, however, my Phœbe, do but promise me your pardon, and I will endeavour to compensate for my injurious treatment of you.

Here the sister dropped on her knees, and breaking into tears and sobs, replied, You want no pardon, my brother, you never wronged me.—I deserved all sorts of evils; they were due to my transgressions;—but I have injured you, I fear past forgiveness, my brother. It was I who stole your little darling, who robbed you of your only child, and caused you so many years of sorrow and bitterness. I deserved it, I deserved it, exclaimed Mr. Fielding; let us then exchange forgiveness, my Phœbe, for our child is restored to us, and we remember our sorrows no more. So saying, his eyes filled, and, tenderly raising his sister, he took her again to his bosom. Mr. Fenton, wholly melted by this passionate scene, took them jointly in his arms, and then silently seated them opposite to each other.

My sister, said Mr. Fielding, you have promised me your pardon, before you were acquainted with the extent of my faults. Our dear father, in his last illness, made me sit by his side; when, heaving a deep sigh, he thus began: I fear, my son, that I have greatly wronged your sister. I grieve at heart that I had her married to that ruffian Guillaume. With a little less of severity, she might have arisen from her fall; she might have returned to virtue; her errors might have been forgotten; she might have been less wretched, and my days might have been longer. She was young, she was artless and obvious to seduction. I myself joined to betray her; by that she-wolf whom I appointed the guardian of my lamb. Perhaps, as she affirmed, her inclination no way concurred with the force that was offered her. We ought, as far as possible,

possible, to have covered her shame; scandal only serves to make a bashful countenance, altogether shameless. Alas, my child, all things appear quite different at my death, from what they did during my life-time; and the pride of blood, and the resentment for injured gentility, give place to the calls of nature, and the feelings of humanity. I intended your sister 5000l. but by my will I have cut her off with a shilling, lest the villain her husband, should come in for any share of our substance. Wherefore I leave you, in my place, at once the brother, the father, and the guardian of my dear child.—And here his bursting tears prevented another word.

As soon as he was more composed, he proceeded: I adjure you, my son, in the name of our common Father, in the name of that God to whom I am going; I adjure you, I say, to keep a constant watch over the conduct of your still precious sister? For, O, the soul of my wrecked child, at this hour, is infinitely precious in my eyes. I further enjoin you that in case the reprobate her husband should perish by sword or pistol, or by the gallows, as is most likely, you will pay your sister the sum of 3000l. but gradually at first, as her necessities may crave, and the whole on your assurance of her return to virtue.

While her brother was speaking, Mrs. Phoebe had thrown her apron over her face, and, by her groans and passionate sobs, prevented his proceeding. At length she exclaimed, Wretch, parricide, that I am! I have cut short the sacred life of him who brought me into the world. You then loved me, my father; you still continued to love me, though I knew it not; and I have murdered the tenderest of parents, but I will die to make atonement, I will not survive you, my father!

Mr. Fielding arose, and stepped affectionately to his sister, and taking her in his arms, and mixing his tears with her's, endeavoured to console her. You did not, my dearest sister, you did not murder him, he cried; you accuse yourself of faults of which you are no way guilty. Our father was aged, and laboured under a complication of disorders that must shortly have put a  
period

period to all that was mortal in him. Be comforted then, I say, be comforted, my sister!

When Mr. Fielding had resumed his seat, and the violence of his sister's passion had subsided, he looked earnestly and tenderly at her. I will, said he, my Phœbe, at some other time, account to you for the motive of my barbarity toward you, and how I was imposed upon by the very person whom I kept in pay to give me intelligence concerning you. But tell me how it comes to pass that, in my life, I never saw you look so charmingly? Even during your infant years, you never had such a sweet simplicity, such a heavenly childishness of countenance as you now have. It is, said Mr. Fenton, because she is the King's daughter, "she is all glorious within," and the loveliness of her spirit informs and shines through her aspect.—But here is a known character that will fully clear up the matter. And so saying, he presented him with the letter from Mr. Catharines, when, at the sight of the superscription, Mr. Fielding gave an exclamation of surprise.—Then, unfolding, he read it in deep silence, but by fits and interruption; frequently putting, and long holding, his handkerchief to his eyes.

As soon as he had finished,—Yes, yes, my dear Catharines, my brother, he cried, the wish of my heart shall be accomplished for us both. You shall have your Phœbe restored to you, and she shall be restored to you with Benjamin's portion, even a double portion!—But, O my God, how wonderful, is all this! to have my only child, and my only sister, at once restored to me by one and the same hand! Teach me, teach me, Mr. Fenton, by some new method of gratitude, to express a part of the sense of what I owe you!

You have already, Sir, cried Mr. Fenton, done and said too much upon that head, and have thereby given me pain. The payment that I get is a treasure hidden from all men, save him to whom it is given. I will not, however, do you the offence to return to you your bill, but shall dispose of it in a manner that, I trust, will be as equitable. Mean while, my dear friend, I most cordially congratulate you on the signal evidences

evidences that have been given of the favour of your God to you, and of his watchful and superintending providence over you and yours. I suppose you will soon set out, with your amiable sister, on your visit to your friend and brother, the worthy Mr. Catharines. I shall heartily pray for a blissful issue to the union of the fainted pair, and I request you to favour me with a call on your way.

Within an hour after, Mr. Fielding set off for London, on horseback; and Harry accompanied his sister, in Mr. Fenton's post chaise, upon a short visit to his friend Ned. As soon as they were departed, Mr. Fenton took paper, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Catharines:

“ Reverend and dear Sir,

“ **A**LLOW a stranger, but a very warm lover of yours, to felicitate you with his whole heart on the success of affairs. Our precious Phœbe was received with transport by her brother, and you cannot be more impatient than he is for your union. He generously presented me with the inclosed bill for 2000*l.* merely because God had appointed me a humble instrument for doing him some little service. Though I determined not to accept of any part thereof, yet I dreaded to grieve him by a refusal. I therefore restore it to you and your Phœbe, as a matter of equity next to that of returning it to himself. That your heart may always continue where your true treasure is already laid up, is the wish of,

Dear Sir, &c.”

When he had folded and sealed this letter, he took bills from his pocket-book to the amount of 1300*l.* and, on Harry's return from London, presented them to him. Here, my dear, said he, here is what will enable you to be more than just to your engagements; it will enable you to be generous also. And I desire, my Harry, in matters of charity, that you may never stint the sweet emotions of your heart; for we have enough, my child, and we are but the stewards of the bounty of our God. Here Harry's speech was stopt, but his silence was more eloquent than a thousand harangues. He suddenly threw his arms about his dear father,

father, and, hiding his face in his bosom, he there vented the tears of that pleasure, and gratitude, with which he found himself affected.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry and Arabella went to drink tea with the widow Neighbourly, who received them with a countenance that spoke an uncommon welcome. Some other company had arrived before them, and rose on their entrance. When all were again seated, Mrs. Neighbourly very affectionately questioned Harry concerning his father.

On hearing the name of Master Fenton, an elderly gentlewoman started: Pray, Madam, said she eagerly, is this Master Fenton, the son of that noble gentleman who lives on the hill? He is, Madam, said Mrs. Neighbourly. My God! exclaimed the stranger, can this suckling be the father of the orphan and the widow? Is this he who goes about turning sorrow into joy? Who wipes the tears from the afflicted, and heals the broken of heart? Permit me then, thou beloved child of the Father which is in heaven, permit me to approach and throw myself at the feet of my preserver.

So saying, she rose with a rapturous motion, and, dropping at Harry's knees, she clasped his legs, and kissed his feet, before he could prevent her. Poor Harry, sat astonished, abashed, and distressed to the last degree. At length disengaging himself with difficulty, Dear Madam, he cried, what have I done that you should put me to so much pain?

Babe of my heart, she cried, I am the wife of your Vindex, your own Vindex, whom you redeemed from beggary and slavery; whom you restored to his wretched partner, whom you restored to his infant daughter; all pining and perishing apart from each other, but now united by you, my angel! in joy and thanksgiving.

Here her words were suffocated, and, throwing herself back in her chair, she was not ashamed to give way to her tears, and, putting her handkerchief to her face, she vented her passion aloud.

Harry then rising, and going tenderly to her, put his arms about her, and kissed her forehead, and then her lips. You owe me nothing, my dear Mrs. Vindex, said



said he, I am still greatly in your debt : I was the very naughty boy who brought your misfortunes upon you. But I am willing to make you amends, and that will do me a great pleasure, instead of the punishment which I deserve.

The tea-table was now laid, and Mrs. Vindex grew more composed. When her husband entered, leading his daughter by the hand, a very pretty little girl of about six years old. Harry instantly sprung up, and running, and throwing himself with a great leap upon him, he hung about his neck, crying, How glad I am to see you, my dear Mr. Vindex ! Boy of boys, cried Vindex, am I so blessed as to have you once more in my arms !

The company then rose and saluted Mr. Vindex, and congratulated him on his return to his ancient habitation. But Harry took him aside, and, having cautioned him in a whisper, not to take any notice of what should pass, he stole a bill for 160l. into his hand, saying softly, It is good first to be honest, so there is what I owe you. And here also is a small matter for your daughter ; I did not know till now, that we had such a sweet little charge in our family. So saying, he slipped to him another bill of 50l. and then, turning from him, stepped carelessly to his seat, as though nothing had happened.

Mean time the astonished Vindex was greatly oppressed. He did not dare to offend Harry by any open intimation of his recent bounty ; and yet he could feel no ease till the secret should be disclosed. He therefore stole softly to the back of our hero's chair, where, unperceived of Harry, he displayed the bills to the company, beckoning, at the same time, in a way that forbade them to take any notice ; then raising his hands over his head, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he blessed his benefactor, in a silently ardent ejaculation, and taking an empty seat, joined in with the company.

While they were in chat, the little Susanna slipped, unnoticed, from beside her mother, and, veering over toward Harry, she went on one side, and then on the other, and surveyed him all about ; then, coming closer, she felt his clothes, and next his hands, in a

way, as it were, of claiming acquaintance with him. At length, looking fondly up in his face, she lisped and said, Me voud kiss oo, if oo voud ask me. Indeed then, said Harry, me vill kiss oo, fedder oo vill or no. And so, catching her up on his knee, he pressed her to his bosom and kissed her over and over again.

You all see, cried Mr. Vindex, it is not one of the elders with whom our Susanna has fallen in love. My sweet babe, cried Mrs. Vindex, her little heart instinctively led her to her best friend, to the one of all living who best deserved her love.

On the following day, Harry introduced his friend Vindex and family to Mr. Fenton, who received them with a graciousness that soon dispelled that awkward diffidence, and humbling sense of obligations under which the late unhappy preceptor apparently sunk. As soon as it was known abroad that Mr. Vindex enjoyed the good countenance of Mr. Fenton and his family, his former friends resorted to him, his acquaintance was sought by all the neighbourhood, his credit was restored, his school daily increased, and, like Job, his latter end was far more blessed than his beginning.

For two succeeding years and upward, little interesting happened, save that our hero increased in stature and all personal accomplishments. He was now nearly master of the Latin and Greek languages. He could outrun the rein-deer, and outbound the antelope. He was held in veneration by all masters of the noble science of defence. His action was vigour, his countenance was loveliness, and his movement was grace.

Harry, by this time, was also versed in most of the select and interesting portions of history. Mr. Clement had instructed him in the use of the globes and maps; and, as he there led him from clime to clime, and country to country, he brought him acquainted with the different manners, customs, laws, government, rise, progress, and revolutions of the several nations through which they passed. Finally, said Clement, you see, Master Fenton, that the mightiest states, like men, have the principles of growth, as likewise of dissolution within their own frame. Like men, they are born and die, have their commencement and their period. They arise, like the sun, from the darkness  
of

of poverty, to temperance, industry, liberty, valour, power, conquest, glory, OPULENCE, and there is their zenith. From whence they decline to ease, sensuality, venality, vice, corruption, cowardice, imbecillity, infamy, slavery. And so good night.

Mr. Fenton now judged it full time to give our hero an insight into the nature of the constitution of his own country; a constitution, of whose construction, poise, action, and counter-action, the lettered Mr. Clement had scarcely any notion, and even the learned in our laws, and the leaders in our senate, but a very confused one.

For this especial purpose he called Harry to his closet. You are already, my love, said he, a member of the *British state*, and, on that account, have many privileges to claim, and many duties to perform toward your country in particular, independent of your general duties to mankind. Should it please God to bless your friends with the continuance of your life for eight or ten years longer, you will then be a member of the legislature of GREAT BRITAIN, one of the most important trusts that can be confided by mankind.

Here, my Harry, I have penned or rather pencilled, for your use, an abstract in miniature of this wonderful constitution. But before I give it, for your study and frequent perusal, I would give you some knowledge of the claims whereon it is founded, as also of the nature of man in his present depraved state, and of his several relations as a subject and as a sovereign. Man comes into this world the weakest of all creatures; and, while he continues in it, is the most dependent. Nature neither clothes him with the warm fleece of the sheep, nor the gay plumage of the bird; nor does he come forth in the vigour of the foal or the fawn, who, on the hour of their birth, frisk about and exult in the blessing of new existence.

Sacred History, indeed, intimates that man was originally created invulnerable and immortal, that the fire could not burn him, stones wound, air blast, or water drown him; that he was the angelic lord and comptroller of this earth, and these heavens that roll around us; with powers to see, at once, into the essences, properties, and distinctions of things; to

unfold all their virtues, to call forth all their beauties, and to rule, subdue, and moderate these elements at pleasure. These truly were godlike gifts, illustrious powers and prerogatives, and well becoming an offspring produced in the EXPRESS IMAGE of an all-powerful, all-wise, and all beneficent CREATOR.

True, Sir, said Harry, but we see nothing now of all this greatness and glory. Man, on the contrary, is himself subjected to all the elements over which, you say, he was appointed the ruler; he has every thing to fear from every thing about him; even the insects fearlessly attack this boasted lord of the creation; and history shews, from the beginning of the world, that the greatest of all enemies to man, is man.

This, replied Mr. Fenton, is continually to remind him of the guilty state into which he is fallen. Man indeed is now no better than the ruins of man; but then these ruins are sufficient to prove the dignity of his original state. When you behold the ruins of some lofty palace, you immediately form an idea of its original beauty. Even so, in our present feeble and fractured state, a discerning eye may discover many traces of MAN'S MAGNIFICENT RUIN; thoughts that wing infinity; apprehensions that reach through eternity; a fancy that creates; an imagination that contains an universe; wishes that a world hath not wherewithal to gratify; and desires that know neither end nor bound.

These, however, are but the faint glimmerings of his once glorious illumination; all his primitive faculties are now lapsed and darkened; he is become enslaved to his natural subjects; the world is wrested out of his hands; he comes as an alien into it, and may literally be called *a stranger and pilgrim upon earth*.

All other animals are gifted with a clear knowledge and instant discernment of whatever concerns them. Man's utmost wisdom, on the contrary, is the bare result of *comparing* and *inferring*, a mere enquirer called *Reason*, a *substitute* in the want of *knowledge*, a *groper* in the want of *light*. He must *doubt* before he *reasons*, and *examine* before he *decides*. Thus ignorant, feeble, deeply depraved, and the least sufficient, of all creatures, in a state of independence, man is compelled to  
 derive

derive succour, strength, and even wisdom from society. When he turns a pitying ear and helping hand to the distressed, he is intitled, in his turn, to be heard and assuiled. He is interested in others; others are interested in him. His affections grow more diffused, his powers more complicated; and, in any society, each may enjoy the strength, virtue, and efficacy of the whole.

You have, Sir, said Harry, here drawn an exceeding sweet picture of society, and you know I am but a fool and a novice in such matters. But, if any other man breathing had given me such a description, I should, from my little reading, have withstood him to the face. Look through all the states and associations that ever were upon earth; throughout the republics of Greece, Italy, Asia-Minor, and others, the most renowned for virtue; and yet, what do you find them, save so many bands of public robbers and murderers, confederate for the destruction of the rest of mankind? What desolations, what bloodshed, what carnage from the beginning! what a delight in horrors! what a propensity in all to inflict misery upon others! the malignity of the fiends can, I think, pierce no deeper!

Neither is this, Sir, as I take it, the extent of their malevolence. For, when any of these bands, or states, as you call them, have conquered or slaughtered all around them, they never fail, for want of employment, to fall out among themselves, and cut the throats of their very confederates.

Say then, my dearest father, tell me, whence comes this worse than flinty, this cruel hard heartedness in man? Why are not all like you? Why are they not happy in communicating happiness? If my eyes did not daily see it, I should think it impossible that any one should derive pleasure from giving pain to another. Can it be more blessed to destroy than to preserve, to wound than to heal? My heart wrings with regret for being cast into a world, where nation against nation, family against family, and man against man, are perpetually imbatled, gudging, grasping, tearing every enjoyment, and life itself from each other.

Here Harry, for a while, held his handkerchief to his eyes; while his fond uncle dropped a silent tear

of delight, at beholding the amiable emotion of his beloved.

Take care, my Harry, rejoined Mr. Fenton, of the smallest tincture of uncharitableness. You see only the worst part, the shell of this world; while the kernel, the better part, is concealed from your eyes. There are millions of worthy people upon earth; but they are as a kingdom within a kingdom, a grain within a husk; it requires a kindred heart, and a curious eye to discover them. Evil in man is like evil in the elements; earthquakes, hurricanes, thunders, and lightnings are conspicuous, noisy, and glaring; while Goodness, like warmth and moisture, is silent and unperceived, though productive of all the beauties and benefits in nature.

I once told you that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you, belongs to your God; that you cannot in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation of any kind. And what I then said of you, may equally be said of all men.

God is the fulness of all possible things; he has therefore, all things to give, but nothing to desire. The creature, while empty of God, has all things to crave, but nothing to bestow. No two things in the universe, can be more opposite. Remember, therefore, this distinction in yourself and all others; remember that, when you feel or see any instance of selfishness, you feel and see the coveting, grudging, and grappling of the creature: but that when you feel or see any instance of benevolence, you feel and see the informing influence of your God. All possible vice and malignity subsists in the one; all possible virtue and blessedness in the other.

[Here follows Mr. Fenton's short system of the beauties and benefits of our constitution. But, if the reader loves amusement preferable to instruction, he is at liberty to pass it over, and proceed in the story.]

### THE REGAL ESTATE.

**T**HE King, in the constitution of Great Britain, is more properly the king *of*, than a king *over* the people

people; united to them, one of them, and contained in them. At the same time that he is acknowledged the Head of their body, he is their principal Servant or Minister, being the Deputee of their executive power.

He is called to govern the people according to the laws by which they themselves had consented to be governed; to cause justice and mercy to be dispensed throughout the realm; and, to his utmost, to execute, protect, and maintain the laws of the Gospel of God, and the rights and liberties of all the people without distinction. And this he swears on the Gospel of God to perform. And thus, as all others owe *allegiance* to the King, *the king himself oweth allegiance to the constitution.*

The existence of a King, as one of the three estates, is immutable, indispensable, and indefeasible. The constitution cannot subsist without a king. But then his personal claim of possession, and of hereditary succession to the throne, is, in several instances, defeasible. As in case of any natural incapacity to govern; or in case of any attempt to sap or overthrow a fundamental part of that system, which he was constituted, and sworn to maintain.

Though the claim of all kings to the throne of Great Britain is a limited claim, yet the world can afford no rival, in power or glory, to a *constitutional* sovereign of these free dominions. For the honour of their own body, they have invested this their head with all possible illustration. He concentrates the rays of many nations. They have clothed him in royal robes, and circled his head with a diadem, and enthroned him on high. Neither are his the mere ensigns or external shews of regency. He is invested also with powers much more real than if they were absolute.

There are *three capital prerogatives* with which the king is entrusted, which, at first sight, appear of dangerous tendency; and which must infallibly end in arbitrary dominion, if they were not counterpoised and counteracted. His principal prerogative is to make war or peace, as also treaties, leagues, and alliances with foreign potentates.

His

His second prerogative is to nominate and appoint all ministers and servants of state, all judges and administrators of justice, and all officers, civil or military, throughout these realms.

His third capital prerogative is, that he has the whole executive power of the government of these nations, by his said ministers and officers, both civil and military.

I might here also have added a fourth prerogative, a power of granting pardon to criminals. Had this power been unrestrained, all obligations to justice might be absolved at the king's pleasure. But God, and our glorious ancestors be praised! he is restrained from protecting his best beloved ministers, when they have effected or even attempted the damage of the constitution. He is also limited in appeals brought by the subject for murder or robbery. But, on indictments in his own name, for offences against his proper person and government, such as rebellion, insurrection, riot, and breaches of the peace, by murder, maim, or robbery, &c. here he is at liberty to extend the arm of his mercy, forasmuch as there are many cases so circumstanced, so admittive of pitiable and palliating considerations, that *summon jus*, or strict justice, might prove *summa injuria*, or extreme injustice.

All pardonable offences are distinguished by the title of *crimina læsæ majestatis*, sins against the king. All unpardonable offences are distinguished by the title of *crimina læsæ libertatis*, sins against the constitution. In the first case, the injury is presumed to extend no further than to one or a few individuals; in the second, it is charged as a sin against the public, against the collective body of the whole people. Of the latter kind are nuisances that may endanger the lives of travellers on the high-way; but, more capitally, any imagination, proved by overt-act, or evil advice, tending to change the nature or form of any one of the three estates; or tending to vest the government, or the administration thereof, in any one or any two of the said estates independent of the other; or tending to raise armies, or to continue them in time of peace without the consent of parliament; or tending to give any  
foreign



foreign estate an advantage over these realms, by sea or by land.

The king hath also annexed to his dignity many further very important powers and prerogatives. He is first considered as the original proprietor of all the lands in these kingdoms; and he founds this claim, as well on the conquest by William the Norman, as by the kings or leaders of our Gothic ancestors. Hence it comes to pass that all lands, to which no subject can prove a title, are supposed to be in their original owner, and are therefore, by the constitution, vested in the crown. On the same principle also the king is intitled to the lands of all persons who are convicted of crimes subversive of the constitution.

His person is constitutionally sacred, and exempted from all acts of violence or constraint. As one of the estates, also he is constituted a corporation, and his written testimony amounts to a matter of record. He also exercises, at present, the independent province of supplying members to the second estate by a new creation, a very large accession to his original powers. Bishops also are appointed and nominated by the king, another considerable addition to the royal prerogative. His is the sole prerogative to coin or impress money, and to specify, change, or determine the current value thereof; and for this purpose he is supposed to have reserved, from his original grants of lands, a property in mines of gold and silver, which are therefore called royalties.

As he is one of the three constitutional estates, neither can he be barred of his title by length of time or entry. And these illustrations of his dignity cast rays of answerable privileges on his royal consort, heir apparent, and eldest daughter.

The king hath also some other inferior powers, such as of instituting fairs and markets; and of issuing patents for special and personal purposes, provided they shall not be found to infringe on the rights of others. He is also intrusted with the guardianship of the persons and possessions of idiots and lunatics without account.

I leave his majesty's prerogative of a negative voice in the legislature; as also his prerogative frequently to call the other two estates to parliament, and duly to  
continue,

continue, prorogue, and dissolve the same; till I come to speak of the three estates, when in parliament assembled.

Here then we find that a king of Great Britain is constitutionally invested with every power that can possibly be exerted in acts of beneficence. And that, while he continues to move within the sphere of his benign appointment, he continues to be constituted the most worthy, most mighty, and most glorious representative of Omnipotence upon earth.

In treating of the second and third estate, I come naturally to consider what those restraints are, which, while they are preserved inviolate, have so happy a tendency to the mutual prosperity of prince and people.

### THE ARISTOCRATICAL, OR SECOND ESTATE.

**T**HE Nobility, or second estate, in the constitution of Great Britain, is originally representative. The members were ennobled by *tenure*, and not by *writ* or *patent*; and they were holden in service to the crown and kingdom, for the respective provinces, counties, or baronies, whose name they bore and which they represented.

A title to be a member of this second estate was from the beginning hereditary. The king could not anciently either create or defeat a title to nobility. Their titles were not forfeitable, save by the judgment of their peers upon legal trial.

Till Henry VII. the nobles were looked upon as so many pillars whereon the people rested their rights. Accordingly we find that, in the grand compact between John and the collective body of the nation, the king and people jointly agree to confide to the nobles the superintendence of the execution of the great charter, with authority to them and their successors to enforce the due performance of the covenants therein comprized.

Such a preference must have proved an unremitting incitement to the cultivation of every virtue, and to such exertions, and acts of public beneficence, as should

( )  
should draw a man forth to so shining a point of light, and set him like a gem in the gold of the constitution.

The crown did not at once assume the independent right of conferring nobility. Henry III. first omitted to call some of the barons to parliament who were personally obnoxious to him, and he issued his writs or written letters to some others who were not barons, but from whom he expected greater conformity to his measures. These writs, however, did not enoble the party till he was admitted, by the second estate, to a seat in parliament; neither was such nobility, by writ, hereditary.

To supply these defects, the arbitrary ministry of Richard II. invented the method of ennobling by letters patent, at the king's pleasure, whether for years or for life, in fee-simple to a man and his heirs at large. This prerogative, however, was in many instances, declined and discontinued, more particularly by king Henry V. till meeting with no opposition from the other two estates, it has successively descended, from Henry VII. on nine crowned heads, through a prescription of near a century and a half.

Next to their king, the people have allowed to their peerage several privileges of the most illustrious distinction; their Christian names, and the names that descended to them from their ancestors, are absorbed by the name from whence they take their title of honour, and by this they make their signature in all letters and deeds. Every temporal peer of the realm is deemed a kinsman to the crown. Their deposition on their *honour* is admitted in place of their oath, save where they personally present themselves as witnesses of facts, and saving their oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration. Their persons are at all times exempted from arrests, except in criminal cases. A defamation of their character is highly punishable, however true the facts may be and deserving of censure. During a session of parliament, all actions and suits at law against peers are suspended. In presentments or indictments by grand juries, and on impeachments by the house of commons, peers are to be tried by their peers alone; for in all criminal cases they are privileged from the jurisdiction of inferior courts,

courts, excepting on appeals for murder or robbery. Peers are also exempted from serving on inquests. And, in all civil causes, where a peer is plaintiff, there must be two or more knights impanelled on the jury.

The bishops, or spiritual lords, have privilege of parliament, but have not the above privileges of personal nobility. In all criminal cases, saving attainder and impeachment, they are also to be tried by a petty-jury. Moreover bishops do not vote, in the house of lords, on the trial of any person for a capital crime.

All the temporal and spiritual nobles that compose the house of lords, however different in their titles and degrees of nobility, are called peers, (*pares*) or equals: because their voices are admitted as of equal value, and the vote of a bishop or baron is equivalent to that of an archbishop or duke.

The capital prerogative of the house of peers consists in their being *the supreme court of judicature*, to whom the final decision of all civil causes is confided, *in the last resort*. This constitutional privilege is a weighty counterpoise to his majesty's *second prerogative of appointing the administrators of justice throughout the nation*; forasmuch as judges (who are immediately under the influence of the crown) are yet intimidated from infringing, by any sentence, the laws or constitution of these realms, while a judgment, so highly superior to their own, impends.

The second great privilege of the house of peers consists, in their having the sole judicature of all impeachments commenced and prosecuted by the commons. And this again is a very weighty counterpoise to his majesty's *third prerogative of the executive government of these nations by his ministers*, since no minister can be so great, as not justly to dread the coming under such a judgment.

The third capital privilege of the house of peers subsists in their share, or particular department of rights, in the legislature. This extends to the framing of any bills, at their pleasure, for the purposes of good government; saving always to the commons their incommunicable right of granting taxes or subsidies to be levied on their constituents. But on such bills,

bills, as on all others, the house of lords have a negative ; a happy counterpoise to the power both of king and commons, should demands on the one part, or bounties on the other, exceed what is requisite.

## THE DEMOCRATICAL, OR THIRD ESTATE.

**T**HE ELECTION of commoners, to be immediate trustees and apt representatives of the people in parliament, is the privilege of the people. The persons of these, during their session, and for fourteen days before and after every meeting, adjournment, prorogation, and dissolution of parliament, are equally exempted, with the persons of peers, from arrest and duress of every sort. They are also, during their session, to have ready access to the king or house of lords, and to address or confer with them on all occasions.

No member of the house of commons, any more than the house of peers, shall suffer, or be questioned, or compelled to witness or answer, in any court or place whatsoever, touching any thing said or done by himself or others in parliament : in order that perfect freedom of speech and action may leave nothing undone for the public weal. They have also (during session) an equal power with the house of lords, to punish any who shall presume to traduce their dignity, or detract from the rights or privileges of any member of their house.

The commons form a court of judicature, distinct from the judicature of the house of lords. Theirs is the peculiar privilege to try and adjudge the legality of the election of their own members. They may fine and confine their own members as well as others, for delinquency or offence against the honour of their house. But, in all other matters of judicature they are merely a court of *inquisition* and *presentment*, and not a tribunal of *definitive judgment*.

In this respect, however, they are extremely formidable. They constitute the *grand inquest* of the nation ; for which they are supposed to be perfectly qualified by a personal knowlege of what has been transacted,

throughout the several shires, cities, and boroughs, from whence they assemble, and which they represent.

Over and above their inquiry into all public grievances, *wicked ministers, transgressing magistrates, corrupt judges and justiciaries*, who sell, deny, or delay justice : *evil counsellors* of the crown, who attempt or devise the subversion of any part of the constitution : with all such overgrown malefactors as are deemed above the reach of inferior courts, come under the particular cognizance of the commons, to be by them impeached, and presented for trial at the bar of the house of lords. And these inquisitorial and judicial powers of the two houses, from which no man under the crown can be exempted, are deemed a sufficient allay and counterpoise to the whole executive power of the king by his ministers,

The Legislative department of the power of the commons is in all respects co-equal with that of the peers. They frame any bills at pleasure for the purposes of good government. They exercise a right, as the lords also do, to propose and bring in bills, for the amending or repeal of old laws, as well as for the ordaining of new ones. And each house alike hath a negative on all bills that are framed and passed by the other.

But the capital, the incommunicable privilege of the house of commons, arises from their being empowered to take from the people a small portion of their property, in order to restore it three-fold, in the advantages of peace, equal government, and the encouragement of trade, industry, and manufactures.

By this fundamental and incommunicable privilege, the commons have the sole power over the money of the people ; to grant or deny aids, according as they shall judge them either requisite, or unnecessary to the public service. Theirs is the province, and theirs alone, to enquire and judge of the several occasions for which such aids may be required, and to measure and appropriate the sums to their respective uses. Theirs also is the sole province of framing all bills or laws for the imposing of any taxes, and of appointing the means for levying the same upon the people. Neither may the first or second estate, either king or peerage, pro-  
pound

poſſible or do any thing relating to theſe matters, that may any way interfere with the proceedings of the commons, ſave in their diſſent or aſſent to ſuch bills, when preſented to them, without addition, deduction, or alteration of any kind.

After ſuch taxes have been levied and diſpoſed of, the commons have the further right of examining into the application of them; of ordering all accounts relative thereto to be laid before them; and of cenſuring the abuſe or miſapplication thereof.

The royal aſſent to all other bills is expreſſed by the terms *Le roy le veut, the king wills it.* But, when the commons preſent their bills of aid to his majeſty it is answered, *Le roy remercie ſes loyal ſubjects et ainſi le veut, the king thanks his loyal ſubjects and ſo willeth.* An expreſs acknowledgment that the right of granting or levying monies for public purpoſes, lies ſolely in the people and their representatives.

This capital privilege of the commons conſtitutes the grand counterpoize to the king's principal prerogative of making peace or war; for how impotent muſt a warlike enterprize prove without money, which makes the ſinews thereof!

### THE THREE ESTATES IN PARLIAMENT.

**T**HE king, lords, and commons, in parliament aſſembled have the *legiſlative power*; the ſaid king, lords, and commons, when ſo aſſembled, being the *great* representative of the whole nation. As the inſtitution, repeal, and amendment of laws, together with the redreſs of public grievances and offences, are not within the capacity of any of the three eſtates, diſtinct from the others, the FREQUENT HOLDING OF PARLIAMENTS is the vital food, without which the conſtitution cannot ſubſiſt.

The three eſtates originally, when aſſembled in parliament, ſat together conſulting in the open field. Accordingly, at Running-Mead, five hundred years ago, king John paſſed the great charter (as therein is expreſſed) by the advice of the lords ſpiritual and temporal, by the advice of ſeveral commoners (by name recited) *et aliorum fidelium*, and of others his faithful

people. And in the twenty-first clause of the said charter, he covenants that, "For having the common council of the kingdom to assess aids, he will cause the lords spiritual and temporal to be summoned by his writs; and moreover that he will cause the principal commoners, or those who held from him in chief, to be generally summoned to said parliaments by his sheriffs and bailiffs."

In the said assemblies however, the concourse became so great and disorderly, and the contests frequently so high between the several estates, in assertion of their respective privileges; that they judged it more expedient to sit apart, and separately, to exercise the offices of their respective departments.

In all steps of national import, the king is to be conducted by the direction of the parliament, his great national council; a council on whom it is equally incumbent to consult for the king with whom they are connected, and for the people whom they represent. Thus the king is constitutionally to be guided by the sense of his parliament; and the parliament alike is to be constitutionally guided by the general sense of the people. Now, while the three estates act distinctly, within their respective departments, they effect and are reciprocally affected by each other. For instance, The king has the sole prerogative of making war. But then the means are in the hands of the people and their representatives.

Again. To the king is committed the whole executive power. But then the ministers of that power are accountable to a tribunal, from which a criminal has no appeal.

Again. To the king is committed the cognizance of all causes. But should his judges or justiciaries pervert the rule of righteousness, an inquisition, impeachment, and trial impends, from whose judgment the judges cannot be exempted.

Again. the king hath a negative upon all bills, whereby his own prerogatives are guarded from invasion. But should he refuse the royal assent to bills tending to the general good of the subject, the commons can also withhold their bills of assessment, or annex the rejected bill to their bill of aids; and they never fail to pass such agreeable company.

While



While the king is thus controuled by the lords and the commons ; while the lords are thus controuled by the commons and the king ; and while the commons are thus controuled by the other two estates, from attempting any thing to the prejudice of the general welfare ; the three estates may be aptly compared to three pillars divided below at equi-distant angles, but united and supported at top, merely by the bearing of each pillar against the other. Take but any one of these pillars away and the other two must inevitably tumble. But while all act on each other, all are equally counteracted, and thereby establish the general frame.

**W**ITHIN little more than a month, Harry made himself perfect master of the foregoing system, and wrote comments upon it much more voluminous than the text. As he had lost his friend Ned, who was now under tutelage of his uncle, Mr. Catharines, little Tommy Clement became the principal companion of his hours of amusement, and Tommy with his good will would never be from his heels. One morning as they strolled up the road, some distance from the town, Harry observed a crowd gathering fast on the way, and hastened, like others, to see what was the matter. As soon as he arrived, he perceived Mr. Gripe the constable at the head of the posse, with his staff of authority exalted in his hand. Pray, what are you about, Mr. Constable, says Harry ? I am going, Sir, to seize a robber, who has taken shelter in yonder waste hovel.—And who did he rob ?—He robbed Mr. Niggards here, that is to say, his boy here of a six-penny loaf. Perhaps the man was hungry, said Harry, and had not wherewithal to buy one. Pray tell me, my lad, how this affair was.

Why, master, you must know as how Mr. Niggards my master here, sent me this morning to the town with a shilling to buy two six-penny loaves. So as I was coming back, I met a man, who made me afraid with his pale and meager face. My good boy, says he, will you give me one of those loaves in charity ? I dare not, Sir, says I, they are none of my own. Here, says he, I will give you my hat for one of them ; but this I refused, as his hat, to my thinking, was not

worth a groat. Nay, says he, I must have one of the loaves, that is certain; for I have a wife and seven children all starving in yonder hovel, and, while there is bread in the world, I cannot but snatch a morsel for them. So, as I told you, I was frightened. I gave him one of the loaves without any more words, and away he run as fast as his legs could carry him; but I followed him with my eye, till I saw him safe lodged.

Here Harry wiped his eye and mused awhile. Tell me truly now, my good boy, continued he, if both those loaves had been your own, would you willingly have given one of them, to keep the poor man and his family from perishing?

I would, Sir, said the lad, with a very good will. And, had I sixpence of my own, I would have gone back with all my heart, and have bought another loaf. But, my master is a hard man, and so I was forced to tell him the truth.

Here, my lad, says Harry, here is a crown. Go back, buy two loaves for your master, in place of the one he has lost, and keep the remaining four shillings to yourself for your trouble. You see Mr. Constable, continued he, you never can make felony of this matter. The boy confesses that he gave the bread with a good will, and that he would not have informed had it not been for the fear of his master.

It is very true, please your honour, replied Mr. Gripe, I myself pity the poor man from my heart, and have nothing more to say in this business.

Stay awhile, says Harry, perhaps we may find some further employment for you. Is not that the Niggards whom you had in custody the other day, and for whose deliverance I paid five and twenty pounds to his creditor? The very man, Sir, says Gripe.

Harry then put his hand in his pocket, and, taking out a small scrip of parchment, exclaimed, I am glad of what you tell me with all my heart! Indeed, I did not like the looks of the man at the time, and that made me accept the assignment of this action. Here, Mr. Gripe, take your prisoner again into custody in my name. Away with him to jail directly? As the holy gospel has it, *He shall not depart thence till he has paid the uttermost farthing.* No, no, Mr. Niggards; I will

will not hear a word. Go learn henceforward to be merciful yourself, if you would look for mercy from God or man.

Tommy my dear, go back again, says Harry, our neighbour Joseph here will see you safe home. I will not suffer any one to go in my company, for fear of putting the poor man or his family to shame. Harry had not advanced fifty paces toward the hovel, when his ears were struck with the sound of sudden and joint lamentation; and, turning he perceived that the inquisitive crowd had gathered at his heels. My friends says he, I beseech you to leave me for the present. I would not choose any witnesses to what I am about. Pray oblige me so far as to depart on your own occasions.

Hereupon, being loth to offend him, they retired a few steps, and stood together, aloof, attentive to the event of this uncommon adventure. Mean while the cry continued with a bitterness that thrilled through every nerve of our hero; and as he now approached the place, he did his utmost to restrain himself and quell the feelings within him, and he drew his hat over his eyes, to prevent the parties from seeing the emotion that they caused.

The hovel was of mud walls, without any roofing; but, as there was an opening where the door had once been, Harry stole to the entrance, casting an eye of observation about him. Hereupon a woman turned. She had been fearfully peering over the wall at the crowd which had not yet dispersed, but having notice of Harry's entrance she looked toward him, and dropped on her knees.

O Sir, she cried, if you are the gentleman who owned the loaf, for Christ his sake I pray you to have mercy upon us! Money, indeed, we have not, but we will strip ourselves of our covering to make you a recompense. Alas! alas! could we have guessed how my husband came by it, we would have famished a thousand times rather than touch a morsel. But he, dear good man, did it all for our sakes, for the sake of the heavy burden with which he is overlaid. Ah, I would to heaven we were all dead, hanged, or drowned out of his way! He might then walk the world at large and be happy as he deserves.

Here again she set up her wailing, which was accompanied by her seven children, in such a woful concert, as the heart of Harry could not sustain, neither suffer him, for a season, to interrupt or appease.

At length he said, with a faltering voice, Pray be not alarmed, Madam, for I discern that you are a gentlewoman, tho' in a very unhappy disguise. The affair of the loaf is settled to your satisfaction, and here are ten guineas; it is all that I have about me, and it is only to shew you, for the present, that you are not quite so friendless as you thought. Mean time I request that you will all come with me to Hampstead, where we will try to do something better for you.

Here the woman looked with an earnest and eager rapture at him. May Jesus Christ, she cried, be your portion, fair angel! and he is already your portion; he is seen in your sweet face, and breaks out at your eyes in pity to poor sinners.

Harry was now stepping forth, and the rest prepared to follow him; when the poor man, who, for shame, had not yet uttered a syllable, gently stayed him at the opening. Turn, generous master, said he, pray turn, and hear a small apology for my transgression. I am a very unhappy man; I have seen better times; but I am driven, by cruel usage, from house, and home, and maintenance. I was going to London to apply to the law for relief, when my youngest child, who was on the breast, fell desperately sick about four days ago. As we had no money to hire lodging, and had begged the means of life for the two foregoing days, we were compelled to take up with this shelterless hovel. From hence I frequented the road, and for the three last days begged as much as sustained us in coarse bread and water. But this morning my boy died, and his brothers and I, with our sticks and our hands, dug his grave that you see yonder, and I placed that flag over him to preserve his tender limbs from the pigs and the hounds; till it may please heaven to allow me means to bury him according to the holy rites of our church. This melancholy office, Sir, detained me so long, and exercise had made the appetites of my children so outrageous, that I was in a manner compelled to do what I did. As I had no coffin nor winding sheet, I  
took

took the waistcoat from my body and wrapped it about my babe, and would willingly have wrapped him with my flesh and my bones, that we might quietly have lain in one grave together.

Harry answered not a word, but walking onward before his company, plentifully watered the ground with his tears, while the poor man took his youngest son in his arms, and the woman her youngest daughter on her back, and thus, with a leisurely pace, they all arrived at Mr. Fenton's.

The door being opened, Harry led his nine guests to the back parlour, where he instantly ordered plenty of bread and butter and milk for the children, with cold meat, ale, and cakes for the father and mother; and this was a matter too customary in this house to be any cause of wonder to any member of the family.

As soon as they were refreshed, he took them all to his wardrobe, where he compelled the parents to take of the best things for themselves and their children; and having so done, he walked out and left them to dress.

Mr. Fenton was in his study, and had just finished a letter as Harry entered with a smiling countenance. I have been very lucky this morning Sir, says he; I think I have got the prettiest family of boys and girls that is to be found within five shires. Do you know any thing about them, Harry? Nothing further as yet, Sir, than that they and their parents are exceeding poor, and have fallen, as they say, into great misfortunes. The mother is a very genteel young woman, and the father a very comely man, save that he has a large purple mark on the left side of his face. A purple mark; cried Mr. Fenton, and started. Go, my dear and bring that man to me directly. Why pray, Sir, do you know him? No my love, I should not know him though he stood before me, but I would give a thousand pounds that he may prove the man I mean, and that I shall discover on a short examination.

By this time the father of our new family was dressed, and Harry took him by the hand, and led him in to his uncle. He bowed twice with an awful and timid respect, while Mr. Fenton rose and looked earnestly at

at him. I rejoice, Sir, says he, to find that my son here has been of some use to you and your family. Pray take a seat nearer to me, Sir, if you please. He tells me you have met with misfortunes; I also have had my share. I think myself nearly of kin to the unhappy; and you will singularly oblige me by as much of your story as you shall please to communicate. I am interested in it.

I have nothing to conceal from your honour, answered the stranger. And I shall willingly give you an open and faithful narrative of my short, but sad history. My name is Giffard Homely. My father was a farmer in easy circumstances near Stratford. He bound me apprentice to a tanner, and when my time was out, gave me a hundred and twenty pounds to set me up in business. But, dying soon after, he bequeathed the bulk of his substance to my elder brother.

Though my brother was a spendthrift I loved him dearly; and, when his creditors fell upon him, I became his bail for two hundred pounds. Within a few months after he suddenly disappeared, and I never could learn further tidings concerning him. A writ was thereupon marked out against me, and put into the hands of bailiffs. But liberty was precious. I left all my substance to the possession of my pursuers, and passing at a great rate, I escaped into Lincolnshire. There I joined myself to Anthony Granger the tanner. Independent of his trade he held a very beautiful farm, under Sir Spranger Thornhill, the lord of the manor. And, as I served him with great zeal, affection, and application, his affairs prospered under my hands.

He had an only child, a very lovely girl, of about ten years of age; her manners, like her countenance, were extremely engaging; and I took vast delight at all leisure hours, in teaching her to read and write, and in diverting her with a variety of little amusements. I had no intention, at that time, of gaining her young heart, but that happened to prove the consequence; and a heavy price it is that my poor dear girl has since paid for her affection. Year after year she grew in stature, but much more in loveliness, at least in my eyes; and yet I flattered myself that I af-

fected

fecting her merely for her own sake. I used to please myself with the prospect of her being advanced to high fortune; and I thought that I would willingly have given her up to some lord of the land.

One twelfth night a parcel of young folks of us were diverting ourselves about the fire with several pastimes; and among the rest the play was introduced of, *I love my love with an A because she is amiable*, and so on thro' the alphabet.

When it came to my Peggy's turn, she said, I love my love with an H, because he is *honest*, and I never will hate him for is being *homely*. And this might have passed without any observation had she not cast a glance at me and blushed exceedingly, which threw me into equal confusion.

As this was the first discovery that I made of her affection it also served to open my eyes to the strength of my own passion; and this cost me many a sleepless night and aching heart. I did not look upon myself as a sufficient match for her; I reflected that it would be very ungenerous to lessen the fortune or happiness of the girl that I loved; and I resolved a hundred times to quit the country, that my absence might cure both her and myself of our foolish fondness for each other. But tho' this was what my reason approved, my heart still held me back, as it were, for a while longer, when I was on the brink of departure.

Peggy was just arrived at her sixteenth year, on the 24th of April, and was elected by the neighbours to be queen of the following May, and to deliver the prizes to the victors. I had made a vow, within myself, to forsake her and the country, the very day after her regency; but, in the mean while, I could not resist the temptation of shewing my address before the queen of my wishes. Accordingly, on the day I entered the lists among the other young candidates. But I will not burden your honour with a particular detail of our insignificant contests. It will be sufficient to inform you, that as I had the fortune to get the better at the race, and at wrestling, when I successively went to receive the respective prizes, my Peggy's eyes danced, and her feet went pit-a-pat with joy as I approached her.

Cudgels

Cudgels came next, and a little stage was erected that the spectators might see with the better advantage. I had long learned this art from a famous master; and, as I was confident of my superiority, I hurt my rivals as little as possible, only just sufficient to make them acknowledge that they were foiled. At length one Hector Pluck, a butcher, mounted the stage. He had been quite an adept at this sport, and for ten foregoing years had carried off the prize in several neighbouring shires; but he was now come to settle near Lincoln, and was to have been married the following day to a farmer's daughter, who was one of the fair spectators at the wake.

The moment he assailed me, I perceived that his passions were up, and that his eye was a plain interpreter of the deadliness of his heart. He fought cautiously however, and kept on a watchful reserve; and we had long attacked and defended without any advantage on either part, when with a motion and fury quick as lightning, he made a side stroke at me, aimed to cut me across the face with the point of his stick. This was a blow which I had not time to intercept or even to see. The villain however happily missed of his intention; for his cudgel being something advanced, only bruised my right cheek, when instantly I gave him a stroke on the head, and laid him sprawling on the stage, whereat all who knew me gave a great shout.

After some time he arose, and, advancing a little toward me, he stretched out his left hand, as in token of reconciliation; while, pulling out his butcher's knife, from a sheath in his side-pocket, he, with his right hand, made a stab at my heart, and suddenly leaping off the stage, attempted to escape. Immediately the blood poured from me in a stream, and ran along the boards. I found myself growing weak, and, sitting down on the stage, I had the presence of mind to open my bosom, and taking out my handkerchief, I held it to the wound.

In the mean time the whole concourse was in an uproar. The cry went about that Giffard Homely was murdered, Giffard Homely was killed. My poor Peggy fell senseless from her throne, and was carried home.



home in the fit. Several horsemen hastened away, of their own accord for a surgeon; and the butcher was pursued, knocked down, hard pinioned, and conveyed, with following curses to Lincoln jail.

Among others who came to condole with me, little Master Billy Thornhill, our landlord's son and heir, came running, and desired to be lifted upon the stage. As soon as he saw the blood, and how weak and pale I looked, he broke out into a passionate fit of tears: O Giffard, my Giffard, my poor Giffard, he cried, I fear you are a dead man! You will no more be my holiday companion, Giffard. Never more will you go a birding with me, or catch little fishes for me: or carry me on your back thro' the water, or in your arms over the mire. Alack! alack! what shall I do, if I lose you, my poor Giffard!

The surgeon came at full gallop. As soon as he had seen the greatness of the gash, Say your last prayer, my friend, he cried; in a very few minutes you must be a dead man. But when he had probed the wound, his face turned to cheerfulness. A most wonderful escape, he cried; the weapon has missed your vitals, and only glanced along the rib. Be of good courage; I engage, in a few weeks, to set you once more upon your legs.

Mean time my loving neighbours made a litter and bed for me of the tents and tent poles, all striving who should carry me, and all escorting me home. The good Mr. Granger had been that day confined by a sprain in his ankle, and now sat weeping by his child, who fell out of one fainting fit into another, till she was told that I was brought home, and that the doctor had pronounced me out of danger.

As soon as I was put to bed, and my kind attendants withdrawn, Mr. Granger, on a crutch, came limping and sat down by me. He endeavoured to restrain his tears before the crowd, but as soon as he was seated they broke out anew. O Giffard, Giffard, he cried; my dear Peggy is very ill, and you are very ill, and to lose you both at once would be hard upon me indeed!

Notwithstanding a short fever, with the assistance of youth and a good habit, I soon began to gather strength and recover apace. As soon as I was up and about, I observed that Miss Peggy seemed no longer

desirous of restraining her kind looks or her kind offices; and this gave me some concern, till I also observed that her father took no umbrage at it.

One evening, Giffard, says he bluntly, what would you think of my Peggy for a wife? Nothing at all, Sir, says I; I would not marry your daughter, if she would have me to-morrow. Pray why so, Giffard? Peggy is very pretty, and deserving, I think, of as good a man as you. Her deservings, Sir, said I, are my very objection; I scarce know a man in the land who is deserving of her. If that is the case, Giffard, her hand is at your service, with all my heart. O, Sir, I replied, I have no suitable fortune; but I know you are pleased to banter; I am no match for her. You are an industrious young man, said he; and such a one is richer, in my eye, than a spender with thousands. Besides, you are loving and good-natured, my son, and I shall not lose my child by you, but gain another child in you as dear to me as herself.

Here I was so over-powered by the kindness of the dear good man, that I could not get out a syllable; but sinking before him, I eagerly grasped his legs, and then his knees, and, rising, went out to vent my passion.

In about a month after, Sir Spranger Thornhill and my young friend, Master William, honoured our nuptials with their presence; and all our kind neighbours came crowding to the solemnity, and, by their joy, appeared to be parties in our union.

For eight following years never was known a happier family. But about that time, Sir Spranger Thornhill sickened and died, and was attended to the dark mansion of the bodies of his ancestors, by the greatest concourse of true mourners that ever was seen in the shire, all lamenting that goodness was not exempted from mortality. Our dear father could never be said to hold up his head from that day. He silently pined after his old friend and patron, Sir Spranger; and all our cares and caresses were not able to withhold him from following the same appointed track. Never, sure, was grief like mine and my Peggy's. In looking at each other we saw the loss that we had sustained; and

and while we lay arm in arm often have we watered the good man's memory with our tears. Time, however, helps to soften the sorrows that he brings in his train. An increasing family of children, sweetly tempered like their mother, called for all my concern; and our young landlord, Sir William, whenever he came from college, used to make our house his home, and take me with him wherever he went, till Lord Lechmore his guardian, took him from the university, and sent him abroad, with a tutor and servants, on his travels.

As I had made considerable savings, and now looked to have a number of children to provide for, I resolved to realize all that I could for the poor things: so I built a malt-house, and wind-mill, and planted a large orchard, with other profitable improvements, which cost me about eight hundred pounds. While these things were in agitation, Sir Freestone Hardgrave, one of the knights for our shire, came into that part of the country. He had lately purchased a fine estate, adjoining to the west side of my concern; and was a man of vast opulence, but a stranger among us at that time. Though Sir Freestone was an old bachelor, and had one of the most remorseless hearts that ever informed the shape of man, he had yet a pleasing aspect and insinuating address, and always applied those qualities to the purpose of betraying. His avarice outgrew even the growth of his wealth; and his desires increased in exact proportion, as age deducted from his ability to gratify them.

Unhappily he cast a greedy eye at my little farm. Like another Ahab he coveted the vine-yard of poor Naboth; and at length, compassed his ends. When he proposed to give me more than value for it, I answered, that I myself had taken a fancy to it, for the sake of the dear man who had given it to me, in trust for his child and her posterity; and that I would not part with it for twenty times an equivalent. With this, however, he did not appear in the least discontented; but said he esteemed me the more for my gratitude to the memory of my old benefactor.

I was afterwards told, and learned by dear experience, that he never pardoned an offence, nor even

a disappointment; but nothing of this disposition appeared for the present. He visited, and made it his business to meet me in several places; sought and seemed quite desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with me; did me many little friendly offices among my richer neighbours; condescended to toy with my little ones; appeared to take a huge liking to my two little boys; stood godfather to my little girl that is now in her mother's arms; said he wondered how I contrived to maintain so numerous a family upon such slender means; and promised to procure me a post in the collection of the customs.

While my heart glowed with gratitude, in the recollection of his favours, he came to my house in a mighty hurry. My dear Homely, said he, I have just struck up a most advantageous bargain with our neighbour Squire Spendall. But he wants the money immediately. I have not the whole about me; and if I do not pay him down directly, some cursed disappointment may intervene. Do run and bring me all that you have quickly! I will repay you within two or three days at furthest.

Here I hastened with joy, to the corner where I had deposited my cash, as well for payment of rent as another little payment I had in my eye; and, bringing out a leather bag, I laid it on the table. There, Sir, said I, are two hundred and thirty guineas; take but the trouble to count them out, and give me a short acknowledgment. No, said he, my dear Homely, never heed it for the present; I will be back with you the moment I have paid the purchase; and so saying, he caught up the bag, and huddled away as fast as his old legs could scamper, while I sat still thro' astonishment, my heart misgiving me at that time, as if it foreboded the mischiefs that were to follow.

I waited, with great anxiety, for his return till evening, when hastening to his lodge, I was informed he had set out for London five hours before. This threw me into a panick, though not without hope, and so I waited till the three days of his promise should expire. Mr. Snack then came to me and demanded the rent. He was a Lincoln attorney, whom Lord Lechmore had lately preferred to the care of my  
landlord's

landlord's concerns, upon the death of the good old agent. I told him ingenuously how matters had happened, and said I would hurry to London, and bring back the money directly. Accordingly I posted away, and rested not till I arrived at the great city. There, for seven days successively, I besieged the doors of Sir Freestone, hourly requesting to be admitted to his presence. But he was either not up, or just gone out, or had company with him, or was just then very busy and not to be spoke to, and so forth.

At length, when he found that I would not quit his house without answer, he ordered me before him. His chariot waited at the gate, and he stood dressed in the hall. As I approached, and bowed with the respect and mortified air of a petitioner, he put on a look of the most audacious effrontery I ever beheld. Who are you friend, said he, and, what may your business be with me? I am come, and it please your Honour, humbly to tell you that I am called upon for my rent, and to beseech your Honour to restore me the two hundred and thirty pieces you had from me the other day. Here, says he to his servants, this must be some desperado, who is come to rob me in broad day, and in the middle of my own people: the fellow says I owe him money; I know not that I ever saw his face before; I desire that you will not suffer such a dangerous fellow to enter my doors any more. And so saying, out he stepped, and away he drove.

O, Sir, how I was struck to the heart at that instant! I sneaked out, scarce half alive, not remembering where I was, or whither I was to go. Alas! I was far from making the speed back again that I had done in coming. I knew not how to shew my face to my Peggy, or her dear little ones, whom I had plundered and stripped of their substance by stupidly surrendering it without witnesses, or a single line whereby I might reclaim it. At length I got home, if home it might be called, that had then nothing in it, or at least nothing for me.

Mr. Snack had taken the advantage of my absence to possess himself of my farm and of all that I was worth. Under colour of distraining for rent, he had seized every thing, even the beds whereon my wife

and children lay, with all their wearing apparel, save what they had on their backs. The bill of appraisement, which I have here, comes to upward of six hundred pounds. But, when the cattle and other effects were set up for sale, the auctioneer and bidders proved of Mr. Snack's providing; all were intimidated from offering any thing, save those who offered in trust for this charitable agent, and the whole of my substance went off within the value of one year's rent, being one hundred and eighty-six pounds.

Never, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, never did I hear of so daring a violation of all laws divine and human, and that too under the sanction of the most perfect system of law that ever was framed. But, what will not power effect, when unrestrained by conscience, when prompted by avarice, and abetted by cunning! And is there no remedy, Sir, cried out our hero? None that I know of, my Harry, save where power opposes power in favour of weakness, or wealth opposes wealth in favour of poverty. But we will see what may be done. Mean while let Mr. Homely proceed in his narrative.

When my family, continued Homely, were thus turned out of doors, an old follower made way for them in his own cottage, and retired with his wife and daughter to a cow-house hard by. Mean while my loving neighbours supplied them with sufficient bedding, and daily kept them in victuals, even more than they could eat. While I went slowly to see them, stopping and turning every minute toward our old habitation, all the horrors of our situation flew in my face, and I accused myself as the robber and murderer of eight persons, for any one of whom I would have spent my life.

When I stooped to enter their lowly roof, all trembling and sick at heart, I expected to meet nothing but faces of aversion, and expressions of reproach: but, when they all set up a shout of joy at my appearance, when they all crowded clasping and clinging about me, the violence of my inward emotion deprived me of sensation, and I swooned away. When I revived, I cast a look about me, and perceived that their grief  
had

had been as extreme, as their joy was at my arrival. Ah, my Peggy, I cried, how have I undone you! By you I got all my possessions, and, in return, I have deprived you of all that you possessed. You were every blessing to me, and I have repaid you with nothing but misery and ruin.

Do not be concerned, my love, says she, nor repine at the consequences of your own goodness and honesty. You are not as God to see into all hearts; the wisest may be deceived; and the best, as I believe, are the most subject to be imposed upon. Common charity must have supposed that there could not be such a soul as Sir Freestone upon earth. But be of good courage, my husband, I have good news for you; I dreamed that our dear father appeared to me last night; do not be disheartened, my child, says he; bear the cross that is laid upon you with a free will, and all shall be restored to you seven fold upon earth, and seventy-seven fold in the life that has no end.

When I found that my Peggy, instead of upbraiding, had nothing but love in her looks, and consolation in her expressions, I folded her to my bosom, and to my soul that went to meet her, and I would willingly have made her one with my own being.

My neighbours were not as birds of the season; they neither despised nor forsook me because of my poverty; they came crowding to condole with me; they advised me to apply to the law against Sir Freestone and Attorney Snack; and they offered to contribute towards my journey; they also joined in this written testimony of my character and prosperous circumstances before Snack made his seizure: and two of them have witnessed, in this bit of paper, that when the alarm came of Mr. Kindly's death, and of a strange agent being put in his room, they heard me say that I did not matter the worst he could do, and saw me count down twenty pieces over and above my year's rent.

The late frights and intrigues which Peggy underwent during Snack's operations, together with her extremes of joy on my return, and of grief at the fit into which I had fallen, hastened on her labour, and she

she was delivered before her time of that weakly babe whom I buried this morning.

Within six weeks after her child-birth we prepared for our journey. Our neighbours, like the good Samaritan, had compassion upon him who fell among the thieves. They made up a purse of thirty-five pounds, and promised to contribute further toward the carrying on of my suit. We travelled happily, by easy journeys a few miles a day, till nine days ago we reached a small village the other side of St. Alban's. There we took up our rest for the night, at a house that had no sign, but let occasional lodgings and sold bread and small beer.

As I desired a separate apartment for ourselves, we were put into a waste room that had no fastening to the door. After a slender supper we lay down to sleep, and I stuffed my breeches under my head with all possible caution. We had made an extraordinary journey that day, and I was particularly fatigued by carrying several of my tired children successively in my arms; so that we all slept but too soundly, and when I awoke in the morning neither money nor breeches were to be found.

Such a loss at another time would have been as nothing to me; but, in our present circumstances, it was a doubling of all that we had lost before. I summoned the people of the house, and, in a good deal of warmth, charged our landlord with the felony, telling him that I had been robbed of above thirty-three pounds. Why master, says he, I know nothing to the contrary, but it would be very hard, indeed, if I was to be answerable for the honesty of every one who goes this road. If you had given your money in charge to me, I would have been accountable for it. I believe by the grief you are in, that you must have been losers: I will therefore forgive you your reckoning, and give you a pair of breeches into the bargain; but this is all I will do, till the law forces me.

As there was no remedy, I accepted this overture and set out. But, O Sir! it is impossible to describe the horrors of my soul as I stepped along, casting an eye of mingled pity and despair upon my children. I cursed in secret my own existence, and wished for some sudden



sudden thunderbolt to crush me into nothing. All trust in God or his providence, had now wholly forsaken me, and I looked upon him as neglecting all other objects of his wrath, and exerting his omnipotence against me and mine alone.

Peggy, perceived how it was with me, and kept behind awhile, that she might give way to the present tumult of my mind; at length, hoping to administer some comfort to me, she came up and put a few shillings into my hand, saying, Courage, my dear husband, all cannot be lost while we have a God who is infinitely rich to depend upon. Ah, said I, these are the fruits of your dreams; these are your promised blessings that heaven had in store for us; And still has in store, she replied; the same hand that holds the rod holds the comforting staff also. Tell me not of comfort, I cried, I see that the face of God is set against me. But, for me it matters not, had he not taken me at an advantage. He sees that I have eight lives, all dearer than my own, and he is determined to kill me in every one of them.

Do not cast from you, my love, she said, the only crutch that the world and the wretched have to rest upon. God is pleased, perhaps, to take all human means from us, that he may shew forth the wonders of his power in our relief. While any other hope is left we are apt to trust to that hope, and we look not toward the secret hand by which we are fed and supported; but, when all is gone, when no other stay is left, should sudden mercy come upon us, our Comforter then becomes visible, he stands revealed in his greatness and glory before us, and we are compelled to cry out with unbelieving Thomas, My Lord, and my God!

Though these pious expostulations of my beloved preacher had little influence, at the time, for appeasing my own passions, I was yet pleased that my Peggy had her secret consolations, but little imagined that her prophecy approached so near to its completion.

For two days we held on, living on such bread and milk as we could purchase at the cottages that had the charity to receive us. But my boy, who was on the breast, grew exceeding sick; so we were obliged to shorten our journeys for the two succeeding days,  
partly

partly begging and partly paying for such victuals as we could procure. Toward evening we came within sight of this town. Our little money was quite exhausted, and our child grown too ill to bear further travel; so I looked about, and perceived some roofless walls that stood off from the highway, and thither we turned and took up our bleak abode.

For the three following days I frequented the road, and, by begging, procured what kept my family from perishing. Mean time my spirit was tamed and subdued, and I looked up to heaven, and cried, Pardon, pardon, O my God! the offences and blasphemies of my murmurings against thee! Thou formerly blessedst me with an over-abundance of blessings, and that too for a long season; and, as Job justly says, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil?" O Saviour of sinners! if thou lovest whom thou chastenest, and receivest those whom thou dost scourge, when death shall have put a period to the sufferings of mortality, may I not humbly look to find grace at the footstool of the throne of thy mercy? At length our child died this morning, and we buried him in our hovel, and watered his grave with the tears that we shed for him and for each other. The rest, Sir, you know, till this angel of God was sent, to accomplish the prediction of my Peggy in its fulness.

Here Homely concluded; and, after a pause and a deep sigh, Mr. Fenton demanded, Have you told me the whole of your history, Mr. Homely? I have, so please your Honour, through every particular of any signification.—I am sorry for it. Pray think again. Did you never meet with any adventure that is yet unrecited? Did you never save any person at your own peril?—No, Sir,—O, now I recollect.

Some two or three and twenty years ago as I fled from the bailiffs who pursued me; as I told you, for the bail of my brother, I came to the river Avon: the flood was great and rapid after the late rains, and I thought of looking for a place of smoother water for my passage, when a gentleman and lady, attended by a train of servants, came riding along the banks. As they rode, chatting and laughing, a fowler, who was concealed in a copse just at hand, let fly at a bird; whereupon

whereupon the fiery horse that the gentleman was on took fright, and, with a bound, suddenly plunged into the current; whereat the lady gave a loud shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. The horse rose without his rider, and swam down the stream. Soon after the rider appeared, and the attendants were divided between the care of the lady and their lamentations for their master. Then, seeing no other help, my heart smote me, and I cast myself in without reflection. I kept aloof, however, for fear he should grapple at me, and sink us both together; so I supported and shoved him before me toward land, till, having reached the bank, I laid hold on it with one hand, and with the other raised him up within the reach of his servants, who had stretched themselves flat upon the brink to receive him; then, being already drenched, and having nothing further to do, I turned and swam over, and so made my escape.

Did you ask the name of the party whom you saved in the manner you say? No truly, Sir, there was no leisure for such enquiry.—Why did you not wait for the recompense that was your due for so great a deliverance?—Recompense! Please your Honour, I could have done no less for the beggar who begs at the corner.

Noble, noble fellow! exclaimed Mr. Fenton, I am he, I am he whom you saved that day, my brother! And so saying, he arose and caught Homely in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom. While Harry, all impatient, seized hold of Homely also, and struggled hard to get him to himself from his uncle.

When they were something composed, and all again seated, Ah, Homely! says Mr. Fenton, I have sent and made many enquiries after you. But for some years after the day in which you saved me, I hated, I loathed you, for having prolonged my life to such a misery as few other men ever endured. O—h, that lady!—But, no matter for the present.—(And, so saying, he wiped the swelling tear from his eye.)—Tell me, Homely, that devil, Sir Freestone!—I am not of a malicious temper, and yet I wish for nothing more than a just punishment on his head.—Don't you believe that he went to you, with a felonious intention of defraud-  
ing

ing you of your property?—Believe it, Sir! I can swear it. The circumstances and their consequences are full evidence thereof.

Very well, said Mr. Fenton, though we may not be able to carry a civil action against him; we may assail him with better advantage in a criminal way. I will draw up and take your deposition myself; and, to-morrow, I will send you with a note to Lord Portland, where more may be done for you, my Homely, than you think. In the mean time, you and your family shall take up your abode in the back part of my house, and from thence you shall not depart till, as your Peggy's dream has it, all your losses shall be restored to you seven-fold upon earth; what your portion may be in heaven must be your own care; and may the Spirit of Grace guide you in the way you should go.

Early the next morning, Mr. Fenton sent Homely to London with his deposition and several papers, accompanied by a letter from himself to Lord Portland. In the evening Homely returned, and, entering with a face of triumph, he seized Mr. Fenton's hand, and eagerly kissing it, Blessed, blessed, be the hand, he cried, that hath the power of God, among men, for good works! When I sent in your honour's letter, I was not detained a moment. His lordship made me sit down, perused my papers with attention, questioned me on the particulars, grew inflamed against Sir Freestone, and gave him two or three hearty curses for an execrable villain. He then called a gentleman to him who was waiting, and ordered an attachment to be instantly issued against the knight. It was accordingly executed upon him, and he now lies in Newgate. God be praised! said Mr. Fenton, so far there is equity still upon earth.

It is not unnatural to suppose that Mr. Fenton's family were immoderately fond of those whose father had saved the life of their most dear master. Mr. Clement in particular, took pains and pleasure in forwarding the boys in their letters; and Mrs. Clement passed most of her time very happily with Peggy and her little girls.

Frank, the butler, had been abroad upon an expedition, at the time that Mr. Homely's family arrived,  
and

and did not return till Homely had come back from Lord Portland's. He was then informed, with joy, of the guests they had got ; and he waited with impatience, till the man he longed to see should come out from his master. As soon as he appeared, he caught one of his hands in both of his, and, looking lovingly at him, cried, Do I once more behold that happy face, Mr. Homely ? I was the man to whose hands you delivered my precious lord from the devouring floods. Gladly, Heaven knows, would I have sacrificed my own life for the salvation of his. But, alas ! I had no skill in contending with the waters, and the sure loss of my own life would not have given the smallest chance for the recovery of my master. You are the person, Mr. Homely, to whom God committed that blessed task : and Mr. James, and I, and all of us have agreed to make up a hundred pounds a-piece for your children, in acknowledgment of the service you did us on that day.

Here Homely took Frank very affectionately into his arms, and, with a faltering voice, said, Your offer, Sir, is dear, indeed, unto me, as it is a proof of that love which you all so warmly bear to our lord and master. If there is any occasion, I will not refuse this extraordinary instance of your benevolence ; but our master's influence and bounty are doing much in my behalf : and, in the mean time, I will take it as a very particular favour, if you will be pleased to introduce me to my fellow servants of this house.

Within the following fortnight, a servant in a rich livery came on a foaming horse, and, delivering a letter at the door, rode away directly. The letter ran thus :

TO HENRY FENTON, Esq.

Dear Sir,

The trial of our *recreant knight* is at hand ; and, if you insist upon it, shall be prosecuted to the utmost extent of our laws. The wretch, indeed, deserves to be gibbeted. But he has relations of worth and consideration among us. They have besought me to shield them from shame on this occasion ; and I join them in requesting you to accept the inclosed order for three

thousand pounds, in favour of your client, together with his farm and effects, which Attorney Snack shall immediately restore. Let me have your answer within three days, and believe me your true, as well as obliged servant,

PORTLAND.

The day following Mr. Fenton sent Harry, in his chariot, to return his acknowledgments to the favourite of the king. Here Harry met with Sir William Thornhill, just returned from his travels; who after some conversation, promised to call upon him. A day or two after he came. And Mr. Fenton and he took acquaintance with each other. After some time, Sir William, said Mr. Fenton, there is a man come to this house, who once saved my life at the risk of his own. It is a great many years ago, and I have not seen him since the action, till very lately. I have sent Harry for him, that you may learn the particulars, and advise with me what recompense he ought to receive.

If the recompense, said Sir William, is to be proportioned to the value of the life he saved, I should not know where to fix the bounds of retribution.

At this instant Harry led in Homely by the hand, and left him standing directly opposite to the baronet. Homely gazed with all his eyes, and stood mute thro' astonishment. At length he exclaimed, Bless me! Mercy upon me! As sure as I hope for heaven,—it is—I think it is, my dear young master!

Sir William, at the voice, lifted up his eyes to Homely, and, remembering his marked man, rose quickly, and, springing forward, embraced him with much familiar affection. My dear Homely, my old companion and brother sportsman! cried Sir William, how in the world comes this about? So joyfully, so unexpectedly to meet you here!—How is your wife, and pretty babes? I hope you left all well at home.

Yes, please your honour, they are all well, wonderfully well in this house; for, indeed, your Homely has no other home upon earth.

What you tell me is quite astonishing, replied the knight; no home for you within the manor of your friend? What misfortunes, what revolutions, could bring this to pass?

Sit

Sit down, said Mr. Fenton, pray be seated, Mr. Homely, and give your Lord an account of the inimitable pair, Sir Freestone and his coadjutor.

As soon as Homely had told his tale, from the commencement of his distresses to his arrival at the hovel; he stepped short and said,—I have something more to impart,—but I hope your honour will pardon me,—I am loth to deprive your friends of your company; but then my Peggy and my boys will be so transported to see your dear face again, that I cannot but beseech you to indulge them a minute or two.

Sir William rose with a troubled humanity in his countenance, and followed to a back apartment, where Homely again stopped him short; and, before he would take him to his Peggy, he there gave him a minute detail of his obligations to what he called this wonderful family. But, pray, Sir, continued he, let them know little of what I have told you, for nothing puts them to so much pain as any kind of acknowledgment.

After a short visit to Peggy and her children, Sir William returned to his friends, with such an inward awe and veneration for their characters as, for awhile, sunk his spirits. This poor man, Sir, said he, has been miserably treated; but God has been exceedingly gracious to him, in casting the shipwrecked wretch on such a happy shore as this. But this makes no discharge of any part of my duty toward him. Mark me, Homely, I am now of age; and Lechmore has no further authority in my affairs; wherefore, before I leave this house, I will give you a letter of attorney for the whole agency of the manor. Thank your honour, thank your honour, cried Homely! If I do not prove as faithful to you as another, I will do you justice on myself with the first rope I can lay hold on.

As for that reprobate Snack, continued the knight, I will take care to be up with him. He owes the executors of my father six hundred and seventy pounds. I will have that matter put directly in suit, and, as soon as it is recovered, it shall be laid out on a commission for your son, my friend Tom. Lastly, that you may no more be distressed for rent, I will never ac-

cept a penny of it, till all your children are decently provided for.

O, Sir! exclaimed Homely, I shall be too rich, I shall not know where to lay my treasures. Not so fast, my good friend, replied Sir William smiling; you have not heard of the draw-back that I propose to have upon you. Whenever I reside in the country, you are to have a hot dish, ah, and a cool hog'shead too, ready for me and my company. Agreed, Sir, cried Homely, provided I may have the liberty, during your absence, to drink your Honour's health out of that same hog'shead. —A just reserve, said Harry, laughing.—Why, gentlemen, rejoined Homely, a man of spirit would scorn to accept such benefits without making conditions.

After an affectionate and tender adieu, Sir William set out by moonlight for London.

The two following days were employed in preparing for Homely's departure; and a coach and four, with a chaise, were provided for the conveyance of him and his family.

The night before their parting, Mr. Fenton desired that Homely and his wife should be sent to him to his closet. As soon as they entered, he closed the door. My dear friends, said he, as I may not be up in the morning to take a timely leave of you, it might do as well to go through that melancholy office to night.—Here, Mrs. Homely, here is some little matter a-piece, toward beginning a fortune for your three pretty daughters. Pray, Homely, take care to have it disposed of for them upon good securities. Here he put three orders upon his banker, for five hundred pounds each, into Peggy's hand; then, turning to Homely, and taking him in his arms, God be with you and your Peggy, my Homely, he cried, and give us all a blessed meeting where friends shall part no more!

The distressed Homely was past utterance; but flinging himself at the feet of his patron, while Peggy kept on her knees weeping and sobbing beside him; O, he cried, at length, Next to my God! O, next to my Lord and my God!—My lord and my master, my master and my lord!

The next morning, before sun-rise, Harry was up, and going to Homely's apartment, embraced him and  
his



his wife. He then kissed and caressed all the girls and boys round, and gave to each of them a gold medal to keep him in their remembrance ; when Homely and his Peggy, with open arms, trembling lips, and swelling eyes, began to take their leave. God be with you ! God be with you ! sobbed Homely aloud ; never, never, till I get to heaven, shall I meet with such another dear assembly.

Mr. Fenton now judged it time to forward his Harry's education, especially with respect to his knowledge of the world, of the views, manners, and characters of mankind. For this purpose he proposed to leave Arabella sole regent of his family. And, for a few weeks, to stay with Clement and Harry in London, there to shew him whatever might merit his inspection.

While the coach was in waiting, and they all stood on the hill, the great city being extended in ample view beneath them, Mr. Fenton exclaimed : " O ! London, London ! thou mausoleum of dead souls, how pleasant art thou to the eye, how beautiful in the outward prospect ! but within how full of rottenness and reeking abominations ! Thy dealers are all students in the mystery of iniquity, of fraud and imposition on ignorance and credulity. Thy public officers are hourly exercised in actions and extortion. Even the great ones of thy court have audaciously smiled away the gloom and horrors of guilt, and refined, as it were, all the grossness thereof, by inverting terms and palliating phrases. While the millions, that crowd and hurry through thy streets, are universally occupied in striving and struggling to rise by the fall, to fatten by the leanness, and, to thrive by the ruin of their fellows. Thy offences are rank, they steam and cloud the face of heaven. The gulph also is hollow beneath, that is one day to receive thee. But the measure of thy abominations is not yet full ; and the number of thy righteous hath hitherto exceeded the proportion that was found in the first Sodom."

A few following days were employed in visiting the Tower, in surveying the armory, regalia, &c. in viewing the Monument and Exchange : and, lastly, in contemplating the solemnity of Westminster-abbey, with the marble effigies and monumental deposits of

the renowned in death; the place, as Mr. Fenton affectingly observed, to which all the living must finally adjourn.

The next night they went to the theatre, to see the feats of Signor Volanti, the celebrated Italian posture-master, rope-dancer, and equilibrist. Our hero felt himself attached by the similar excellencies of his activity in another; and, going behind the scenes, he accosted Volanti in French. Signor, said he, I have been highly entertained by your performance this night, and here are five guineas in return for the pleasure you have given me. The foreigner looked at Harry, and then at the money, with a kind of astonishment. I thank you, noble Sir, he cried, my poor endeavours are but seldom so liberally rewarded. Pray how long do you stay with us? In about a fortnight, so please your nobleness, I intend to leave London. But, before I go, I would do something to leave a name behind me. A day or two before my departure, I will fly from the spire of St. Clement's church in the sight of all the people; and this I will do *gratis*, or rather in acknowledgment of the favours I have received in this kingdom.

Here an arch thought struck Harry, and, musing a moment, will you permit me, said he, to be the conductor of this affair? Allow me only to appoint the day and draw up your advertisement, and I will make you a present of twenty pieces. Agreed, Sir, cried Volanti, and twenty thousand thanks to confirm the bargain. Accept these five guineas then, in earnest of my engagement; my servant, here, will shew you where I am to be found.

That night, at supper, Mr. Fenton remarked an unusual pleasantry in the muscles of his darling's countenance. My Harry, I find, said he, does not always impart all his secrets to his friends; he has certainly some roguish matter in cogitation. Why Sir, cried Harry, the public as you know, have put the fool on me from my birth; and so I am meditating in turn how to put the fool upon the public. And how do you contrive it Harry? Only by acting the old proverb, that *one fool makes many*. But pray ask me not about the manner, till I bring the business to some bearing.

Some

Some days after, Harry, agreeable to his covenant with Signor Volanti, penned the following advertisement, and inserted it in all the public papers, to wit :—

“ On Saturday next, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, the celebrated Dominico Jachimo Tonino Volanti will take his flight from the spire of Clement’s steeple, and alight at the distance of two bows shot on the Strand ; and this he will perform before the eyes of all people.”

On the impatiently expected morning, Harry took Mr. Clement with him in a hackney chaise, and found an innumerable concourse, as well of the gentry in their carriages, as of the populace on foot. London had poured forth its numbers to behold this astonishing flight. The windows were all eyes on every side, and the house-tops were hung with clusters of people.

After Harry had surveyed the crowd with titillation, he whispered to Clement, and said, You shall see now, what a discomfiture I will make of this huge army. He then put forth his head, and said to all around, Do not ye perceive, my friends, what fools we are all made, do not you remember that this is the *First of April* ? He had scarce spoke the words, when they spread from man to man, and soon were muttered throughout the assembly. And then louder, and more loud, the *First of April*, the *First of April*, was repeated all about.

The company now began to be in motion. All heads were instantly withdrawn from the late thronged windows, and the house-tops began to be cleared. Immediately was heard the rolling of many wheels, and the lashing of many whips, while every coachman pressed through the crowd, impatient to deliver his honourable freight from the public shame. But the populace now began to relish a joke that was so much against their betters ; and, in peals of laughter, and united shouts of triumph, they echoed and re-echoed after them, *April Fools ! April Fools !*

Among others lord Bottom had come with his friend Rakely, in an elevated phaeton, of which his lordship was charioteer. As they happened to brush close by Harry’s carriage, swearing, and puffing, and lashing, and cursing at the crowd, Harry cried to his old enemy,

Enemy, You need not be in so violent a hurry, my Lord ; perhaps you are not so great a Fool as you imagine.

The fools of fashion were scarce withdrawn, when a long and strong rope was let down from the top of the steeple, to which it was fastened at the upper end. A man then, laying hold on it below, dragged it along through the crowd, and braced it, at a great distance, to an iron ring that was stapled into a post, purposely sunk on a level with the pavement. They then brought a large and well-stuffed feather-bed, and fixed it under the cord where it joined the ring.

In the mean time, Volanti appeared on the top of the steeple, and, bending cautiously forward, and getting the cord within an iron groove that was braced to his bosom, he pushed himself onward, and, with a kindling rapidity, flew over the heads of the shouting multitude, poising himself with expanded legs and arms, as he passed, till he was landed, without damage, on his yielding receiver.

Harry had now seen whatever London could exhibit of elegant, curious, or pleasing ; and Mr. Fenton judged it time to hold up to him the melancholy reverse of this picture, to shew him the *house of mourning*, the *end of all men* ; to shew him the dreary shades and frightful passages of mortality which humanity shudders to think of, but through which human nature of necessity must go. For this purpose he took him to the GENERAL HOSPITAL, where death opened all his gates, and shewed himself in all his forms. But the great poet, on this occasion, hath anticipated all description :

—————Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd,—sad, noisome, dark,  
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony,—all fev'rous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer ; colic pangs,  
Demonic phrensy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness ; pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,

Droopies,

Dropfies, and afthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the toffing, deep the groans ;—Defpair  
 Tended the fick, buſieft from couch to couch ;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good.

MILTON.

While Mr. Fenton led his pupil through groaning galleries and the chambers of death and diſeaſe, Harry let down the leaf of his hat, and drew it over his eyes, to conceal his emotions. All that day he was ſilent, and his countenance downcaſt ; and, at night, he haſtened to bed, where he wept a large tribute to the mournfully inevitable condition of man's miſerable ſtate upon earth.

The next day, Mr. Fenton took him to the Bethlehem hoſpital for lunatics. But when Harry beheld and contemplated objects ſo ſhocking to thought, ſo terrible to ſight : when he had contemplated, the ruin above all ruins, human intelligence and human reaſon ſo fearfully overthrown ; where the ideas of the ſoul though diſtorted and miſplaced, are quick and all alive to horror and agony ; he grew ſick and turned pale, and, ſuddenly catching Mr. Fenton by the arm, Come, Sir, let us go, ſaid he, I can ſtand this no longer. When they had reached home, and that Harry was more compoſed ; Are all the miſeries, Sir, ſaid he, that we have witneſſed theſe two days, the conſequences of ſin ? Even ſo, indeed, my Harry, all theſe and thouſands more, equally pitiable and diſgulting, are the natural progeny of that woe-begetting parent. Nor are thoſe miſeries confined to hoſpitals alone ; every houſe, nay, every boſom, is a certain, though ſecret lazar-houſe, where the ſick couch is preparing, with all the diſmal apparatus, for tears and lamentations, for agonies and death.

Since that is the caſe, Sir, ſaid Harry, who would laugh any more : is it not like feaſting in the miſt of famine, and dancing amidſt the tombs ?

All things in their ſeaſon, my dear, provided that thoſe who laugh be as though they laughed not, remembering that they muſt weep. And provided that  
 thoſe

those who weep be as though they wept not, having joy in their knowledge that the fashion of this world quickly passeth away.

On the following day, Mr. Fenton returned to Hampstead, leaving Harry and Mr. Clement ability to indulge the benevolence of their hearts. One evening, as our companions were drinking tea in the Temple-Exchange coffee-house, a man advanced in years, but of a very respectable appearance, got up and addressed the assembly: Gentlemen, said he, among the several hospitals and other charitable foundations that have done honour to the humanity of the inhabitants of this city, there is one still wanting, which, as I conceive, above all others, would give distinction to the beneficence of its founders; it is a house for repenting prostitutes, an asylum for unhappy wretches who have no other home, to whom all doors are shut, to whom no haven is open, no habitation, or hole for rest upon the face of the earth. I have the plan of this charitable foundation in my pocket; and, if any of you, gentlemen, approve of my proposal, and are willing to subscribe, or to solicit your friends to so beneficent a purpose, I request your company to the tavern over the way.

Here the speaker walked toward the door, and was followed by Harry and Clement, and thirteen or fourteen more of the assembly. When the company was seated round a large table, the gentleman produced his plan, with a summary of the rules and institutes for the conduct of the house, which he proposed to call the Magdalen House. A plan which hath since been espoused, and happily executed by others without ascribing any of the merit to the first projector. As all present applauded the manner of the scheme and intention of the charity, each of them subscribed from a hundred and twenty pounds, till it came to Harry's turn, who subscribed a thousand pounds in Mr. Fenton's name.

Mr. Mole, a learned philosopher, and a man of principal figure in the present company, then addressed the projector and said, If you will admit me, Sir, into partnership in the conduct of your scheme, I will  
engage

engage to levy contributions to the amount of some thousands, over and above the hundred I have already subscribed. You are heartily welcome, Sir, replied the gentleman, either to join or take the conduct of the whole upon yourself. That is not fair neither, said another of the company; you Mr. Goodville, had the trouble of contriving this business, and you ought at least, to have the honour, if not the conduct of your own plan.

Mr. Goodville! Mr. Goodville! exclaimed Clement, eagerly staring at him, and recollecting, as from a dream, the altered features of his quondam friend and benefactor. Pray, Sir, do you remember any thing of one Clement, a worthless young fellow, whom once in your goodness you condescended to patronise? Clement! Clement! cried Mr. Goodville, getting up and hastening to him, and catching him in his arms; my dear Clement, my man of merit and misfortunes, how rejoiced am I to find you! God be praised, God be praised, it is at length in my power to do something material for you. But come with me to another room. I have something to say to you; we will leave these gentlemen, to think further of the plan that lies before them.

When Mr. Goodville and Clement had withdrawn, Mr. Mole, said one of the company, you are concerned in a number of these public benefactions. Yes, gentlemen, answered Mole, I believe there is no charitable institution of any note in London in which I am not a trustee, and to which I am not a contributor. For, though I do not set up for sanctification by faith, yet I think I may pretend to some justification by charity. Let the vulgar herd pay their priesthood for cheating them out of their senses, I give nothing to the fat impostors, or their lucrative fable; my substance is little enough for myself and the poor. Why, pray, Sir, said Harry, are you not a Christian? No indeed, master, answered Mole, nor any man who has sense enough to think for himself. Be pleased then, cried Harry, to hand me that paper a moment; here, Sir, I dash my name and contribution from the list of the subscribers. He who denies *glory to God in the highest,*  
can

can never have *peace and good-will toward men*; and, so Sir, you shall never be the almoner of a penny of my money.

You talk as you look, my dear, cried Mole; like one just eloped from the nursery, where you were affrighted by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins. I acknowledge, gentlemen, the benefit of morality in its fullest extent; and, had Jesus, the Christian Prophet, confined himself to his system of moral precepts, I think he would justly have been esteemed the greatest philosopher that ever breathed. But, when he, or rather his disciples, in his name, in order to enhance the authority of their mission, pretended to divinity in their master, the low-bred and ignorant wretches pulled together against the grain, and compounded such a strange medley of fighting inconsistencies, as are wholly subversive of every principle of right reason and common sense. They taught that God was made a man; that, in order to expiate the sins of the world, the innocent was appointed to suffer for the guilty. That the sins of all offenders were to be imputed to one who had never offended; and that the righteousness of him, who had never offended, was to be imputed to Criminals of the deepest dye; that the Creator submitted himself to the malignity of his creatures, and that God himself died a shameful death on the cross. And this, gentlemen, makes such a heap of ridiculous incoherences, as exceeds even the worship of apes and serpents, leeks and onions, and the other garbage of Egypt.

You are a villain, and a thief, and a liar, cried Harry, altogether inflamed with choler. Mole, on hearing these terms of reproach, instantly caught up a bottle and threw it at our hero's head, but it happily missed him, and only bruised the fleshy part of the shoulder of the gentleman who sat next. Harry instantly sprung up and made at Mole, while the company rose and attempted to interfere; but some he cast on one hand, and some on the other, and, overturning such as directly opposed him, he reached Mole, and, with one blow of his fist on the temple, laid him motionless along the floor.

Then,



Then, looking down on his adversary, I should be sorry, said he, that the wretch should die in his present state; here, drawer, run quickly and bring me a surgeon. Then, returning to his place he sat down with great composure.

After a pause he looked round; I hope, Gentlemen, said he, that none of you are hurt. Indeed I am much concerned for having, in any degree, contributed to your disturbance. But, had any of you a dear benefactor and patron, to whom you were bound beyond measure, whom you loved and honoured above all things, could you bear to hear him defamed and vilified to your face? No, certainly, answered one. No man could bear it, cried another. But, pray, asked a third, how came you to call the gentleman a thief?—Because, replied our hero, he attempted to rob me of my whole estate. He endeavoured to thieve from me the only friend I have in the universe, the friend of my heart, the peace and rest of my bosom; my infinite treasure, my never-ending delight! the friend without whom I would not chuse to be; without whom existence would become curse and an abhorrence unto me. Happy young creature! exclaimed an elderly gentleman, I understand you; you mean your Christ and my Christ, the friend who has already opened his early heaven within you.

By this time, Mr. Mole began to move, where-upon Harry rose, and, putting his hand into his pocket, Here, gentlemen, said he, is one guinea for the surgeon, and another for the reckoning. When my companion returns, he pleased to tell him I am gone to our lodgings. For I will not stay to hold further converse with that bane of society, that pest, whom the rulers of darkness have commissioned to spread contagion, distemper, and death among men.

Harry went early to bed, but lay restless and much disturbed in his spirit all night. Mr. Clement had heard the particulars of our hero's behaviour, which he partly disapproved; but, as he saw him already dejected, he did not chuse to expostulate with him for the present.

The next day they returned to Hampstead, where Mr. Fenton, notwithstanding the constrained smiles of his Harry, observed an unusual cloud and uneasiness in his countenance. I want to speak with you, my love, said he; and, beckoning him into his closet, he took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit beside him. What is the matter, my dear, said he, looking concernedly in his face; what is it that has disturbed the peace of the bosom of my beloved? Ah! Sir, cried Harry, I am indeed, very unhappy. I doubt that I am partly losing my faith, and the fear of that has given me inexpressible horror. It is like tearing me from a fort, out of which there is no home or rest for me in the universe.

Here Harry made a recital of the late affair to his uncle, and, having closed his narrative, Is not this very wonderful, Sir, said he, how or where in the world could this Mole have mustered together such arguments against reason, such appearances against truth? How must the vulgar and illiterate be staggered by such objections, when, even I, who have been bred, as I may say, at the feet of Gamaliel, have not been able to answer them, otherwise than by the chastisement which the blasphemer received at my hand?

Here Mr. Fenton smiled, and said, Do not be alarmed, my love. We shall quickly dispel the thin mists of infidelity that were collected to shut the Sun of Righteousness from your eye. I confess, indeed, that this spawn of Antichrist has compiled a summary of all that has ever been uttered against *the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world*; yet he is but a Mole in nature as well as name; and he, with his brother-moles, know no more and see no further than the little heap of dirt and rubbish, that the working of their own purblind reason hath cast about them. Sacred depths and stupendous mysteries belong to this matter, and, when you are able to bear them, they shall be clearly and fully unfolded to you, my Harry: in the mean space, a few simple observations will suffice to re-establish the peace of your heart,

As

As Christianity was instituted for the salvation of all, the principal truths thereof are very obvious and plain. They speak the language of nature, and all nature is expressive of the sense thereof. Whatever is within you, whatever is without you, cries aloud for a Saviour. For sin hath been as the Mezentius, of whom you read in Virgil, who bound the bodies of the dead to the persons of the living. Thus it is that the sin of fallen angels, and of fallen man, hath bound chains and corruption, distemperature and death, to the elements, to the vegetables, to animals, and even to the immortal image of God himself in the humanity; so, that all things cry out, with the Apostle, *Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* So that all things cry out, with Saint Peter, *Save Lord, or I perish!* These are truths, my Harry, which all men, at some time, must feel throughout their existence, whether they read them or not. And he alone, who never experienced, nor even shall experience frailty, error, or sickness, pain, anguish, or dissolution, is exempt from our system of salvation from sin.

But what sort of a Saviour is it, for whom all things cry so loudly? Is it a dry moralist, a legislator of bare external precepts, such as your mole-philosopher required our Christ to be? No, my darling, no. The influence of the Redeemer of nature must be as extensive as nature herself. Things are defiled and corrupted throughout; they are distempered and devoted to death from their inmost essence; and nothing, under him, in whom they live, and move, and have their being, can redeem them, can restore them.

O Sir, exclaimed Harry, his countenance brightening up, why could I not think of this? I should then have been able to foil my malignant adversary, at his own weapons.

Our Jesus himself, continued Mr. Fenton, appeals to the truth I have told you, where he says to the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee. But, when the Pharisees thereupon concluded that he blasphemed, he demonstrated his influence in and over the soul by the evidence of his in-

fluence in and over the body. What reason ye in your hearts? said Jesus; whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk? Then said he to the sick of the palsy, Arise and take up thy couch, and go to thine own house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took that up whereon he had been carried, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

Here it was necessary, for the performance of this instantaneous cure, that Jesus should instantly operate in and through every member, nerve, and fibre of the sick of the palsy. In like manner, his sins, must have been pardoned, by an inward salvation.

But, pray, Sir, be pleased to inform me, how God could be made man? For this was one of the principal objections of Mole.

God was never made man, my Harry. God cannot be debased. He could not degrade himself by any change into manhood, though he could assume humanity into God. Neither could God die or suffer. To this, Christ himself who was God and man, bears testimony; where he cries out, in the agonies of his suffering humanity, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* And again, where, crying with a loud voice, he said, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.*—But, you are leading me something deeper than I chuse to go, for the present.

From eternity, God saw that, should he produce any creatures in his own image, to be glorious by his likeness and happy by his communication, he must of necessity create them intelligent and free; that as creatures they must be finite; and that, as creatures who were free, they would also be fallible. He, therefore saw that all might fall, and he also foresaw that some would fall. But his graciousness had provided *an infallible remedy* for this evil. He had provided a *Saviour*.

Indeed, had no creature ever fallen, God could not have been duly glorified to all eternity. Millions of his infinitely amiable qualities must have lain an inscrutable secret to worlds upon worlds. While all his creatures were happy in him, and participated of him, no distinc-

tion could be duly made between them and their Creator. Had evil never been, goodness would have sunk unspeakably in the sense of its value, which is now infinitely heightened and glorified by the contrast. Free grace and free mercy on the part of God, and penitence and thanksgiving on the part of humble sinners, would have been prevented of their thousand endearing connexions. And all the amities and charities, throughout the brotherhood of man: all the melting and fond relations, which the vine [Christ] infuses throughout his ingrafted branches, bearing blossoms and fruits of divine fragrance and flavour must ever have remained unblest and as dead, from eternity to eternity.

But our God, my child, is as powerful, as he is gracious and wise, to bring light out of darkness, and life out of death, and infinite and ever-during good out of the limited and short state of transitory evil. To prove that no being beneath himself could stand of their own sufficiency, God permitted his two principal creatures, the most glorious representatives of his divine perfections, to fall off from their allegiance, and consequently from their happiness, with all their progeny. The first was the angel Lucifer who fell through *pride*, and the second was the man Adam who fell through *lust*. These two capital sins of *pride* and of *lust* are the genuine parents of all moral and natural evil, of all the guilt and misery that ever did or ever can arise throughout duration.

The first of these arch-felons deemed himself worthy of Deity, and, being unexperienced in the power with whom he had to contend, attempted to arrogate all worship to himself, and to rob his divine benefactor of glory and Godhead.

The second of these felons was attempted by the first to aspire, through his own merits, at a godlike independance; to cast off his allegiance to the author of his being; and to expect knowledge from the sensual fruits of this world, after which he lusted. He accordingly took and ate of the tree that was pregnant with all evil; and he fell, with his progeny, into all the depravity that the sin of fallen Lucifer had intro-

duced into these vast regions, now made more exceedingly corrupt and sinful by the sin of fallen Adam.

Here, Mr. Fenton was interrupted. His man Frank entered, booted, and all bespattered with dirt, and having whispered something in his master's ear, Mr. Fenton turned aside his head to hide his concern from Harry, and stepping to his closet locked himself in.

Nearly nine years had now elapsed since the earl and his lady had seen or heard of their Harry, except by two or three anonymous notes in a year, giving a short account of his health and accomplishments; inasmuch, that time and long absence had, in a measure, worn him from the regrets of the family; excepting his brother Richard on whom Harry's generosity, in taking his quarrel upon himself, had left an indelible impression.

Lord Richard was, indeed, sweetly dispositioned by nature, and of an aspect and person extremely elegant; and as he had tutors in all branches, in which he chose to be instructed, he learned sufficient, to render him one of the most accomplished youths in the nation. He was also naturally unassuming and modestly disposed; but the unremitted adulation of domestics and dependants, with the complementary artillery of all the neighbours and visitants, could not fail of some impression, at least so far as to make it evident that he was conscious of his condescension when he became familiar with you. He was, however, easy to all who applied to him for any favour, exceeding charitable to the poor, and particularly fond of our Harry's foster-mother, and kind to her for Harry's sake. With such amiable qualities, he was esteemed and beloved of all, and became the little idol of the adjacent country, inasmuch, that when he was seized with the small-pox, the anxiety for him was universal, and the great mansion-house was hourly circled by people who came crowding, to enquire concerning his danger.

The eruption was but slight, only a few spots, so that my lady was in high triumph, on observing, that the beauty of her darling would not be defaced. But

ah,

ah, how frail is the foundation on which mortality builds its happiness! Who can insure it, for an hour, for a moment? On the eleventh day, when the physicians pronounced that all was promising, lord Richard was suddenly taken with convulsions, and, in less than an hour, expired.

Lady Enna, Countess of Moreland, from whom the seat had been newly denominated *Enna's Field*, was present at the death of all that she held most precious upon earth. She had never left his chamber since he had taken to his bed: and was now carried off in a deep swoon. She never after recovered her senses, except by deplorable starts, to lament that she was the most wretched of all that ever were created; and, on the second day, she also expired, and was interred in the same tomb.

Never was seen such a concourse at any funeral, since the funeral of Jacob, on which all Egypt attended. They crowded from a distance of thirty miles round. But, when they saw the old and reverend patron of the country, all covered with sad and solemn weeds: when they beheld his countenance exceeding all pomp of sorrow, and conceived the weight that was then at his heart; envy was quite blunted and robbed of its sting. They now lamented the living more than they mourned the dead; and the poorest among the poor looked down, with an eye of compassion upon the great man, now rendered as they deemed, more pitiable and desolate even than themselves; without child or kindred; without any to continue his name or his honours; without any who could claim a share in his wealth or his woe; without any cause of further comfort or further care upon earth.

During the following week the earl kept his chamber, and would admit of no visitor till Mr. Meekly his old acquaintance arrived. Mr. Meekly had long estranged himself from Enna's Field; he had gone elsewhere, seeking the houses of mourning, and breathing peace and consolation wherever he went; but as soon as he heard of the affliction of his noble friend, he hastened to help him to bear up under the weight of his calamity. He entered, and seating himself in  
silence

silence beside the earl, he there wept an hour without uttering a syllable.

My Lord was the first who spoke; Mr. Meekly, said he, my heart gratefully feels this proof of your love. You weep for me, my friend, because you see, and kindly feel, that there is no other comfort for me on this side the grave.

God forbid! God forbid! said Mr. Meekly, the best and greatest of all comforts is coming to you, my lord. Eternal truth has promised it, and he will make it good to you; *blest are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

Ah, Mr. Meekly, replied the earl, the comfort that you mention is promised only to the broken of heart; to those who duly lament the baseness of their offences against so great and good a God. Neither do I despair my friend, but that I may finally share some portion of that comfort; for, as I feelingly acknowledge myself the greatest of all sinners, so I wish for grace to make me the greatest of penitents.

God be praised, cried Meekly, for the grace already given! There was a time, my lord, when, as you told me, you had nothing of these divine dispositions; when the world, as you said, seemed to hold out happiness to you in either hand; when fortune, title, precedence, circling honours about you, and within you youth and health, and a revelling flow of blood and spirits, wholly concealed the state of your nature from you; when they hid from you your own body of frailty, distemper, sin, and death, and left you no occasion to call out for a Saviour, as you felt nothing from which you desired to be saved. But God has now been graciously pleased to send you his monitors, and to call upon you by affliction, that you, in your turn, may call upon him, who alone can give you consolation. It is not my lord, to the mourners for sin, alone, to whom comfort is promised. The state of suffering and mourning is in its nature of happy tendency to man, and it is, therefore, that the suffering Jesus has pronounced it blessed.

The God of ALL LOVE takes no delight in the sufferings of his poor and pitiable creatures; neither would



he have made this state of our mortality a vale of tears and a state of misery, had it not been in order to conduct us through transitory evils to ever-during bliss, where he himself will wipe all tears from our eyes.

When Adam, by his apostasy from his Maker, had converted all the goods of this temporary state into evil incitements to lust, covetousness, and sensuality; God determined, by a gracious reverse, to turn all the evils of corrupt and fallen nature into means of enduring good to his fallen and frail creatures; he therefore appointed pain, affliction, distress, and disease, to be his ministers, his monitors, and preachers within us, to convince us of all the evil of our depraved and mortal nature; to wean us from a world that is full of false promises, but empty of true enjoyment; to remind us that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, to turn our eye to the Star that has visited us from on high; and finally, through our sufferings to accomplish the great work of his own salvation in us.

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Meekly; these are comforting things indeed. They pluck comfort from the very depth of affliction. You have now rent the dark veil that long hung before my eyes; and the Sun of Righteousness breaks upon me through the clouds of my mortality.—But, what of death, Mr. Meekly, what is death, my friend? I am interested in the question; my time is approaching. When this body shall fall to dust, and all these organs of sensation be entirely cut off; what remains? What then shall follow? By what means shall my spirit attain the powers of new perception: or am I to lie in the grave, in a state of total insensibility, till the last trumpet shall sound? My nature shrinks, I confess, from a total deprivation of the sense of existence.

It is no way evident to me, my lord, that the body is necessary to the perceptions of our spirit. God himself is a Spirit, an all-seeing, all-hearing, all-tasting, all-smelling, all-feeling, all-knowing, and all-governing Spirit. “He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who made the ear, shall he not hear?” Wherefore, as our spirits are the offspring of his divine Spirit, we may justly presume them endowed with like capacities.

Of

Of this, my lord, I am confident as I am of my being, that he who, by faith, hath already put on Christ, shall break through death in the brightness of an immortal body, incorruptible, and blessed to all eternity. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith Jesus; whoso believeth in me, though he were dead; yet shall he live; and he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Death shall become a new and divine birth unto him. And the great Apostle says, "There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." And again he says, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

These are great things, indeed, Mr. Meekly, and full of hope as well as incitements to divine ambition.

But why, my lord, should a new birth from Jesus Christ be thought wonderful? Is there any thing more wonderful in it than in the forming and unfolding of the whole stupendous mechanism of the human body, from a scarce visible speck of entity? Is there any thing more wonderful in it than the growth and unfolding of any common vegetable from some latent principle or invisible speck in the seed, which not all the glasses of a Galilæo would be able to discover? Were not these the known facts of every day and hour, incredulity would have laughed the supposition to nought. But, I think, I have got about me, something most surprizingly analagous, and apposite to the nature and manner of our new birth in Jesus.

Mr. Meekly then put his hand to his pocket, and took out a lump of matter, in form like a long and huge maggot, evidently without motion, apparently without life, and hard, and incruusted all about to the feeling. What have you got there, my friend, said the earl? An old worm, my lord, that, at this instant, is pregnant with the birth of a new creature. Impossible, cried the earl, the thing is absolutely dead. The body of the old worm is dead, indeed, my lord; but there is certainly a principle of a new life within it, that will soon manifest itself in the birth of a very beautiful

beautiful creature. And this you will find, if you leave it for a few days where it may get the fostering warmth of the sun through one of your windows. Have you ever seen the fly they call the dragon-fly, my lord?

Yes, and have admired the elegance of its shape, the mechanism of its double wings, and the lustre of its irradiations.

This mass, my lord, of apparently insensible matter, is now actually pregnant with one of the same species. The parent, through whose death it is to attain life, was no other, as you see, than a vile and grovelling maggot, who once was fed and took its delight in the ordure of a jakes. But the new creature that is to be born from it will be quite of a different nature. It will lothe the food and occupation of its foul progenitor. It will soar sublime over earthly things. It will drink the dews of heaven, and feed on the consummate nectar and fragrance of flowers.

This, indeed, Mr. Meekly, rejoined the earl, is to make the invisible things of God visible, even to the naked eye, by the things that are seen.

While my lord and his friend were thus deeply in discourse, Mr. John, the house-steward, came in and told his master that one waited in the hall with a letter for him. A letter, cried the earl, what can I have to say, John, to any letters, or any of the writers thereof?—But something is due to humanity, and it shall be paid; desire him to step in.

Hereupon a stranger entered, whose figure instantly caught the eyes and attention of the earl and his companion in an astonished captivity. The youth was dressed in simple fustian; and his dark brown locks, tied behind with a black ribbon, flowed carelessly between his shoulders; while some of the front straying curls, as in sport, alternately shaded and discovered a part of his lovely countenance. He bowed, he moved attraction; and gracefully advancing toward my lord, he again bowed, laid a letter before him on the table, and then silently retired backward a few steps. They viewed him, they gazed upon him, as it had been the sudden vision of an angel of light. Mr. Meekly was  
not

not able to utter a word; neither had my lord the power to lay a finger on the paper that was directed to him; till Mr. Meekly, at last, giving a great stroke on the table, cried suddenly out, I would lay a thousand pounds of it! It is he! it is he!—My heart tells me he can be no other but your Harry Clinton!

Here Harry sprung forward, and casting himself precipitately at the feet of the earl, he clasped his knees with an eager reverence, crying, My father, my honoured, my dear, my dear father! and broke into tears.

My lord, all in a tremor, attempted to raise him to his arms; and Harry, perceiving this, rose and threw himself into the bosom of his father. But the earl gently and fondly put him off a little, and gazing intently at a countenance that appeared to him lovely, above all that was lovely in the circle of creation, he gathered new strength, and catching Harry to his breast, he exclaimed in a transport, “Let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, my son!”

Thus my lord, in the recent acquisition of such a son, forgot all his losses, and cast the whole weight of his late calamities behind him. His eye could not be tired with seeing him, neither his ear with hearing the sweetness of his voice; and he continued to hold, to gaze at him, to caress him, unmindful of aught else, unmindful even of his friend Meekly, who sat enraptured beside him.

Will you leave me again, my child? cried out the earl. Do you intend to go from me again, my Harry? You must not, you shall not leave me, not for an hour, no not for a minute; a second loss of my son would quickly bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Never, never, my lord, will I leave you, tenderly, cried Harry; never, for a moment, will I forsake you again, my father. I come purposely to watch over, to comfort, to tend you, while I have life, with all possible tenderness, affection and duty.

But where, hastily asked the earl, where is the murderer who stabbed my Peace? Where is that old thief, that robber, who rent my child from me? Ah! my lord, cried Harry, he is very far from meriting such

such opprobrious epithets. He is a summary of all that is amiable in Nature. He respects and loves you too, above the world, and all that is in it deserving of love. O! had you lately seen his grief for your losses, the floods of tears he shed,—for—for—for!—Here Harry could no more, but on the recollection of his mother and brother, burst into tears.

But tell me, my dear, continued the earl, tell me who and what he is, whom you commend so highly?

Even the son of your own mother, my lord: my much loved, my reverend, my most honoured uncle.

Impossible, my child. That old despicable man my brother! No, no, my Harry, he must have deceived you. My brother was all that was amiable upon earth; the straightest cedar in the forest.

And such he is at this day, my lord. But, alas, alas, he has been broken by the batteries of many afflictions; a man made up of sorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs. You wanted me not, when he took me, my father. You had other and richer treasures, comforts that were infinitely more worthy your regard. But, little and despicable as I was, he had nothing but me. I became his only comfort, the only treasure in which he delighted. Yet, as soon as he heard that you wanted consolation, he chose rather to be without it himself: and so he restores me to you, if I may be any comfort to you, my father.

And where is this dear uncle, this precious brother, my Harry? Is he come with you? shall I be so blessed to take him in with my eye, to take him in my arms, to petition, to obtain his pardon, to press him to my bosom, to my heart, to my soul? Where is he, where is this precious brother, my Harry?

He is not come with me, my lord: he feared, as he said, that you would not forgive him the carrying off of your Ganymede, but he is desirous of attending you on the first intimation.

Then you must write to him for that purpose, tomorrow, my son, and dispatch your invitation by some of our swiftest horses. The influence of his darling will, unquestionably, be greater than that of an offending and unnatural brother. Is this letter from him, Harry?—It is, my lord.—Then I will not peruse it

till I get by myself. It probably contains reproaches but too well merited; or, possibly matters of consolation, too tender for me to bear.—But, Mr. Meekly, my dearest Meekly, ten thousand pardons!—Harry, take to your arms the man in the world, next to your uncle, most deserving of your reverence, most deserving of your heart.

Here Mr. Meekly kissed and embraced our hero, with all the tenderness of a father and the ardour of an old friend. Mr. Meekly, cried Harry, looking earnestly and fondly at him, do I not remember something of that face, Mr. Meekly? Are you not the gentleman, for whom I long since conceived such an attachment, to whom my heart cleaved, as I may say, from my infancy?

I am, answered Meekly, I am the man, indeed, whose soul was knit to yours, like the soul of Jonathan to David, the first moment I beheld you; and who saw in you then, all those noble, and humane propensities, that I see arrived to their maturity this happy day.

While Mr. Meekly was thus rejoicing, Harry happened to turn his head aside, and spying the lively portraits of my lady and lord Richard, he started, he rose, and, gazing on them a minute, he went softly to the window, and, taking out his handkerchief, kept his back to the company, while he vented his emotions in a silent passion of tears. His father and Mr. Meekly perceived what he was about, but they did not disturb him. He brought fresh to their remembrance all the passages of late affliction, and they silently joined a flow of grief to his. But their tears were the tears of sympathizing humanity; or rather tears of delight, on observing the sweet sensibilities of their darling.

In the mean time Mr. Frank, who attended on Harry, had whisperingly given the mourning domestics an intimation, concerning the person of the stranger who had arrived. Some of them well remembered him; and all of them had heard of him, and conceived a very kindly impression of our Harry. They first expressed their mutual joy by kisses, embraces, and silent shakes of the hand; but, in a little space, their congratulations became more loud and tumultuous, and the voice of exultation was heard through all the lower house.

house. Harry hereupon felt himself secretly hurt, and turning to his father with his yet tearful countenance, My lord, says he, I beseech you to suppress this unreasonable sound of joy among your servants, in a house that ought to be the house of mourning.—My love, mildly and kindly answered the earl, I cannot wholly refuse, to my poor and afflicted people, some share of that comfort which I myself feel on the return of my Harry. They are all my old and true servants, my child; this is no other than an expression of their love to you, and to me, and I request you to receive them affectionately for my sake.

Here the earl rung a bell, and desired that all his domestics should come in. They accordingly entered. Harry perfectly recollected Mr. John the steward, Mr. Samuel the butler, and old Mrs. Mary, the cook. He called them by their names, reminded them of old times, and took them in his arms with much affection. He then turned to the other servants. He took each of them by the hand in turns, and spoke to them, with such a natural ease and lowliness, as though he himself desired, in his father's house, to become also, "as One of his hired Servants." Hereupon, gathering all about him, they caught and kissed his hand by force; and then kneeling around, they promiscuously petitioned for blessings on his head; and rising, retired in a pleasing passion of sobs and tears, while the enraptured earl beheld all, with a mixture of such blissful sensations as he had never felt before.

It now began to grow late, and, after a short repast, my lord proposed their retiring to bed: But, my friend, said he to Harry, you must content yourself with being my Prisoner for the present; you must lie in my chamber; I will not trust my lamb from my side, for fear of its going once more astray. Ah, my lord! cried Harry, there is no fear of that. My heart is wholly your property, and you have, thereby, a sure hold of all that I am or can have. The next morning Harry impatiently rose, before the servants were stirring; and unlocking the great door, and closing it softly after him, he went out exulting on his premeditated expedition. He recollected the happy scenes of his child-

hood, and, flying like a bird over the fences, he made the shortest way to his still precious mammy's.

When he approached the place of his infant endearments, he met his foster father going forth to his field with a solemn and melancholy air, on his usual occupations. Harry instantly remembered the features once so delightful, and springing to him, and catching at him, he kissed and clasped him repeatedly, and cried aloud, My daddy, my dear daddy Dobson! how glad am I to see you once again! how is my mammy, my dear mammy? how is little Tommy, and little Rachel, and all your dear family?

The old man, respectfully withdrawing a space, I do not know you, my sweet master, said he; I never saw you before. Indeed but you did; many a time, and oft, cried Harry, you carried me in your arms almost the live-long day, and pressed and hushed me to sleep at night in your bosom. Do you not remember your little Harry? Do not you remember my two dogs? Do not you remember my cock?

O! exclaimed the good old man, I now believe that you are my child, the dearest child that ever was born! But I never hoped to see him such a thing as you are; I never thought to see such a glorious creature upon earth! Here old Dobson returned Harry's caresses with a two-fold force, and, crying aloud, had like to have smothered him with the intenseness of his embraces. Bring me, bring me, cried Harry, to the sight of my dearest mammy, I am all impatient to behold her! Not so fast, said gaffer Dobson. I love my old loving Kate, and should she find you out of a sudden she would die of joy. But I will bring you to her as a stranger, and so you may bring matters about. And, indeed, I fear that my own head is likely to be crazed by this business; for I do not find that I am the same man that I was awhile ago; I shall grow too proud, I doubt, and look down upon all my better neighbours.

Goodman Dobson then conducted Harry to their ancient habitation, where nurse Dobson was just up, and preparing to comb the heads of her children when they entered. Kate, says he, I have brought you a young



young stranger, that says he can give you some account of our little Harry, who, he says, is still alive, notwithstanding all your frights, and will shortly pay a visit to some parts of this country: and who knows then, but that we among others may happen to set our eyes upon him; and that, I think, would be a great blessing, my Kate!

O, no, no, no, exclaimed nurse, without deigning to cast her eyes on the stranger; he is dead, he is gone from me these many, many years! I once hoped to have his infant on my knee, and in my bosom, but that hope is quite gone: never, never, shall I behold my darling again!

Harry had seated himself just opposite to nurse, when, looking up, she started, and stared eagerly in his face. Do not impose upon me, William, says she; tell me, tell me at once, may hap this is my child! ah, against the world! the dimple in that smile, is the dimple of my Harry. Here Harry sprung up, and at one leap caught his rising nurse in his arms, crying, My mammy, my dearest mammy, do I live to be pressed once more to your dear bosom!

But the poor woman breathed short, and could not get out a word. Twenty times she put him from her, and caught him to her again, gazing at him, by intervals, with a frantic affection. At length, she cast herself back on the bench that was behind her, and, clapping her hands together, she gave a great shout, and burst into a passion of tears; while Harry seated himself beside her, and gently drawing her head to him, placed it fondly on his bosom, and mixed his tears with her's. This gush came very seasonably for our loving-nurse's relief. She soon recovered her breath, and her senses; and, seeing some drops on her Harry's cheeks, she drew them in with her lips, crying, precious pearls be these! I would not exchange one of them for the brightest diamond in the mines. Mammy, says Harry, I stole away to come and see you, while my father was asleep, or else I should not have had leave to stir from him a foot. But you and my daddy must promise to come and dine with me; we will have a table by ourselves. And do you, my dear mammy,

step to our house, and, if my father should miss me, tell him I will be back with him before breakfast.

Harry then stepped into the village, and, remembering gaffer Truck's house, he went familiarly in, and enquired of the good woman how all the family was. Pray how is my honest old Bartholomew? says he, and how is your pretty daughter Molly? and above all, what is become of my old friend Tom? The poor woman all in amazement, cried, a pretty Tom he is forsooth, to be a friend to such a young gentleman as you are. But truth is, that our Tom is prentice to a barber at next door. Well, says Harry, when gaffer Truck comes home, tell him that his old acquaintance, Harry Clinton, called to see him.

Tom had just finished an operation on a neighbour as our hero entered. How are you Tom, says he, carelessly? Tom gaped, and stared, and gaped; but answered not a word. Will you give me a cast of your office, Tom? Ah, that I will, Master, as soon as you get a beard. Why, Tom, you are grown a huge hulking fellow since I saw you last; will you step to yonder green and wrestle one fall with me? No, no, master, I should hurt you; methinks I could throw a dozen of such fair-weather gentlemen as you are, master. Harry instantly seized Tom, by the breast with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other, when Tom, feeling the hardness of his gripe, immediately exerted his powers, and grappled with his adversary; but Harry, giving him a slight foot, laid him on the broad of his back in the middle of his own floor; but kept him with both hands from being hurt against the ground.

I believe, said Tom, rising, you must certainly be the devil, and come, as they say, to sling poor sinners in the shape of an angel of light. Ah, Tom! Tom! cried Harry, this is not the first struggle that you and I have had. Do you remember the bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy? have you forgot your old friend, your little Harry Clinton?

Blessed mercy! exclaimed Tom, can you be my young lord, my heart's dear young master? I am indeed, answered Harry, your old acquaintance, my dear Tom, your loving friend Harry Clinton. And so saying,

saying, he took Tom about the neck and kissed him cordially.

Tom, says Harry, I want you to take a walk with me. Tom instantly assented, and out they went. As they walked along, Harry began to grow sad. Tom, said he, do you know where my dear brother Dicky was buried? Yes, Sir, said Tom, a great way off, in yonder church-yard below the town's end. Do you know where the sexton lives, Tom? In a little white house, Sir, just joining the yard. As soon as they arrived, Tom called out the sexton, and Harry, putting a guinea into his hand, ordered him directly to unlock the family vault. The man looked astonished, but obeyed in silence, and Harry, as he entered, desired the sexton and Tom to wait at a distance, and promised to be with them, by-and-by.

He put to the door after him, just leaving light enough to distinguish the recent deposits of the dead. O, said he, as he advanced, Thou true house of mourning, thou silent end of all men, how sad art thou to sense! how sad to me above all, who bearest in thy dark bosom such precious and beloved relics.

Then, casting himself on the coffins of my lady and lord Richard, as they lay side by side, and clasping his arms about them as far as he could reach, O! he cried, my mother, my brother, my dearest brother, my dearest mother, you are gone, you are gone from me, and you never knew the love that your son and brother had for you. Ah! how did I flatter myself, what happiness did I not propose, in attending, serving, and pleasing you! in doing thousands of tender, and endearing offices about you! but you are snatched from me, my mother! you are snatched from me, my brother; all my prospects are cut away for ever. You will no more return to me, but I shall go to you; and O! that I were laid with you this minute in this still and peaceful mansion, where hopes and fears cease, and all are humbled together!

Mean while, Mr. Meekly, had gone abroad on his morning's walk. He met nurse on her way to the mansion house, and accosting her in a kind of triumph, My good nurse, says he, we have blessed tidings for you, your Harry, your hero, is come to the country.

I know

I know it, Sir, I know it, answered nurse, it is but a little while ago that my babe left my bosom. Mr. Meekly then proceeded in order to join his young friend, enquiring of all he met which way lord Henry went, till at last he was directed to the church-yard. There he found Tom and the sexton, who, on further question, silently pointed to the door of the family vault, that hung on the jar. Mr. Meekly felt himself affected, and withdrew to a greater distance; but still keeping his tearful eye on the sad mansion that now held the living with the dead.

At length Harry came forth, drying his cheeks with his handkerchief. He assumed a constrained air of cheerfulness, and joining Tom and the sexton, observed that a great crowd were gathering in the town. Who are those, Tom? says he; I suppose, answered Tom, your honour's tenants and old acquaintances, who are getting together to welcome you to the country. If that is the case, Tom, we must go and salute them; and you shall introduce me, and tell me who is who. Mr. Meekly, perceiving that Harry was on his return, kept onward, aloof from him, but with an eye on his motions. By this time, the crowd had sorted themselves, the principals of the families into one group, the young men into another, and the fair maidens into another, and, as Harry approached, they all set up a joint shout of triumph.

Please your honour, says Tom, this is my father, and this is Gaffer Gubbins, and this Goodman Demster, and this farmer Felster, and so on. Harry, with the lowliness of a washer of feet, would have kissed and embraced them all in turns; but, pressing about him, they seized a hand on either side, and eagerly kissed them, as also the skirts of his clothes all around. God bless your sweet face! God bless your sweet face! cried Goodman Demster, whose sees it in a morning, cannot fail, I think, of prospering the live-long day. When he came, in succession, to the companions of his infancy, as he kissed and shook hands with each, in turn, some reminded him of having beat them at boxing, others at wrestling, and all of his having played with them.

Mean

Mean while, the girls panted, gazed at him, and longed to get him to themselves. Sir, says Tom, here is your old acquaintance, my sister Molly; there is not a lad in the town whom she is not able to toss, except your honour. Molly looked full of health as Hebe, and rosy as May, and Harry caught her about the neck and kissed her very cordially. Do you remember me Molly? O! answered Molly, I shall never forget since your honour's lordship and I used to wrestle every day behind our house. Ah, Molly, cried Harry, there was no harm in it then; but a fall, at this day might be dangerous to one of us; above all things take care of that, my good Molly. And, if you know ever a pretty lad to whom you have a liking, I will give you fifty guineas, for old acquaintance sake towards making up your portion. The rest of the girls now pressed for their share of Harry, and it was with difficulty that he divided himself with any satisfactory equality among them.

At length Harry's watch reminded him that it was time to attend his father; and, as he parted, they shouted after him, Long life and health and honours to our townsman, our own boy, our own dear sweet child! In the mean time, Mr. Meekly had returned home, with his heart full of tidings to the earl. When Harry arrived, breakfast was on table, and he perceived that his father had been in tears. But, no notice was taken of the affair at the charnel-house on either part.

When breakfast was over Harry called in John. Mr. John, says he, can you tell me how many families there are in this village of yours? Twenty-five families exactly, my lord. Then Harry turned to his father and said, if your lordship will be pleased to lend me five hundred guineas for the present, I will pay you very honestly the hour that my uncle comes to the country. Why, firrah, cried the earl, pleasantly, what right has your uncle to pay your debts, especially to such a great amount as you speak of? O, my lord, answered Harry, I have already squandered away above fifty thousand pounds of his money, and this is but a trifle, which I am sure, I may very safely add to the rest.

Here

Here the earl looked truly astonished. Fifty thousand pounds! he exclaimed, impossible, Harry! Why, you had neither such ponds nor lakes, as mine, in London, wherein you might make ducks and drakes of them. How in the world could you contrive it? Where did you dispose of them? In hospitals and in prisons, my father, answered Harry. In streets and highways, among the wretched and the indigent. Supplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame; and chearfulness to the sorrowful and broken of heart; for such were my uncle's orders.

Let me go, let me go from this place, my lord! cried Meekly; this boy will absolutely kill me, if I stay any longer. He overpowers me with the weight of his sentiments. Well, Harry, said the earl, go to my desk, here is the key of the drawer on the left hand, and I make you a present of the key and the contents; perhaps you may find there nearly as much as will answer your present exigencies.

Harry went, and opening the drawer, was astonished to see it quite full of gold. However he took no more than just the sum proposed; and, returning to his father, said, What shall I do, my lord, with that vast heap of money? Why, you extravagant rogue, replied the earl, there is not as much in it as will pay the debt you have contracted with one man. O! cried Harry, I am quite easy upon that score. I will never affront my uncle by the offer of a penny. And, do not you think, said the earl, that we have got poor among us in the country, as well as you have in the city, Harry? I believe you have got some, my lord, but then I am much more difficult than you may think in the objects on whom I would choose to confer charity. I look upon the money amassed by the wealthy, to have been already extracted from the earnings of the poor, the poor farmer, the poor craftsman, the hard-handed peasant, and the day labourer, whose seven children perhaps subsist on the sweat of his brow. Wherefore, the objects on whom we bestow these gatherings ought at least to be something poorer, and more worthy of compassion than those from whom the money was exacted. So saying, he stepped out.

Amazing

Amazing boy ! cried Mr. Meckly, how new, and yet how just was that observation ! I am, cried the earl, as it were, in a kind of delicious dream, and can scarce yet believe myself so blessed as to be the father of such a child.

In the mean time, Harry had called John aside. Mr. John, says he, here are five hundred guineas, be pleased to step and distribute them by twenty guineas to each of the families in the village. I would save you the trouble, and give them myself, but that, for the present, my heart turns with disgust from their thanks and their honours. Tell them that this is a token in memory of my dear brother, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them further, that I will have no carousals, no rejoicings, on account of my arrival ; and that it would please me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late losses to their remembrance, and set them all in tears and lamentations.

My lord now proposed a saunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked ; and they entered on a gravel walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals that fell successively, in cascades, the one into the other. Beyond the canals, a vast lawn fled the eye, thinly interspersed with trees of different hues and natures. The lawn again was closed by an extensive lake ; and, on the further side of the lake, the prospect was broken by several hills and glens, that varied their forms as they opened to the view. Beyond the glens there arose again to the eye, a huge forest of time immemorial oaks ; and, beyond all, there ascended a range of romantic mountains, whose fronts were whitened here and there with impending rocks, but whose tops scaled the heavens, and confounded their forms and colours with the clouds.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a gate that directly thwarted their passage ; my lord thrust his hand through the rails, for the key, which the keeper had left in the lock on the inside, but could not reach it. We are all at a full stop now, said he, unless Harry could make shift to climb over the gate ; but no, do not, my dear, your foot might happen to slip  
between

between the rails and hurt you. I will obey your lordship, answered Harry, I will not venture a foot upon one of them. So saying, he caught at the topmost bar with his left hand, and throwing himself slightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The earl and Mr. Meekly stood mute, in utter astonishment. At length the earl cried, Child, you must surely be of more than mortal mould, or else you have a familiar spirit that conveys you through the air. I have indeed a familiar spirit, my lord, answered Harry, a spirit much humbled by the sense of its own defects.

On their return, John called his master aside, and told him of his due distribution of Harry's bounty to the villagers. But, my lord, said he, when I went down I found them all very busily employed, in preparing bonfires and illuminations in honour of my young lord. This, however, I was obliged to countermand, by his special order; and it has greatly mortified all your poor people. Well, well, said the earl, it cannot be helped for the present; we must not dare to offend our Harry at any rate; and so these matters of rejoicing may rest in reserve till the arrival of my brother.

Soon after our hero's fosterers came, decked out in their best attire; and Harry ordered a side-table to be covered for him and them; but my lord insisted on their dining all together. Harry placed himself very lovingly between them, at table, that he might help them, and prevail upon their bashfulness to eat.

When dinner was nearly over, nurse enquired after the little beggar-boy, whose absence, she imagined, had caused the elopement of her darling. He is come to great fortune, answered Harry, he has found his father and mother, and is heir to a large estate. Harry then told the manner in which Ned had been discovered, and they were all highly pleased with the relation.

But mammy, says Harry, what is become of my sister Nelly, on whose milk I was suckled? And what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myself?—They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleased to give me others



others in their room.—Well, mammy, I find we must all die, and some time or other that will be a great grief to one of us, which ever shall happen to out-live the other. I am satisfied to die once, said nurse, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel, I cannot suffer the thought, she cried, and burst forth into tears; I could not bear, I could not bear to die a thousand deaths in the death of my Harry.

But, mammy, said Harry, in order to divert her passion, you have not yet enquired after the man with the beard. O, the old rogue, exclaimed nurse, I cannot think of him with patience. Ah but mammy, you must know that that same old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own, and only dear brother to my own dear father here. If that is the case, said nurse, I do not wonder he should so greatly yearn after you; and indeed I would rather wonder if all the world did not yearn and long after you, my love.

And now, mammy, to shew you how much you are obliged to this same darling uncle, he has ordered me to make you a present of five hundred pounds, in payment, as he says, of the grief he has cost you. And take no heed for your children, mammy, I will take that care upon myself; for this same dear uncle has made me a gift of the lands, and house, and plate, and furniture that he has in this town, and so you see I am well able to provide for you all.

Here, my lord cast an eye of tender jealousy upon Harry. I perceive, my son, said he, that your uncle is your only trust, the only dependence that you choose to have upon earth. Harry, with a glance of his eye, instantly caught the meaning of the eye of his father, and throwing himself at his feet, O, pardon, my lord! he cried, pray pardon the overflowings of a grateful and simple heart! My uncle is my property, but I am your's, my father, to be disposed of in life, and in death, at your pleasure. I do trust, I do depend upon you, my father, and you have already overpowered me with the weight of your affections.

My lord's eyes then glistened, and raising his son, and taking him fondly to his bosom, I believe I have been wrong my love, said he; and hereafter I shall always think so, rather than think any thing amiss in

my Harry. But tell me, my dear, and tell me sincerely ; you speak of your uncle as one of the richest and greatest men upon earth ; as a prince, as an emperor, enabled to give a way fortunes and provinces at pleasure.

And he is, my lord, cried Harry, he is greater than any prince or emperor upon earth. For his Wealth, which exceeds that of a subject, is truly his own, and devoted solely to his happiness, in making other people happy.

And yet this is the man, exclaimed the earl, (turning an eye of penitence on Mr. Meekly) this is the man, as I told you, my friend, on whom I looked down with such provoking contempt ; whom I treated with such unpardonable insolence. My lord then enquired concerning the personal adventures of our Hero in London, the account of which would have been more entertaining, had not Harry suppressed, throughout his narrative, whatever he apprehended might tend to his honour.

As soon as the fosterers had taken their leave my lord proposed a walk to his guests in the gardens ; and, after a few turns, they sat down in a rural arbour, that was interwoven all about with jessamine and honeysuckle. Mr. Meekly, said the earl, I have often longed to hear the particulars of your life, and how you came to live by faith and not by sight, and to hold your conversation in heaven, as you do at this day.

I can soon obey your lordship, answered Meekly, for my story is very short and very simple, and no way adorned with uncommon incidents. My mother died a few hours after I was born. My father did not survive her two years ; and I fell to the care of my only kinsman, an uncle by my father's side. My uncle was an old bachelor, and though he was of a cold temper, and had no tenderness for any one, yet he spared no cost in my education. He sent me to Eaton school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I remained till I took my degrees. I then went to London, bought a sword and laced-coat, and commenced fine gentleman.

Though my head had been duly stored, by my tutors, in the rudiments of our religion, my heart had not yet felt any of its precepts ; and I conceived that

to go regularly to church, receive the sacrament, confess myself a miserable sinner, and avoid gross vices, was the sum of christianity. I therefore entered, without scruple, into all the fashionable pleasures of the age; and I held that, to pardon an affront, would have been one of the deadly sins in a Gentleman-Christian.

One day, at James's coffee-house, colonel Standard and another gentleman engaged at backgammon for five hundred guineas; and, as the stake was so considerable, and both parties celebrated for their skill in the game, we all crowded about them to see the issue.

I happened to be next behind the colonel's chair, and others pressed behind, eagerly bending and looking over my shoulders. At length he began to fret, as the game was going against him. Pray gentlemen, he would cry, do not bear upon me so; for heaven's sake keep off, you will make me lose the game. Hereupon, I did my utmost to bear back from him; but the company pressed me forward in spite of all I could do, till the colonel, giving an unhappily decisive cast, turned about in a fury, and spit directly in my face.

Indignation gave me unusual strength, and casting all off who had borne upon me, I instantly drew my sword, and ran the colonel through the body. The company cried out that all was fair, and opened a window for me, they urged me to escape. Accordingly I got off, rode post to Dover, and there embarked for France. The colonel, God be praised, did not die of his wound. He lay under the hands of the doctors for about seven months; then recovered, and went to join his regiment in Flanders. Of this my uncle sent me advice, telling me at the same time that I might return with safety. Yes, thought I, with safety to my life, but with death to my honour. I have taken revenge indeed, but not satisfaction. The colonel must be compelled to make me personal reparation for the affront which he dared to put upon me. His recovery has again dashed the spit into my face; and I will pursue him through the world, till it is wiped from the remembrance of all men.

With this deadly determination I went post from Paris to Flanders, and traced the colonel from place to place, till I found him in a village on the road to Amsterdam. I believe, Sir, said I, bluntly, you may not remember me; for our acquaintance was sudden and of very short duration. I am the man in whose face you spit publickly in James's coffee-house. Then Sir, said he, I am scarce yet recovered of the cause which you gave me to bear you always in mind. But pray, what may your commands be with me for the present? I am come to demand a remedy at your Hands, for the wound which you gave my honour, and which otherwise must remain for ever incurable. Ah! he cried, no man ever exacted so severe a satisfaction as you have already taken; what then may be the nature of the further reparation, that you are pleased to require? Either to ask my pardon, or fight me within this hour.

That is very hard upon me, indeed, replied the colonel; the honour of my commission will not allow me to beg pardon of any man, at least in order to avoid a combat; so, Sir, if you insist upon it, I must obey your summons, though very reluctantly, I confess. Then Sir, said I, meet me in half an hour with your pistols and sword, behind yonder little hill. The colonel was punctual to the appointment. We both grasped a pistol at a distance of twenty paces, and advancing each, step by step, cried, fire! fire! fire! seeming determined to make sure of his adversary; till coming within arm's length, I fired directly in his face, but the ball passed through his hat, and only grazed the skin of his left temple.

The colonel then took up his pistol into his left hand, and reaching out his right to me, with a smile of great complacence, I think, Sir, said he, I may now ask your pardon with honour. And to convince you that I did not come to engage you in malice, be pleased to examine my arms, you will not find a grain of powder in the one or the other.

Ah! colonel, I then exclaimed, I acknowledge you my conqueror, both in honour and humanity. Had I been so unhappy as to kill you, and find your arms unloaded,

unloaded, I should certainly, have done you justice, by shooting myself through the head. But why did I pursue you from kingdom to kingdom? Why was I unappeased by all the blood that I shed? Was it from any malignity of heart toward you? By no means; but while I lamented the misery I had already occasioned you, I was impelled to finish your destruction by a barbarian world, or rather, by the bloody prescribers of custom, whose censure I dreaded, worse than death, or even futurity. Courage, colonel, incites soldiers to fight for their country; but it is cowardice alone that drives duellists together.

For three days, I remained with my late enemy, but now warm friend. He then was obliged to return to quarters; and we parted with a regret much exceeding the hostility with which we had met. On the departure of the colonel I went to Amsterdam, from whence I drew upon my uncle to the amount of seven hundred pounds. For I resolved before my return, to make a tour through the Seven Provinces, though I had gone for a very different purpose.

During nine months I journeyed from place to place. Holland is, unquestionably, the wealthiest, the busiest, and most populous state upon earth. Not a hand is unemployed, not a foot of ground unoccupied; and, for a long time, I ascribed their extraordinary prosperity to an industry and ingenuity peculiar to them alone. But on further observation, I discovered the true source, as well of their industry as their opulence, and am persuaded, that any nation, bordering on the ocean, might derive the like prosperity from the same spring.

Not, my lord, that I think opulence a real benefit to a people, for "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions." But I look upon industry, the natural parent of opulence, to be as well a blessing as a duty to man, from the time that he was appointed to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Many virtues, also, as well as temporal benefits, follow in the train of industry; it makes men healthful, brave, honest, social and pacific. He, who labours hard to acquire a property, will struggle hard to preserve it; and exercise will make him active and robust. Industry

further incites to commerce and good neighbourhood, in order to dispose of mutual redundancies for the supply of mutual wants. And lastly, it delighteth in peace, that its time and its labours may not be interrupted, nor the fruits thereof endangered by rapine and invasion, and all this may be said of nations, as well as of men.

On my return to Amsterdam, from my tour through the Seven Provinces, I grew affected one evening in a manner I had never before experienced. I did not feel myself any way sick or in pain, and yet I wished to exchange my sensations for any other species of malady. I was wholly pervaded by a gloomy despondence. I looked abroad for comfort but it was no where to be found, every object gave disgust to my discontented imagination. I secretly enquired of my soul, if richness, honours, dignities; if the empire of the world would restore her to joy? But she turned from them, and said, all these things are aliens to my peace. Alas! said I, tell me then where your peace may be found? I know not, she replied, but I feel that I am wretched.

For three days I continued under this oppression of spirit. And on the third night an increasing horror of deep and heavy darkness fell upon me. All hope died within me, and misery seemed to open a gulph of ever deepening destruction in my soul. I lay all the night bathed in drops of unutterable anguish. I wished and struggled to arise and change my situation, but I felt that my mind was its own place and its own hell, from whence there was no removal, no possible escape.

I now concluded that some how I must have sinned beyond the measure of all sinners, since my damnation was deeper than that of any other. I therefore turned toward God and wished to repent; but, as I did not feel conviction for the sins of which I accused myself, no place for repentance was found in my soul.

Tremendous Author! I cried, I find that thou canst sink and slay at pleasure, but canst thou not also raise up and make alive? If all things have their existence in thee, O God! is it not easy unto thee to impart to us some sensation of thine own peace, the sense that it is thou alone who canst be our sustainer? Save me, Jesus, save me; from the hell of mine own nature!

Save

Save me thou Son of David, O save me from myself: While I thus prayed in an agony, my whole frame was suddenly overpowered, and sunk, as I suppose, into a state of insensibility, till the following day was far advanced: at length I perceived that I still existed. I dreamed that I found myself in a deep and noisome dungeon, without a single ray that might even suffice to shew me the horrors of my situation. I attempted to rise and grope about, but I perceived that I was tied and fastened down to earth by a number and variety of bands and fetters.

At length a sudden light appeared, and diffused itself throughout the darkness of my mansion. When, looking up, I observed that the keeper of my prison had entered, the doors being yet locked. His head, as I thought, was bound about with a Tiara, from whence the glory arose that shone around me. In the coronet, instead of gems, were inserted a number of thorns, whose points streamed with incessant and insufferable brightness. And on the golden circlet was engraved, in all languages, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Immediately my shackles loosened and fell away of themselves, and I wished to cast my whole existence under the feet of my Lord, but was so overcome with extasy that I could not rise. When looking upon me with a smile of ineffable graciousness, he approached and took me by the hand: and, at the contact, I sprung up a great height in my bed, and awoke to sensations of indescribable blessedness. Thou art come then, my Lord, my salvation, thou art come, my Master! I cried; and I will cling inseparably to thee: never, O, never more will I suffer thee to depart. Ah! I have felt, severely felt, what it is to be without thee. For in thy absence, though but for a moment, lies the essence of hell and misery; but in thy presence, my Beloved, is peace unspeakable, and joy for evermore.

From that day my nature became, as it were wholly inverted. All the honours and worldly respects, for which I formerly risked my life, were my aversion, and I turned from sensuality with loathing. Nothing could now affront, nothing could offend me. As I

totally

totally despised myself, so I wished, after a process of my divine Master, to be despised and rejected of men. This made all others, the very meanest of human creatures, respectable unto me. Even in reprobates methought, I discerned some uneras'd traces of the image and superscription of my God, and I bowed down before it.

I grew weary of my own will, and I earnestly prayed my Lord that he would rid me of it, and be instead thereof a controuling principle within me, ever influencing and directing me according to his own pleasure. Turn me, Jesus, Master! O turn me, I cried, from all the evil propensities of my own evil nature, though thou shouldest turn me, as thou didst Senacherib, with thy ruling reign on my neck, thy bridle in my mouth, and thy hook in my nose! Take my heart and affections captive, and into thy own divine guidance! Compel me into all the ways and all the works of thy commandments; till thy yoke shall become easy and thy burden light; till I shall move as down a descent, wherever thy goodness would guide me; till I shall feelingly find and know that "all thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace!"

This, my lord, may look somewhat like boasting, but it boasteth of nought, excepting Christ crucified, whereby all worldly matters are crucified unto me.

Within about a fortnight after my conversion, I received a letter from a friend in London, informing me that my old uncle had secretly married a young creature, who was lately delivered of a son. That he now openly acknowledged her for his wife; and that this, as he feared, did not bode me any good. At another time, these tidings would have greatly alarmed me; but I was now equally indifferent to all events.

In a few days after, as I was stepping out of my lodgings, I was arrested in the name, and at the suit of my uncle, for seven hundred pounds, the sum for which I had drawn upon him about nine months before. All the consequences of this caption immediately occurred to me. I perceived that my uncle intended to deprive me of my patrimony in favour of his new family; and, as I had no means for opposing his machinations,



inations, save what lay in his own hands, I concluded that a jail was to be my portion for life ; wherefore, I lifted up my heart, and said within myself, "To prisons and to death give me cheerfully to follow thee, O thou who art the Life and Resurrection."

My spirit had no sooner uttered this short ejaculation than I felt such a weight of peace descending upon me, that my heart leaped within me at the prospect of suffering, and I would not have exchanged my prison for a throne. While I quietly walked with the officers toward the place of my durance, they came to a great tavern, where they entered, and proposed to regale themselves at my expence. Mean time a Dutch merchant, of great eminence, happened to be with his lady in the principal room, and hearing a bustle in the house, enquired the cause, and sent for the chief bailiff.

Soon after I was conducted into their presence. They both rose as I entered, and the gentleman approaching, took me familiarly by the hand and said, in Dutch, Mr. Meekly I hear you are in distress, and that is sufficient to recommend you to my services ; but your appearance exacts something more from my inclinations. Pray let me know wherein, and how far it may be requisite for you to command me.

I muttered somewhat, as I suppose, inarticulately towards an answer. For I protest, my lord, I was so struck, so awed, so confounded by his presence, that I was lost for the time to the consideration of my own affairs. Mean while he placed me at table just opposite to the heavenly vision of his bride, and then went and resumed his seat beside her ; while I, gazing in silence and utmost wonder, recollected those lines of Milton, where, speaking of Adam and Eve, he calls them,

---

— "The loveliest Pair  
That ever since in Love's embraces met ;  
Adam, the goodliest Man of Men since born  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters, Eve."

The gentleman perceived my astonishment, and smiling, again asked me what sum was requisite to extricate me from my present difficulty. Ah ! Sir, said I, it is a sum that far exceeds all human bounty ; and,  
indeed,

indeed, I would not accept the obligation from any man, unless I were assured of being shortly in a capacity to reimburse him, of which I see no likelihood, I think, no possibility. Here I told him, in a few words, how my father had left me an infant at the disposal of my uncle, who had now put me under an arrest for seven hundred pounds, which some time since he had freely remitted to me as in my own right.

I see, said the gentleman, your uncle is a villain, and means, by casting you into prison in a strange place, to deprive you of the power of bringing him to account. But he must be detected; it is a justice which you owe to the public, as well as yourself. And, as the amount of the pretended debt is not sufficient for that purpose, here is an order on the bank in town for double the sum. For this you must give me your note of hand. Be pleased to reimburse me when it is your convenience. If that should never happen, be under no concern; for I hold myself already repaid with usury in the opportunity of serving an injured and worthy man.

O Sir, I cried, I cannot, indeed I cannot, I will not accept it on any account. I am patient, nay, I am pleased with the lot that is appointed me. Shall I, in an instant, break the yoke, and cast the burden which my gracious Master but this instant has laid upon me? No, Sir, I submit myself to it with thankfulness; I take his cross to my bosom and press it to my heart.

O Meekly, said he, you are a very misdeeming christian, if you think yourself intitled either to assume or retain your crosses at will. There is too much of self-righteousness in such a zeal, Meekly. Humility would rather bid the will of our Master, to be done; and he offers you enfranchisement by my hand. Do, my dear Sir, cried the angel beside him, do, let me petition, let me persuade you to accept this little instance of our good-will to so good a creature. Though my lord here has not been able to prevail, a lady has superior claims, and I must not be refused.

Quite sunk, quite overwhelmed, I dropped involuntarily on my knees before them. Blessed pair, I exclaimed,

exclaimed, blessed and beautiful beyond expression ; if angels are like you, what happiness must be in heaven ! I could no more, my words were choaked by my rising emotions.

My benefactor then rose, and coming tenderly toward me, he took me warmly in his arms. Mr. Meekly, says he, do not oppress me, I pray you, by this excess of acknowledgement ; I am but a worthless instrument in the hands of your Beloved ; for, from him, and him alone, is every good gift, and even the will of the giver. O, Mr. Meekly, added the lady her eyes glittering through water, we thank you, we cordially thank you, Mr. Meekly ; you have occasioned us much pleasure this day, I assure you ; and the means of our happiness should be delightful in our eyes.

My patron then rung a bell, and ordered his principal attendant into his presence ; when, putting the order into his hand, here, says he, take this, with the bailiff, directly to the bank ; there pay him his demand of seven hundred pounds and fees ; and bring me a hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder in bills on London. Then, calling for pen and ink, he drew the following short note, "I owe you fourteen hundred pounds." To which I signed Charles Meekly.

On the return of the messenger, I was put in possession of the cash and bills, and a dinner of little elegancies was served up. After a short repast, the decanters and glasses being placed, and the attendant dismissed, my two patrons gave a loose to social joys, and invited me to be a partaker in their festivity. Never was I, nor ever shall I again, be witness to such flights of fancy, such a spontaneous fluency of heart-springing glee : with what pleasure did erudition cast off its formal garb ! how delightingly did wisdom assume the semblance, and at times the very phrase of childhood ! they laughed, they rallied me, themselves, and the world. Their merriment was as the breaking forth and exuberance of overflowing innocence and virtue. Conceive to yourself, my lord, a large room surrounded with benches, whereon are seated the principal philosophers, literati, lawyers, statesmen, chief captains,

captains, and chief conquerors in all ages; then think you behold two sportively observant children in the midst, looking and laughing at the insignificance of the several sages; taking off and holding up the solemnity and self-importance of each profession in caricature; and setting the whole world, with all its wisdom, its toils, and boasted acquirements, its solitudes, applications, and achievements at nought.

The gentleman, indeed, pretended, and only pretended, to defend the sophists, the valiant, and the renowned of his sex; but, he evidently exulted in his own defeat; while the lady, with a drollery amazingly voluble, ran through the schools of philosophy, the systems of human policy, and histories of heroism, unpluming the crested, bringing the lofty low, and depreciating and reducing all magnitude to miniature. And all this she did with such looks, eyes, and attitudes of bewitching transition, as would have infused fascination into old age and ugliness; what must it have done when accompanied by a beauty that scarce ever was equalled, that could not be exceeded?

At length the enraptured husband, no longer able to contain, bent toward her with looks full of soul-darting delight, and, restraining his arms that would have crushed her to his bosom, O, my Louisa! he cried, you are too much, too precious a treasure for me! But, giving him a sweetly petulant pat on the cheek, Away you rogue, she said, I will have none of your mockeries!

What can expression add further to this divinely pre-eminent of all human creatures? Whatever was her present glance, aspect, or posture, you would have wished to fix her in it, that you might gaze and admire for ever. But, when she varied the enchantment of her action and attitude, you forgot the former attractions; and she became as it were, a newness of ever-rising delight. Alas! how transient, how momentary was the bliss I then enjoyed! A chariot and six pied horses drove up to the door, attended by a retinue of ten or twelve men, all armed, gallantly mounted, and in rich apparel.

My

My dear Meekly, mournfully said my benefactor, I am sorry that we are destined to different apartments. I lodge to night at a Villa belonging to one of my correspondents, and to-morrow we set out to visit some of the German court. Fare you well, Meekly, for a short season at least.

I would have cast myself at his feet. It was an emotion, a propensity which I could not resist; but he prevented me, by kissing and casting his arms, affectionately about me. The lady then turned to me, and, with a smile of heart-captivating graciousness, God be with you, God be with you, my good Mr. Meekly, she cried, perhaps we may meet e'er long in your own England. I answered not, but, bending on one knee, I caught her hand, pressed it fervently to my lips, and permitted her to depart.

Alas, they did depart. I saw them for the last time. They mounted their carriage, and being seated, they bent forward, and, bowing to me with a fixed regard, off they drove, and tore away with them, as I thought, the best part of my soul. I followed them with straining eyes: when out of sight methought I held them still in view; and I blessed and kissed, in imagination, the very ground over which they went. At length I awoke from my delirium, and with slow and heavy steps turned back into the house. I had not yet through shame, so much as enquired the name of my benefactor. I therefore called to my host, in order to inform myself of what I could learn concerning him; as also to make out a bill, for it had not been called for, and I pleased myself with the thought of discharging a reckoning that my friends had forgotten. When I questioned my host on this head, he put his hands to his side and broke into a violent fit of laughter; No, no, master, said he, there is nothing for any one to pay in this house, I assure you; mynheer never troubles himself about those matters, his major domo pays all; ah, and for every guest too that happens to be in the same inn with his master. Why pray, said I, is he a lord? A lord, quotha? Not so little as that comes to neither; no Sir, he is a prince, the very prince of our merchants, and our merchants are princes above all lords.

And pray how do they style or call him? He has many names and titles: when our traders speak of him, they call him mynheer Van Glunthong: but others, my lord, the *friend to the poor*.

The remainder of my story is very short, and still more insignificant. I soon set out for England, in order to file a bill against my uncle, and compel him to discover what patrimony my father had left me. But God was pleased in the mean space, to cut off all debate; his wife and child had died of an epidemic distemper, and he did not survive them above a fortnight. He left me a penitential letter, with a small Will inclosed, whereby I became entitled to three hundred a year in right of my father, and an additional four hundred in right of my uncle, with a sum of near three thousand pounds in ready money.

If I know my own heart, the only cause of rejoicing, that I felt on that occasion, was, that it put it in my power to discharge my pecuniary obligations to my late generous preserver. I immediately wrote and transmitted bills to Holland for the purpose, but the bills were returned, and I could hear no tidings concerning the residence of my patron. I then put out his fourteen hundred pounds to the best securities that I could procure. It is now close upon five and thirty years since I saw him; and in that time the principal, with the interest, yearly turned into a capital, has amounted to nearly five thousand pounds, one penny of which I never touch, but hold the whole as sacred. Mean time, it has cost me hundreds upon hundreds in correspondencies, advertisements, and even in special messengers to several parts of Europe to discover where this greatest, this eminent of men could have concealed himself; but alas, my search proved as fruitless as that of the miser in hunting after the pearl of mighty price. During the five and thirty years, the Image of the persons of those my two gracious patrons never left my memory, were ever at my heart. Ah, I would say to myself, they are dead, they are dead, or rapt, perhaps, like Elijah alive into heaven; flesh and blood, refined as theirs, might easily pass through the fire of the love of God, to the place

place of its bliss. And again it was my daily and ardent petition, that, if their mortal was not yet swallowed up of immortality, I might once set my eyes upon them before I died.

Here Mr. Meekly ended.—I thank you, my dear friend, said the earl, for your history; it has entertained me most pleasingly, and I have been highly edified by some passages in it. But, with respect to the glimpse that you had of your two wonderful friends, I think it must have been a vision; for, I never saw in nature, nor read in fiction, of any thing comparable to the excellencies that you have described in that exalted pair. If it was a vision, my lord, it must have been one of the blessed angels indeed; but I hope you will allow that the benefits which they conferred were no way visionary. O, Mr. Meekly, said Harry with a sigh, the picture that you have drawn of that dear lady has almost given me a distaste to the rest of her sex. Ah, might I meet hereafter some daughter, some descendent, some distant likeness of her, how happy should I think myself! May heaven succeed your ominous wish, my dearest child, cried Meekly! It is just, perhaps prophetic that it should be so. For, never did I see so perfect resemblance between any two creatures, as between the consort of that bewitching woman and yourself; it struck me, the other night, the moment you entered the room; and I thought that I beheld my very benefactor newly arisen, like a young Phoenix, from the ashes of old age.

Near a fortnight more elapsed, without any news or notice from Mr. Clinton, or from the messenger who was sent dispatch for him. Harry daily advanced in the favour and familiarity of his father, and Mr. Meekly continued with them in a most pleasing society.

On a fine morning, as they were walking together toward the village, This is the first time, my Harry, said the earl with a sigh, that I have ventured to turn my face this way since the death of my wife and the interment of your dear brother. O, my Lord, cried Harry, I would gladly exchange my lot in life with the meanest of yonder cottagers, who earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands, provided I might

thereby restore them both to your bosom. Not so, not so, my son, fervently replied the earl, I would not lose my Harry, though I were thereby to resuscitate all that are dead in England. I have no cause, no manner of right to complain. I am still happy, wonderfully happy, too happy in the possession of such a child.

Just then a great shouting and uproar was heard in the village. The huge mastiff, belonging to Pelt the tanner, had run mad, and came foaming up the road, pursued by a crowd of the townsmen, armed with staves, spits, and pitch-forks. The dog rushed on at such a rate that there was no possibility for our company to escape him; and Harry, observing that he made directly toward his father, threw himself full in his way. Instantly the envenomed monster sprung up and cast himself open mouthed upon our hero; but Harry, with a wonderful presence of mind, having wrapped his left arm in the skirt of his coat, dashed it into the frothing jaws of the terrible animal, when, giving a trip, at the same time, to his hinder legs, he threw him flat on the ground, and springing up into the air, he descended upon him with all the force of his heels, and dashed his bowels to pieces; whereupon the creature uttered a faint howl, sprawled awhile, and expired.

The earl and Mr. Meekly stood yet awhile pale, astonished, and unassured; and my lord looking about in a panic, cried, Where is the dog, what's become of the mad dog? In the mean time the villagers came on in full pursuit, crying out, the mad dog, the mad dog, take care of the mad dog. But, when they all arrived, and beheld their huge enemy looking formidable even in death, never was amazement equal to theirs. They stared at the earl, Meekly, and Harry, in turns; and seeing no weapon in any of their hands, God, cried goodman Demster, God has been wonderfully gracious in your deliverance, my lord; for nothing less than a thunderbolt could so suddenly have stricken this monster dead. I protest, said the earl, I was so much alarmed that I know not how it happened. I remember nothing further than that my dear child thrust himself between his father and danger. But I beheld



beheld said Meekly, when with one stroke of his arm, he dashed the creature to the ground, and then instantly crushed him to death with his feet. Not I, Mr. Meekly, modestly replied Harry; God gave me strength for the season in defence of my father. But are you not bit, are you not hurt, my child? cried the earl, coming up tremblingly to his son. Not touched, indeed, my lord. "Glory for that in the highest," exultingly cried the earl. I knew, exclaimed Tom Truck, with a shout and look of triumph, I knew it could be no other but my brave and noble young master who did the feat. On my life, cried farmer Felster, he is able, with his naked arm, like another young David, to save his lambs from the jaws of the lion, and the paws of the bear.

Though these praises served only to put our hero to confusion, they went trickling, like balm of Gilead, to the heart of his father. Pelt, said the earl, let it be your task to flea and tan me the hide of your own dog. I will have his skin stuffed with incense, and his nails of solid gold; and he shall hang up in my hall, from generation to generation, to commemorate the piety and prowess of my son; mean while, my good friends, I invite you all, with your families, and neighbours, to come and feast with me this day. Sorrow hath endured her night; but joy cometh, with my child, and ariseth on us as a new morning.

In the afternoon all the townsfolk and neighbours, with their wives and children, convened to the great house, having their cattle and themselves heavy laden with faggots for a magnificent illumination. The whole court was spread with tables, and the tables with victuals and liquors.

The earl, in the joy of his own escape, and the recent prowess of his young hero, went forth with a cheerful countenance, and graciously welcomed all his guests; whereat they wished health and long life to his lordship and their young lord, and, giving a joint huzza, sat down to their banquet. From whence, after a night far spent in carousal, their great fire being out, and their spirits exhausted, they peacefully helped each other to their respective homes; regretting how-

ever, that they had not been honoured with the presence of their young master among them. For Harry had besought his father to dispense with him awhile, from partaking in any scene of festivity, especially when appointed in his own honour; and Mr. Meekly highly applauded his motion.

On the eve of the following day Mr. Meekly rode abroad on a charitable visit to a dying man in the neighbourhood, and my lord was fondly toying with his darling as they stood at the hall door, when Harry spied a mourning coach turning up the lower end of the great avenue, and instantly cried out, There is my uncle! and off he shot like lightning. The coach drove but slowly. Harry was up with it in a twinkling, and vaulting in at the window, was in an instant in the bosom of his best friend and patron.

In the mean time the earl had retired into the house in great agitation. He feared and was jealous of the manner in which his brother would meet him, and this gave him equal doubt and hesitation respecting the manner in which he ought to receive his brother. Mr. Clinton on the other hand, was not wholly without some similar emotions; so that when Harry introduced his uncle into the parlour, no two noble personages could salute each other with a more distant respect.

The earl however, on casting a glance upon the face of his brother, felt a tide of returning affection, and lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, It is he, it is he! my Harry, my Harry Clinton! my dear, my long lost, my long sought brother! then hastened forward, in a gush of passion, and caught him in eager arms. When Mr. Clinton, alternately folding the earl to his bosom, cried, I am content, O my God! give me now to depart in peace, since at last I find and feel that I have indeed a brother!

Our hero observing the violence of their emotion, interposed with a gentle care, and supporting them to seats, placed them tenderly by each other. For a while they both sat silent with a handkerchief at their eyes, till the earl turned, and plaintively said, You do not forgive me, Harry Clinton; you never will, you never can forgive me, my brother! Whereupon Mr. Clinton caught

caught up the earl's hand to his lips, and pressing it with a fervent respect, cried, My brother and my lord, my brother and my lord !

O then, said the earl, you do forgive me I find ; but never can I, never will I forgive myself. My faults toward you, my noblest brother, for these many long years have been ever before me ; my neglects, my pride and insolence, my contemptuous treatment of one so highly my superior ; of my Harry, the only boast and glory of our house !

Mean while our hero stood aloof with his head averted, weeping and sobbing with evident agitation. Till Mr. Clinton cried, No more, my brother, no more, I beseech you ! It is already too much ; I cannot bear my present excess of grateful affection for you ; it struggles to rush forth, but utterance is not given. Beside we shall break the heart of our dear child there ; his nature is too tender to support such a scene as this.

Harry then smilingly turned his face, toward his parents, all shining through tears, as the sun in a shower. And advancing, and kneeling before them, as they sat, he took the hands of each, alternately, and pressed them in silence to his lips.

In about an hour after, while their affections were still at the highest, but their spirits somewhat composed, Mr. Meekly returned. The earl immediately rose, and advancing, took him by the hand with a cordial familiarity. Mr. Meekly, says he, I shall now have the pleasure of introducing you to that inestimable brother of whom you have heard me speak so often. Brother, this is Mr. Meekly, my best and worthiest friend.

Mr. Clinton rose and advanced ; and Meekly approached with an abased reverence, not venturing to look up, but saluted him as he would have saluted an angel of light.

Meekly, Meekly, cried Mr. Clinton, I have surely heard that name before. Pray, Mr. Meekly, were you ever abroad ? Have you travelled, Sir ? Were you ever in Holland, Mr. Meekly ?

Here Meekly started, as awaked by the sound of a voice, whose recollected tunings went thrilling to his heart ;

heart ; and lifting up his eyes and beholding the traces of features, once so lovely, and ever deeply engraved on his memory, he started, and staggering back some steps, he sunk down on a chair behind him, almost in a fainting fit.

The earl, greatly alarmed, went up, and taking him by the hand, What is the matter, my friend, says he ? Are you taken suddenly ill, are you not well, Mr. Meekly ?

O, my lord—he pantingly cried—there he is—as sure as I live—my patron—my benefactor—the wonderful man that I told you of—there he stands, in his own precious person before us !

Mr. Clinton then approached, and taking a seat beside him, leaned toward him with a melting complacence. Mr. Meekly, said he, I expected ere this to have embraced you in heaven ; but I rejoice to meet you even on earth ; for I have ever retained a very affectionate impression of you ; and more especially rejoice to meet you in the present society.

But then—but then you come alone—you come alone, my lord and master !—Alas, you wipe your eye !—O then, it must be so ! And here he broke into a passionate gush of tears.

My lord and our hero hereupon recollecting the engaging circumstances of a character, on whose description they had been so lately enamoured, could not refuse their tribute to the memory of that admirable lady, to whose person they now found themselves endearingly attached by affinity.

At length Mr. Clinton, distressed to the last degree for the distress in which he saw the forlorn Meekly, sweetly turned from his own affliction to the consoling of that friend whom he found so deeply afflicted for him.

Mr. Meekly, says he, let us not weep for the dead, but rather for the living ; for those who are yet in the vale of mortality. Shall we mourn the condition of angels, shall we lament that a weight of glory is fallen on those whom we loved ? No, let us rather rejoice in the prospect of being speedily partakers with them.

When supper was over, Harry laid hold of the first interval of converse, to enquire after his friends in town,

town; more especially Mr. Clement and his Arabella, and their little Tommy. They are come, said Mr. Clinton, to sudden and great affluence. Old Clement is thoroughly reconciled to his son, and is doatingly fond of Arabella and her child. I am glad of it with all my heart, cried Harry, clapping his hands; but pray how did this matter come about, Sir? By an event, my dear, in which the arm of Providence was signally visible. But before I say how it came to pass, you ought to give your company a short history of this worthy family; they will soon become interested in their success.

Harry willingly and gracefully performed the task enjoined him, and then his uncle proceeded:

The second day after you left me, a man of genteel appearance, but pale and bleeding, was carried, stretched on a door, by some of our charitable townsmen, and brought to my house. I was then abroad with Clement on a visit to your old friend Vindex; but the stranger was instantly admitted, and while some of the servants rode off for a surgeon, others tenderly undressed and put him into a warm bed.

Soon after I had returned and was informed of what had passed, the surgeon arrived, and, putting five guineas in his hand, I desired him to attend his patient and bring me word of his estate. In half an hour he came forth, and, shaking his head, said, Our patient, Sir, will not do. He is wounded in the groin with a pistol bullet. The ball has got within the abdomen, my instruments will not reach it, and if it has entered the viscera he will die of convulsions in less than three hours. I have accordingly told the gentleman what I thought of him, and advised him immediately to settle his worldly affairs. He told me his name is Saint Belial, and he requested me, as soon as I reached London, to send Mr. Clement to him, who lives over-against the Blue Posts in the Strand.

The name of Clement made me curious to know who the party was, and entering his chamber, I took a chair and sat down softly by the side of his bed. But the moment I cast my eye on his visage, I shrunk inward with the shock: for all the malignity and horrors of hell were jointly legible on his countenance.

Humanity,

Humanity, however compelled me to address him. I am sorry to hear, Sir, said I, that you are not for this world, but I trust that your hope looks forward to a better home. I have no hope, said he, save such as my faith has been, that since I must die, I shall die wholly.

I protest, I was so stunned and disconcerted by the words and looks of the man, that I found no answer, and he proceeded.

As I have no further concern with this world, I have sent for an old gentleman with whom I had some connexions, and resolve to do an act of justice before I die, the only one that ever I did during my life-time. For, your charity, and that of your people, has half frightened me into a notion, that there may be something of that which is called goodness upon earth; and then how fearful, how tremendous must my situation be! Wherefore, as old Clement may not arrive in season, I will with your permission, inform you of such things as concern him. For as I have nothing to hope, through all eternity, neither have I any thing to fear on this side of it.

My father's name was Belcher Saint Belial. He was an under retainer to the law, and raked up a little fortune by crooked practices; so that he grew ambitious of preferring me his only child to the bar, and in that view sent me to school, and from school to Oxford. But I ought to have begun my history earlier.

If there are devils, I surely had one, and was filled with the evil spirit from my mother's womb; inso-much, that my nurse died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the envenomed bites I gave her nipple with my toothless gums while she suckled me.

While an infant, I took a heart-felt pleasure in dismembering flies and empaling worms alive upon pins; and, when at school, I was the promoter of all parties for worrying and torturing cats and dogs to death. But my principal amusement lay in catching and fleaing frogs, in seeing them spring about in the rage of their pains, and so leaving them to perish in unutterable anguish.

As I grew in stature, I grew also in the strength of my malignity. Evil became my good. My enjoyments lay

lay in the loss, damage, and detriment of others. I conceived a kind of envious hate against those that had done me a benefit. I requited open friendship with hidden malevolence; and I cannot remember that ever I felt a sense of any thing that goes by the name of gratitude, humanity, or virtue.

I usually carried about me a walking stick or cane, in the hollow part of which an iron spike was contained, which I could cause to spring forth with a shake of my arm, and again return to its case at pleasure. With this, as I strolled the fields, which I often did for the purpose, I stabbed the cattle of the neighbours in the belly or fundament, and chuckled to see them leap, and kick, and plunge about in their agonies. In short, I drew to my comfort from the miseries that I inflicted on other creatures; and had the elements been at my controul, nothing but pest and hurricane, distemper, and lingering death, should have arisen and prevailed throughout the state of nature.

At college I got acquainted with one Clement, a gentle tempered, but weak lad, of whom I made a property. And I prevailed upon him to turn away several of his servants, under colour of their having stolen the cash, books, and other effects, of which I had secretly plundered him.

At length I had private intelligence that my father had been pilloried for forgery; that he had died of the bruises which he received on the execution of his sentence; and that his effects had been seized by a variety of claimants. Whereupon, without taking any notice of my father or family, I made my shortest way to London, with all that I could borrow or lay a light hand upon among my acquaintance.

The first thing I did on my arrival, was to wait upon old Clement, the father of my friend, with a forged draught upon him for a hundred pounds; on the sight of which, he so fretted, and exclaimed, and walked about in such perturbation, that I greatly feared I had over-shot my mark. At length however, he laid me down the money, but catching up a book, swore that it was the last penny his son should receive from him for six months to come.

He

He then began to question me touching the character of the young gentleman, and, under colour of praising him for articles to which I perceived the old man had an aversion, I exasperated him to such a degree, that he again swore he would hold no further correspondence with him, until he should be fully assured of his reformation.

Having thus effectually cut off all commerce between my friend and his father; I cast aside my fears of being suddenly brought to account for my late acquisition. I was even so daring as to take lodgings the very next door, where I got in league with a young woman of a most seducing face and person, but whose profligacy of manners was artfully covered by the most artless appearance of shamefaced innocence that ever graced any actress on any stage.

She did not attempt however, to impose upon me, for kindred minds like ours instantly saw into each other; and we soon concerted a plan for her marrying goodman Clement, and dividing the spoils of the old miser between us.

This we easily brought about, and never was man so happy in being so imposed upon, while I shared with him in the possession of his purse and his bride.

In the mean time, as I had promised to procure him intelligence concerning his son, I produced several forged letters from pretended correspondents in Cambridge, containing such accounts of the gallantries and other extravagancies of young Clement, as wholly alienated his father's affections from him, and he sent him a final note, whereby he discarded him from his fortune for ever.

About two years thus passed in the full enjoyment of all that could glut flesh and blood; though, in order to ingratiate myself with the old man, I appeared to him the most frugal and abstemious of mankind. But one night, while Mrs. Clement and I sat together, indulging ourselves in the hope that the good man had been knocked on the head, he was brought to us in a chair, pale and wounded, and told us that he should have been certainly murdered, had he not, by the most wonderful providence, met with his son, who bravely knocked down the robber and happily delivered him  
and



and that he had given him what cash he had about him, with a note for five hundred pounds on his banker.

All in a panic, and thunderstruck as I was by this news, I yet pretended to congratulate him on the return of his son to duty, but advised him to bed directly for the recovery of his health and spirits.

The remainder of the night I walked about, agonizing, and racking my brain for some expedient to divert the instant ruin that impended; when a sudden thought started, and at dawn of day I went to an agent who had done several jobs for me of no very laudable tendency.

When I had given him his lesson, and put twenty guineas into his hand, he hastily went and desired to see Mr. Clement on business of great consequence, when, falling on his knees, he confessed with apparent penitence, that he was the person who had wounded him the foregoing night; that he did not intend to hurt him so much, but that young Mr. Clement had hired him for the purpose, and lay in wait hard by, in order that he might appear to come in to his rescue.

This tale the old man swallowed as a greedy fish swallows the bait that at the same time conveys the barb into his bowels. He thereupon had me called to him in a hurry, told me what he had discovered, and gave me an order to stop payment of the five hundred pounds, with a hasty note to be left at the banker's for his son.

On the way I recollected an advertisement in the public papers, that offered a large reward for the caption of one Arabella Clement, who had been guilty of the murder of the late lord Stivers; and it instantly occurred to me that she was probably the wife of my quondam friend and patron. Wherefore as soon as I had dispatched my business at the banker's, I ran and collected a number of constables, and waited with them aloof till I saw the object, whom I dreaded and detested above plague and poison, enter and return discontented at the disappointment I had prepared for him. We then dogged him at a distance till we saw him safe lodged, and following softly up stairs, we demanded a woman who stood before us, for our prisoner.

Young Clement then all enraged, exerted himself with wonderful action and intrepidity. With one stroke of a poker he tore off my right ear, and cleft my shoulder to the bone; then drove us all down stairs, though several shot were fired at him.

What happened to him afterwards I know only from report, for I lay ill of my wounds for several months, and on my recovery could learn no tidings concerning him.

In the mean space my continual fears of his appearance made my life extremely miserable. My paramour and I had often thoughts and consultations touching the expediency of making away with the old gentleman; but it occurred to us that young Clement might still be alive, and on the death of his father might bring us to a severe account for his substance.

At length about six weeks ago, as I returned from transacting an affair at St. Alban's, I met, and instantly recognized my old enemy, walking with a young gentleman, about a mile from this town. Immediately I stopped, and pulling my hat over my eyes, pray gentlemen, said I, am I on the right road to London? For I have travelled far, and fear I may have gone astray. You are on the direct road, said the lad, but if you choose to stop short, you are heartily welcome to a lodging with us for the night. Why gentlemen, said I, do you live in yonder town? We do, said Clement. In that answer I had all the intelligence I desired, and away I spurred.

From that time scarce a day passed wherein I did not take an airing on the same road, still expecting and panting to meet my adversary. I rode armed, with one case of pistols before me, and another in my pockets; and I determined, though I should meet Clement in the midst of a hundred men, to shoot him directly through the head, and trust to the speed of my horse for my escape. But this day, as I returned near the farther end of the town, a white goat, pursued by a dog, rushed suddenly through a hedge, whereupon my horse plunged, and one of the pistols that was ready cocked in my waistcoat pocket went off, and reduced me to the condition in which you behold me.

His

His last words were scarce intelligible. He was seized with convulsions and lay speechless near two hours. At length old Clement arrived; his servants helped him out of his coach; I met him in the hall, and led him into the parlour.

There, being both seated, I succinctly gave him the heads of Saint Belial's history. When looking earnestly at me, You appear, Sir, said he, to be much of the gentleman, but if you were an angel, I would credit nothing against the honesty of that good young man; and least of all to the prejudice of the dear young innocent that I have married. I confess that I was somewhat piqued at this sudden rebuff, but suppressing the tendency that I had to resentment, I wish, said I, you had come time enough to be present at the unhappy man's confession, but it may yet please God to open your eyes to your own wrongs before he expires. So saying, I conducted him to the room where the wretch lay, to all appearance, insensible. I then recollected an approved elixir that I had in my closet, and sending for it, I infused a tea spoonful, drop by drop, into his mouth,

In a quarter of an hour he came perfectly to his senses, and turning his languid eyes toward the old man, You are come then, said he, to hear my dying words. I forged the note for which you gave me a hundred pounds. I forged all the letters that you received to your son's prejudice. I was the father of the child which the strumpet with whom you live brought into the world. She is not your wife. She is wife to Caleb Cable the boatswain, who lives by the Monument. He has got hundreds of your money for keeping counsel. It was, in truth, your son who rescued you from the hands of the robber. I forged the tale, and bribed the man who deceived you in that matter. Often as you lay in bed, Moll Cable has urged me to dispatch you before morning. Had I murdered your son, as I long since intended, you should not have survived him four and twenty hours.

Here, turning his eager and ghastly visage upon me, O Sir, said he, is there, is there for certain, a judgment to come? Alas! I answered, death, judgment, heaven and hell, are the four capital things of which

the universe affords the highest and deepest assurance. O then, he cried, I am going, down! down! down!

This he spoke with all the visible horrors and despair conceivable in Judas, when just fixing the rope to his neck, and lapsing into his last agonies, he soon expired. All pale and astonished, the old gentleman sat silent, and panting; and seeing he was about to faint, I ordered some drops and water, with a bottle of wine, while I supported him from falling. When he was somewhat restored, and had recovered his speech, he laid hold on my hand and said, I beg your pardon, Sir; I would do it if I were able, upon my knees. But who could have thought this?—I wish that I had indeed been murdered.—I would that I had died, before I was thus undeceived in the only objects of my love.—Alas, Sir, I have now no relation, no kindred, no friend except yourself upon earth. All others are equally plunderers and murderers in my eyes.—These words were interrupted by a flood of tears.

Having consoled him in the kindest manner I could, word was brought that dinner was served, and I led him partly by constraint to the table; but whispered private orders that Arabella and her Tommy should not appear, for Clement stayed to dine with his friend Vindex.

After he had dined, and drank three glasses of wine, which was all I could force upon him, I remonstrated the expediency of his immediate return to secure his effects, lest all should be spirited away upon any intimation of the present accident. Ah, Sir, said he, I shall scarce, I fear, be able to bear the sight of a place in which I so long thought myself so happy; but if you will be so gracious as to accompany me, I will venture. I will, said I, on condition that you engage to return and sleep here this night. Early in the afternoon we arrived at his house, in my coach, attended by his two servants and four of mine, well armed. As we entered the parlour, his supposed wife rose in an alarm that she evidently endeavoured to suppress. What is the matter, love? said she, advancing; for what did Saint Belial send to you? It became him much better to have attended on you, methinks. I fear my love is sadly tired; but pray, what did he want with

with you? To tell me, answered old Clement, that he was a dying man, that I was a dupe and cuckold, and that you was a strumpet.

O fye, lovee, said she, those are very naughty names; but you cannot be in earnest. Step, said he, and enquire of Caleb Cable, the boatswain; tell him, at the same time that I cannot afford to maintain his wife any longer, and that he has seen the very last of his hush money. Ah, Polly, Polly, he continued, meltingly, all this I could almost away with; but murder is a frightful thing; who could think that my Polly would murder her old man!

O then, she cried, I see that the villain has betrayed me. I see that I am undone. My youth and beauty cast away, my arts and time spent in vain! Why, you doating, drivelling wretch, your fortune was little enough to compensate the pains I took in disguising my aversion to you. But you shall not live to triumph in my disappointment.

So saying, she sprung forward, and, grasping his neck in both her hands, he instantly grew black in the face, his eyes rolled, his jaws expanded, and he must have expired on the spot, but I stepped hastily to her, and seizing both her wrists, I gave them a sudden wrench, whereupon she loosed her hold, shouting out that her arms were broke, and throwing herself, groaning, into a chair, she called for instant perdition on me, the crazy dotard, herself, and all the world.

In the mean time, the old gentleman had sunk panting to the floor; but, raising him gently, I placed him on a large sofa, where he began to respire with freedom. I then sent for a constable, and giving our heroine into his hands, I desired him to provide her with a decent room and suitable accommodations, and not to admit any company, except her servant, till further orders. Ah, away with her, away with her, at any rate! exclaimed the old man, she has the looks of a very gorgon, and every hair of her head is turned into a frightful serpent.

As soon as she was gone, I called her principal maid, and, putting a few pieces into her hand, I desired her to follow her mistress, and to serve her with care and tenderness, and further to intimate to her, that when

he gave any proofs of repentance and reformation, she should yet be humanely and generously provided for. Having thus far settled matters, I gave commission to James and Andrew, with a male domestic in whom the old man confided, to remain and take care of the house and effects; and, taking the keys of the cabinet with us, we set off on our return to Hampstead.

On the way Mr. Clement grew deeply dejected and sighing said, O, Sir, how strong, how very strongly is the desire of society impressed on the human heart; when even in the absence of robbers and murderers, I feel a want and disconsolation that I cannot express. I have now no relation, no friend but yourself, no kindred or connection with any other upon earth. To you, indeed, I owe my life, and all else that I am worth; and, if you will not chase me from you, if you will allow me to remain with you, you shall be all the world to me, the heir and sole possessor of all that I possess.

But, have you not a son? I cannot think I have, said he, it is now above eight years since I set eyes on my dear Hammel, the precious pearl whom, in my dotage, I madly cast away. But, were he still living, after what is past, I could never more have the courage to look him in the face. A cruel and a false pelican have I proved to my little one; instead of fostering him with my vitals, I have withheld and torn from him even the common means of life. Do you know none of your name, said I, who may claim your substance under colour of being of your blood? Not any, Sir; my father was a foreigner, and I never heard of any other of the name in this nation. There is one of your name, said I, who lives in our town. But then, he is in flowing circumstances, quite above the desire of increasing his fortune by base or low means. He is my most intimate friend, a very accomplished gentleman, and has one of the finest women to wife, and two of the loveliest children that I have seen. If you please I will invite and introduce them to you, to-night, or to-morrow.

On our arrival, I left o'd Clement awhile in the parlour, while I stepped to give private directions respecting the conduct of your tutor, Harry, and the interview

interview which I proposed between him and his father. Sir, said I, as I returned, I have taken the liberty to invite your namesakes to sup with you. They are a very amiable family, and I hope their company and acquaintance will prove a matter of consolation, perhaps a blessing to you. Ah, he cried, my claims are of a very different nature; I have no right to blessings or consolations of any kind. Some time before supper, a rapping was heard, and Arabella entered, leading in a little daughter of about four years old, and followed by her son Tommy, all elegantly dressed. Madam, said I, this is a namesake of yours, my worthy friend Mr. Clement, pray let me have the pleasure of introducing you to each other.

When they were both seated, the old gentleman took out his perspective, and, peering at her for some time, Ah, he cried, what lovely faces there are in the world! But all have not proved lovely throughout like you, Madam.

He then called Tommy to him, and taking him by both hands, and bringing him forward between his knees, what is your name, my dear? says he. Thomas Clement, Sir, so please you. I would it were Bartholomew, replied the old gentleman; but names signify nothing, you are a sweet little fellow, and perhaps may be something the better for my death. I would not wish your death, Sir, said Tommy, for all that I could get by you. O, how heavenly, exclaimed the old man, how heavenly is the simplicity and disinterestedness of infants!

He next requested Arabella to spare her little daughter to him, for a minute; and she accordingly took and led her to him: when fondly caressing her, and seating her on his knee, Could you find in your heart, says he, to love such an ugly old Thing as I am? Yes, *me* could, says she, and *me* has got some comfits for you in my pocket. Whereupon she produced a little paper, and, unfolding it, presented him with some candied seeds and almonds. O my God! cried the old man, what a heaven should I yet enjoy upon earth, could I but purchase the society of these dear infants!—I heard him with a moistening eye, and rejoiced in the ripening fruits of my little project.

Pray,

Pray, Madam, said I, what is become of our good friend your husband, are we not to have the happiness of his company to-night? Sir, says she, he was engaged on indispensable business at the time, but will certainly attend you before supper. She had scarce spoke when a second rapping was heard, and in came our Hammel, not in gay but costly apparel, as I had appointed.

On introducing the son to his venerable father, they respectfully saluted each other as utter strangers; for our present Hammel was more different from the meager and threadbare Hammel that his father had last seen, than Pharaoh's fat kine could be from his lean ones. During supper and after, I purposely threw out occasional topics, and gave several opens wherein I knew that Hammel could shine; and he accordingly made use of them with great spirit and advantage.

His father gazed at him with a respectful admiration, and at length exclaimed, You are an ornament, an honour, Sir, to your name, to your lineage, and the country wherein you were born. But pray of what family? Alas, Sir, you add stings to the recollection of my faults this day. I once had a son, a son who in a humble degree, might now have resembled yourself; but my unkindness must long since have broken his gentle heart. My child saved me from murderers, and I in return was the murderer of my child. O, Hammel, my Hammel, my son, my son Hammel, would to God I had died before I had wronged thee! Would to God that I had died for thee, O Hammel, my son, my son!

His last words were broken and nearly suppressed by a gush of tears, when the tender hearted Hammel turned an eye upon me and cried, O, Sir, we have gone too far!—Then hastily advancing, he threw himself at the knees of his father. I am here, Sir, he cried, your Hammel, your own Hammel, in all duty and affection, submissive and prostrate before you. You my Hammel! are you my Hammel? asked the old man. Ah, had you but his famished face and his tattered garment, I would take you to my arms, to my heart, into my vitals.

O, my



O, my father, cried Hammel, look not so strange and wild upon me! I am indeed your child, once the darling of your heart, whom you fostered so tenderly, and nurtured at school and at college; the true son of your true wife; look upon me, my father. You often told me that I was her picture; do you not see the very features of my dear mother in my face?

Yes, yes, I think I do.—But then I have been mightily imposed upon of late. I would you were leaner and worse clad, my child: however, if you come in the name of my son, I also will kneel down, and crave his pardon and your pardon. Here the old gentleman sunk down upon his knees, and poor Hammel starting up at the same instant, cried aloud, Alas, Sir, he is beside himself, and I too shall go distracted.

I then was grieved at heart for the stratagem I had made use of, to connect this worthy family the more endearingly together; and coming soothingly to him, and raising him in my arms, I replaced him in his seat, and said, Believe me, trust me, my dear Mr. Clement; this is your true child, your only child, your true Hammel. He has lived with me many years. I can prove him to be your's by a thousand witnesses, by those who can witness what he has suffered on account of being your son.

Well, well, well, said he whisperingly, it does not signify much; for I have another one coming; my Porly is now in the ninth week of her reckoning. Ah, but that Saint Belial, who knows but the child may be an imp of his begetting? A cursed couple they are, I am sure, she a succubus, and he the devil himself incarnate—I hope they did not hear me—shut the door!—O, there they are!—Save me, save me!—they come upon me!—My throat, they gripe my throat!—My breath, my breath!—Oh.—Here he swooned. But, on taking a little blood, he became to himself. So I ordered all to be kept quiet about him; and getting him to bed, he swallowed a soporific draught, slept soundly till morning, and awoke in his perfect senses.

I then went to bid him good morrow, and took a chair by his bedside.—That was a mighty agreeable family,

family, said he, who supped with you last night, Sir. The very worthiest, I replied, that I know upon earth.—You called them Clement, I think.—That is their name, Sir.—Pray did they go home?—No, they are here still. At times we make but one family and one household. While I spoke, I was surprized to see Clement enter, dressed in the same shabby clothes in which we first found him, Harry. And the old gentleman, turning his head to the door, started up in his bed, and cried, If I am a living man, that is surely my Hammel, my very son Hammel!

On hearing this poor Clement leaped hastily forward, and, falling by the bed, seized one of his father's hands, repeatedly kissed it, and wept upon it. You are restored to me then, he cried, my father, my father! God be praised, God be praised! You are restored to me entire, I trust, with all that paternal fondness which once was the blessing and the treasure that I prized above the world. No Hammy, said the old man, I will not deceive you, I cannot love you as I once loved you, because you can never forgive me. If you could forgive me, Hammy, I would love you with a double love, a love passing the love of fathers.

O, my father! exclaimed Hammel, this one happy moment of reconciliation, amply outweighs all sufferings. Permit me then, my dearest father, to introduce those to you who have an equal right to your blessing. So saying, off he went, and brought in Arabella, with her attending children; and all the four kneeled down by the side of the old man. O, my God! he cried out, thou art too bountiful, too gracious, thou oppresshest, thou crushest me to nothing with this exceeding weight of thy benefits! I was a withered and a blasted branch, and thou hast caused me, like Aaron's rod, to bud and blossom anew, and to bear these blessed fruits, I trust, to thy glory.

When breakfast was laid, and the old gentleman dressed, I sent up for him, and when we were seated, Clement entered with his family, all elegantly dressed, as on the preceding night. Hammel, said I, how came you by that disguise which you put on this morning? You looked so unlike yourself you almost frightened me.—Do you not remember that dress, Sir?—How should

should I remember what I never saw before?—O, you did see them before, Sir, those were the weeds I wore when you saved me and mine from famishing; and I have ever since preserved, and shall ever preserve them, as the precious memorial of my obligations to you. What, exclaimed the old gentleman, my life, and your life? Has he saved your life also, my son? Yes Sir, cried the grateful creature, all who are alive here, live only by—Here while I put one hand to the mouth of my friend, his venerable father seized hold of the other, and bending one knee, he pressed it to his lips in a silence that passed all possible utterance.

But pray, Mr. Clement, said I, to turn aside the subject, what do you propose to do with Mrs. Cable? You know that in case of penitence I promised to have her taken care of. To be sure, Sir, said he, I will make good all your engagements, and will further do whatever she desires, on condition of her residing in a different kingdom; for I would not for the world that she should come within the reach of me, by fifty leagues at least, unless you were always to be with me for a safeguard.

I laughed; when immediately Mrs. Cable's maid entered all in a heat, with a frightened countenance. So my good girl, said I, how is your mistress to-day? Ah, Sir! she cried, I have but a very sad account to give you of my commission. My mistress is dead, and I doubt that I myself have been ignorantly her murderer.

Soon after she was shewn to her apartment, Hetty, says she, I find myself growing very sick, pray step and bring me the little bottle of cordial, that you will find standing in such a corner of my closet. I did as I was ordered, and returning in all haste, I presented her with the bottle. When looking mournfully at it, and giving a heavy sigh, Ah, she cried, this is the right cordial, this will do the business; then calling for a wine glass, she filled and drank it off.

In a little while after, she complained of being drowsy, whereupon I undressed and helped her to bed, and lighting a candle, I sat down to watch beside her. For a time she appeared to sleep quite sound and easy, but again began to moan and toss the clothes. In a  
while

while after, however, she seemed quite composed. But, toward the dead of night, not hearing her breathe, I held up the candle, and saw that her fine face was livid and ghastly, and her skin all discoloured.

I then thought that I myself should have dropped dead on the spot. I gave a great shriek, and, I believe, continued shrieking till the keeper and a servant maid came in. So, Sir, if your honour is pleased to think that the blame of this matter belongs to me, I am come to deliver myself up to justice.

No my girl, said I, you are not at all suspected. I do not perceive any interest that you could possibly have in this melancholy event. No, Sir, said old Clement, I can answer for her innocence; she is but a late comer, she was particularly careful of me, and, I dare say, knew nothing of the ill designs of her mistress. And so Hetty, I will recommend you to a better mistress, Hetty, an angel of a mistress, even to my own dearest daughter, who sits blushing before you there.

That night, after the inquest of the coroners, Mrs. Cable was secretly buried in the fields, and my servants interred her confederate on the high road; for I did not choose to have the sacred ceremony of our church profaned over a reprobate, who rejected the hope of a blessed resurrection.

The day before I set forward, our kind hearted Clement earnestly petitioned to accompany me, and urged his impatience to embrace you, my Harry; but this I peremptorily refused, as I was sensible that his own affairs demanded his presence. So I came away alone, yet attended by the tears and good wishes of the happiest family that is, I think, within his Majesty's dominions.

My dearest brother, said the earl, the latter part of your story is exceedingly pleasing, and yet scarce makes amends or the horrors that preceded. My flesh, as well as my spirit, still shudder at the character of that accursed Belial. I did not think that such a malignity of disposition could be generated in the bottom of hell itself. And yet, my lord, I am persuaded, said Mr. Clinton, that should it please God, at this instant, to withdraw from me the influence of  
his

his Holy Spirit, I should become altogether as evil as Belial himself.

I cannot think so, my brother, replied the earl, you would still continue a rational and free creature. There is certainly a distinction in the nature of things; there is the beautiful and deformed, the amiable and detestable; your judgment would approve the one, and reject the other; and your freedom of agency would act conformably to your election.

Ah, my lord! cried Mr. Clinton, what beauty, what amiableness, what freedom is this that you speak of? Have you found out another universe, or another deity beside him in whom our life subsists? Are there any things in nature, save the things of our God? Or what beauty or amiableness can they possibly exhibit, save what they derive from him; save some manifestation or impression of his own beauty or amiableness? To make this matter clear, let us go somewhat deeper, quite back, if you please, my lord, to the very birth of things.

Throughout nature, we find that God can impart to his creatures a being, an intelligence, a consciousness, a force or action, a will, and a freedom, distinct from himself, and distinct from each other; and this is the utmost extent of created nature, whether respecting the powers that are in hell or in heaven.

Now all these powers, although distinct from God, are infinitely far from being independent of him. For he will not, he *cannot* depart from his supremacy, or that universality of essence: By and in him alone all essences subsist. He can indeed, impart the forementioned powers to any limited degree that he pleases; but then, in their highest degree of life, or sagacity, force, action, or freedom, you will perceive, on the slightest reflection, that there is nothing of the *beautiful* or *amiable*, but that they may be equally exercised to evil, or good purposes, according to the disposition of the agent.

I have already specified the many great and wonderful powers that God can impart to his creatures, distinctly, though not independently, from himself. But there is one power, one quality, which God cannot create; which, with all his omnipotence, he cannot

possibly impart, in any kind of distinction from himself; and this Quality is called GOODNESS. And now, in order to convince you of this most important of all truths, a truth upon which, time, eternity, and the universe all turn, as on their axis, it may be necessary to enquire what GOODNESS is.

GOODNESS is various and infinite in its kinds and degrees. It is so indeed, for it is at once, ONE and MANY. It springs forth from our God, as the living fountain in Paradise, that thence divided itself into rivers and numberless streams, to water and replenish the whole earth. All those streams however, were but so many portions of the one variously blessing fountain, and that fountain is LOVE. There is no species of conceivable virtue, that is not reducible under the standard of this their great leader, and all-generating parent, called LOVE.

Here lies the great and impassible gulf, between God and his productions, between the creature and the Creator. The will of God is an eternal LOVE toward his creatures, and goes forth in blessings upon them, as wide and universal as his own existence. But the will of the creature is limited like its essence. While it is distinct from the will of God, it cannot possibly act beyond or out of itself; it cannot possibly feel for any thing except itself; it cannot wish any welfare except its own welfare, and this it endeavours to compass by all its powers.

From this distinct, selfish, and craving will of the creature springs every possible evil, whether natural or moral. From the preference of itself to others, ariseth pride. From its grasping at all advantages to itself, ariseth envy. Pride, covetousness, and envy, beget hatred, wrath, and contention, with every species of malignity; and the disappointment of these passions produces all rancour and misery; and altogether they constitute the whole nature of hell itself in the soul.

But, when God is pleased to inform the will of the creature, with a measure of his own benign will, it moves sweetly forth in affection to others. He speaks peace to the storm of rending passions, and a delightful dawning arises on the spirit. And thus, on the final

final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the WILL OF GOOD TO ALL, our Jesus will take all our hearts, he will tune them, as so many instruments, to the song of his own sentiments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, and the goodness of our God, become the wisdom, might, and goodness of all his intelligent creatures. The happiness of each shall overflow in the participation of the happiness of all. The universe shall sound with the song of congratulation, and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah, of praise transcending praise, and glory transcending glory, to God and the Lamb.

Hasten, hasten that blessed period, great God, we beseech thee! exclaimed the earl. But, tell me, my heavenly brother, for it is surely in Heaven that you hold your conversation, is there no distinction, no preference, in matter of goodness, between creature and creature, between man and man?

Your question, my dear lord, is very deep, said Mr. Clinton, and leads to greater depths than I would choose to disclose before our Harry yet. I will however attempt, in few and simple words, to give you some satisfaction on this most interesting article. There are two capital errors, under which the world hath laboured, and still continues to labour, ever since the creation. The first is, that of ascribing to ourselves every inclination toward virtue, that we feel within us: the second is, that as free agents, we are enabled to elect and reject, merely by the act of our own will, independent of any impulse whatever. I have already shewn your lordship that every created will, independent of its God, can crave only after its own happiness. Wherefore, every created will, in such a separate state, is as an Ishmael, whose hand is against every one, and every one's hand against him.

On the other hand, I have shewn you that God, the sole fountain of all being and blessedness, can, be nothing but LOVE; and that, even in loving himself he must love his own productions, the work of his own power. What, indeed, should hinder our God from being wholly a God of LOVE? What should affect him with the slightest tincture of malignity? Could

he add to his own happiness by rousing the hateful passions within his own bosom? Purblind reason, here will say, if our God is all love, if he is a will to all happiness in his creatures, why did he suffer any evil to begin in creation? Could evil have arisen contrary to the will of Omnipotence, if Omnipotence had willed that it should not arise? Ah, my friends, no evil ever did or ever can approach the will of God; neither can he will or affect any species of evil in nature. But he can allow a temporary evil in the creature, as a travail toward its birth into the more eminent degree of that Goodness which God affects.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapse or evil, have been made duly sensible of the darkness, and dependence of their created nature, and of the distance and distinction between themselves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful consequences of falling off from him, without seeing any example, or experiencing any consequence of such a fall; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowliness, that resignation, that gratitude of burning affection which the slain will of the mortified sinner feels, when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could those endearing relations have subsisted in creation, which have since newly arisen between God and his lapsed creatures, wholly subsequent thereto; those relations, I say, of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of conversion that extracts good out of evil; if these eternal benefits could have been introduced, without the admission of evil, no lapse would ever have been.

To make this matter still clearer, if possible.—In the dark and the boundless mirror, called nature, God beheld and contemplated, from all eternity, the loveliness of his own light, and the beauty of his own ideas. He saw that, without intelligence no creature could be excellent, or formed in his likeness. But he saw also that, unless such intelligence should be ruled by his wisdom, and wholly conformable to his will, the creature could not be wise, the creature could not be happy. In the impossibility of the creature's desire of independence,



independence, God saw the possibility of moral and natural evil ; but he saw that such partial and temporary evil might be converted to the production of an infinity of good ; and he saw that, without the admission of such evil, the good that bore relation thereto could not arise.

He knew that, till the lapse of some of his creatures, his own infinite attributes could not duly be manifested, could not be duly adored in the glory of their contrast. That no creature, till then, could be duly sensible of its own fallibility, could be duly sensible that sufficiency and perfection were only in God, and that all things depended on him, as well for every quality of blessedness as of *being*.

He foresaw all the misery that would attend upon error ; but he saw also how beneficial was the sense of such error ; how it might sap the self-confidence of the creature, and engage him to cast his trust where his strength alone lay. And he the more willingly permitted the sufferings of all his fallen offspring, as the future blissful period was already present to him, when the miseries of the short parenthesis, called time, should be for ever shut up between the two eternities ; and when all his beloved and rectified creatures should enter upon the fulness of the enjoyment of their God.

From the blackness of guilt, and the cloud of pains, calamities, diseases, and deaths, God saw remorse, contrition, humility, patience, and resignation, beaming forth into new wonders of light and eternal life. He saw new relations, new connections, new endearments arise, between created good and created evil, between transgression and redemption, repentance and pardon ; and he joyed, in calling his loved offspring from error to rectitude, from lowliness to exaltation, from death into life, from time to eternity, and from transitory afflictions into ever enduring and ever increasing blessedness.

God foresaw, in future worlds of new and wonderful construction, the frailty and lapse of his favourite family of man. He saw him sink into the inclemency of outward elements, and into the inward darkness of his distinct and limited nature : externally besieged and

tempted by lying offers of enjoyment, and internally rent by disappointed desires and malignant passions. But he had provided a redemption of such stupendous potency, as would not suffer the perverse creature to tear itself out of the arms of his affection. He had provided a Seed, in the SON OF HIS LOVE, that should take root in man's world of inward and outward evil, that should grow as a fragrant flower through corruption, into the freedom, the light, and the purity of heaven; that should reprove his unrighteousness, that should convict him of wickedness, that should convince him of weakness, and soften him into sorrow for his own transgressions; that should melt him into a sense of the calamity of others; that should diffuse as a dawning light through his dark nature, subduing his pride, assuaging his passions; calling him forth into the expansion of benevolence, into all the charities and amities, the feelings and offices of the human heart *thus made divine*; and lastly, maturing in him a different nature; that God may be in all men the ONE WILL TO THE ONE GOODNESS, thereby uniting all men, as one man, in their God. For deep, indeed, are all his counsels; and all the mazes of his providence will finally unwind themselves in the rectitude and fullness of the wisdom of his love.

That a creature, inexperienced or newly brought into being, should fall by attempting something through its *own* will, and the presumption of its *own* power, does not appear to have any thing wonderful in it; but that a creature, fallen into the misery and depravity of a second and base nature, should rise again superior to its original goodness and glory, this is the work produced in time, that will be matter of amazement throughout eternity.

That man, I say, fallen into a body of mortal flesh, fallen into an evil nature; fallen into circling elements of hostility, distemperance and dissolution to his frame; that man, thus degraded, thus oppressed and assaulted from within and from without, should yet advance and proceed through his course of appointed warfare, denying his own appetites, pulling down his own pride, combating sufferings with patience, subduing injuries

injuries with love, delighting to labour under the hinder part of that cross which Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear; conquering, rising, triumphing over desires, disappointments, tribulations, languor, sickness, and death; and all this, without any violation of that principle of liberty which his ETERNALLY FREE PROGENITOR imparted unto him; this indeed is a wonder to Cherubim and Seraphim, and, from eternity to eternity the GREATEST WORK of God.

Here, Brother, said the earl, you expressly acknowledge that man is a free agent. I acknowledge, answered Mr. Clinton, that man has a principle of liberty within him, a power of turning, or, at least, of leaving his will, to the impulse of good on the one hand, or of evil on the other; he could not otherwise be accountable; and this brings me directly to your lordship's question respecting the distinction in point of merit between man and man. KNOW THYSELF, was the wisest of all the laws in the ancient schools; for the most useful of all studies to man, is that of man.

MAN has been represented, by the boastings of pagan philosophy, as equal in many respects, and in some articles superior to the Godhead. They define him a rational and lordly intelligence, sole dictator to his own actions, controulor of his own passions, and of powers, virtues, and faculties wholly free and independent. But what says nature on this head?

Man goes out of this world, even as he comes into it, quite passive and without his own consent. From the womb to the time of his maturing in reason, and even till some degree of power is awakened in him toward governing his appetites and resisting his inclinations, he is as merely a sensual and servile machine as any inferior animal. His pulses beat, his blood circulates, and all the offices of respiration, secretion, and perspiration are performed alike, awake as asleep, without any more attention or care on his part, than if he had no interest therein.

In the mean time, he is begirt by outward objects, and outward elements, which hold an intimate correspondence with his flesh, with all his organs, and his animal life; exciting in him a variety of appetites and desires,

desires, which he can no more resist than a twig can swim against a torrent; insomuch, that were this the whole of the man, with respect to his appetites, he would of necessity be a brute, and with respect to his passions, he would of necessity be a devil.

Thus far, my lord, you see that man is wholly acted upon, and does nothing but as he is impelled thereto; and were there no other agent to act upon him on the opposite part, had he no present friend to combat with and controul the evil propensities of his nature, he would be as totally a slave to his carnal and diabolical lusts, as the rower in a galley is to the bench whereon he is chained.

But, blessed be our all-creating, all-redceming, and all-loving Friend; who is ever-present, and does not leave our impotence destitute of his-help; who, in the center of our old Adam, implants a divine seed; even the renewed image of himself in our souls. It is this infant resemblance of himself in our essence, which God always cherishes, which he elects, which he pursues, which he calls upon by the word of the Son of his Love, which he informs with the breath of his holy Spirit, whispering into it the still voice of his own beatifying affections.

Now, though these two principles are so intimately united in us, that very few observe any distinction between them, yet no two things can be more opposite than they are to each other, both in their natures and propensities. And, accordingly, the great Apostle Paul hath specified and marked out their separate offices with the most exact precision. Reach me yonder Bible, Harry:—Here it is:—

“That which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law, that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it; but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do

do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?”

Here, my friends, you see the Apostle distinguishes most precisely, between the opposite natures of the first and the second Adam, between the outward and inward, the vitiated and regenerate, the old and the new man. The old warring against the new, and endeavouring to bring him into captivity to sin and death. Now, between these adverse offsprings of the earthly and heavenly Adams, our principle of freedom, or power of election, is placed. On the one part, we are besieged and assailed by a world of tempting objects, that hold intimate intercourse with our flesh, and impel their influences on our spirit through every organ ; while the rulers of darkness enter through the said sensual avenues, excite their diabolical passions within us, and try to open a kingdom of their own in our soul.

On the contrary part, our heavenly Father is graciously pleased to act upon us, through that divine nature which he implants in our essence. He attracts us strongly, though not forcibly ; and he sheds into us feelings and affections, to which flesh and blood is wholly an alien.

Here then, when the will turns away from divine influence, and delivers itself up to the operations of the evil agents, the whole man becomes a prisoner in the regions of darkness and shadow of death, and nothing but intense sufferings can awake him to a sense of the error and folly of his pursuits, and of the loss and horror of the state in which he lies.

But, when the will yields itself to the gracious influence of God's blessed Spirit, God opens himself unto it, and attracts it still more powerfully, till he gradually delivers it from the slavery of *sense*, of *sin*, and of *self*, into the perfect freedom of a willing service to goodness.

Above all, when the will is assaulted by violent, pressing, and permanent temptations; if yet, with the assistance of supporting grace, it strives and struggles to maintain the fight, and to tear itself away from the custody of evil, though tortured in the strife, and pierced, even to the dividing of the bone from the marrow: then is the scripture fulfilled that says, "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force; then is our *Jesus* in the *highest height* of his throne and dominion; then does he deem all his sufferings over-paid; and he will himself be the champion in the will of such a champion, and he will fight the good fight, and run the good course, and hold fast the good faith both in him and for him, and he will impute the whole of his conquests to the willing instrument of his operations, and will crown him with the crown of his own glory.

Here then, my honoured brother, you have your question fully answered touching the difference, in point of merit, between man and man; since no creature can have any merit, save so far as he opens his will to the impressions of the goodness of God upon his spirit.

What! you will say, is this the utmost merit that the best of men can boast, that of barely yielding his will to the influence of the Spirit of goodness?—It is, indeed, my lord, the very whole of the merit that any creature can have, the very utmost that he can do toward co-operating with his God, and conducting, in any degree, to his own salvation.

O, that all men! that all men had this merit, my friends! that all would open the gates of their everlasting souls, and humbly and earnestly petition the King of Glory to come in. This would lead to ever-during and ever-encreasing merit; for our God would then impute his own merits unto us, not by an outward, but inward imputation, even the feeling sense, and participation of his nature, within us. We should become good in his goodness, wise in his wisdom, and strong in his omnipotence. By resigning to him our dark, empty, hungry, and uncomfortable creature; we should gain in lieu thereof, the plenitude of the rich

rich and illuminating Creator. The fulness of all delight would become our portion, and the proprietor of the universe would be our property and possession.

Here Mr. Clinton paused, and his auditors continued in a kind of respectful musing. At length the earl exclaimed, Never, never more, my brother, will I debate or question with you, further than asking your advice or opinion. Our dear Meekly, here, and I, have had some former converse on a few of these deep subjects, and I received much satisfaction and instruction from him, but he was not quite so explicit as you have been. Ah, my lord, cried Meekly, were I as intimate with the Fountain of all knowledge, as your precious brother is, you would not then have perplexed me in the conversation we last held on those heads.

On the following day at breakfast, Mr. Meekly took out his pocket-book, and produced bank bills to the amount of something upward of five thousand pounds. He then presented them to Mr. Clinton, and said, here, Sir, is a little matter toward repayment of the loan I had from you in Holland. I bless, I bless my God, that he has enabled me thus far to approve myself an honest man; but above all, I bless him for giving me once more a sight of the gracious countenance of my Patron. But for you, I had miserably perished in a dungeon; to you, Sir, I owe my liberty, to you I owe my life, to you I owe the recovery of the inheritance of my fathers. With respect to such obligations I am indeed a beggared insolvent; but my heart is pleased with the thought, that the connection between us, of creditor on your part, and of debtor on mine, should remain on record to all eternity.

Here the worthy Meekly became oppressed under sensations of grateful recollection, and, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he sobbed out his passion.

In the mean time Mr. Clinton held the bills in his hand, and carelessly casting his eye over them perceived the amount. As soon as he saw that his friend's emotion had partly subsided, You have, Mr. Meekly, says he, you have been quite a gospel steward, and have returned me my own with most unlooked for usury, and I heartily pray God, in recompense of your integrity,

integrity, to give you the principality of many cities in the kingdom of his Son. But what shall I do with this money, my dear Meekly? My wealth already overflows; it is my only incumbrance. It claims my attention, indeed, as it is a trust for which I know I am strictly accountable. But I wish Providence would reclaim the whole to himself, and leave me as one of his mendicants, who daily wait on the hand that supplieth all who seek his kingdom with necessary things. For my Harry has enough, and more than enough now, in the abundance of his noble father. You must therefore keep these bills to yourself, my worthy friend; retain, or give, or dispose of them, even as it shall please you; whether as your property or as my property, it matters not sixpence; but, take them back, you must take them back, indeed, my Meekly. And so saying, he shoved them over from him on the table.

Ah, my most honoured Sir, exclaimed the repining Meekly, sure you would not serve me so: My soul is but just eased of a load that lay heavy on it for many, many years. Be not then so severe as to replace the burden upon me. It would break my very heart should you persist in refusing this little instance of acknowledgment from one of your warmest lovers.

Here Harry found himself affected and distressed for the parties, and, in order to relieve them, took the decision of the matter upon himself. Gentlemen, says he, I will, with your good pleasure, put a quick end to this dispute. I offer myself to you as your joint trustee, to be your almoner and disposer of these bills. As I was lately on my rambles through some villages near London, the jingle of a number of infant voices struck my ear, and turning and looking in at the window of a long cottage, I perceived about thirty little girls, neatly dressed in a kind of uniform, and all very busily and variously employed in hackling, carding, knitting, or spinning, or in sewing at their samplers, or learning their letters, and so forth.

The adjoining house contained about an equal number of boys, most of whom were occupied in learning the rudiments of the several handy-craft trades, while the



the rest were busied in cultivating a back field, intended as a garden for these two young families. I was so pleased with what I saw, that I gave the masters and mistresses some small matter; and I resolved, within myself, if ever I should be able, to gather together a little family of my own for the like purposes. Now, gentlemen, here comes Mr. Meekly's money quite in season for saving just so much of my own. But since I am grown suddenly rich, I think I will be generous for once, and add as much more out of my proper stock. I shall also make so free as to draw on my uncle there for the like sum; and these added together will make a pretty beginning of my little project. As to my poor father here, he has nothing to spare, for he has already lavished all his wealth on his naughty boy.

My lord and the company laughed heartily at Harry's pleasantry.—But hearkee, honest friend, added the earl, you must not think to expose me, by leaving me out of your scheme; cannot you lend me as much, Harry, as will answer my quota? Yes, my lord, said Harry, upon proper securities I think I may venture. You are a rogue, and my treasure, and my honour, cried the earl, turning and bending fondly toward him, while Harry's eyes began to swim with pleasure, and casting himself into his father's bosom, he there hid the tears of his swelling delight; Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly sitting silently wrapt in the enjoyment of the tender scene.

But it soon became too oppressive for Harry's sensibility. He arose from his father's bosom, retired into the garden to give vent to his passions, and recover his spirits in the open air.

After some minutes spent in this speechless rapture, I believe, Sir, said Meekly to Mr. Clinton, that there is not such a boy as your nephew, no, not in the whole universe; every look and accent, every motion, fibre, and member, so wonderfully answering to the meekness and modesty, the honour, the gallantry, and intrepidity of his spirit. He shrinks from praise, he is ashamed before it; and yet his words sink as balm on the heart, and his actions compel people to affront him with rejected honours wherever he goes. While I look on his

lovely and lowly countenance, and inwardly embrace him, I secretly say to myself, you are a proof, my Harry, that the lower the roots of humility strike, the more the exalted branches ascend. I attend, I study him, and look upon and revere him, as the most perfect copy that ever yet was taken of the omnipotent babe in the manger.

The other day, he preserved his noble father and me from being rent in pieces by a mad and foaming monster of a mastiff. But, his calmness of courage, with his quickness of action, his prowess and power on that occasion, exceeded all that I ever met with in fable. Pray, my lord, have you not yet told your brother of that wonderful incident? No, indeed, said the earl, my Harry continued with us, till within this minute, and I was cautious of offending him by mentioning the matter. For, he can scarce bear to be thanked for the charity he gives, and much less to be praised for any accomplishment. O, my brother, my brother, what do I owe you? A debt immense indeed, never, never, to be paid, for this inestimable treasure of a boy.

As the earl and his beloved guests were enjoying themselves in this blissful manner, John entered, with tidings that an embassy of a score of ladies waited at the hall-door, and were pushing before them the prettiest maiden he ever beheld, to be their spokeswoman. Immediately my lord ordered that they should be introduced, and quickly after a clatter was heard without, crying, "Indeed, indeed now Miss Aggy, you must and shall speak for us." The door was then thrown open, and a young creature entered, blushing, and panting, and followed by a group of girls, who put her forward before them.

The earl, in pain for her sweet confusion, spoke kindly to encourage her, while Harry arose and helped them round with a glass of wine. By the time that this was done, the foremost who had not yet dared to look one of them in the face, but kept her eyes bent on the ground, as though she had been ashamed of their brightness, became a little more assured.

If—if—my lord, said she, tremblingly, if your  
 • honoured—your very honourable brother is here—we  
 come

come to invite him and his company to a dance :— And we will attend you with pleasure, my little angel, cried the earl. But, pray, who are you, and where do you live?—So please you, my lord, my father's name is Abel Jessamin, and he is lately come tenant to part of your lordship's estate.—Then I will make him a present of at least a year's rent for his fair daughter's sake. Here, John, give five guineas a-piece to those pretty lasses, to buy each of them a riband. And, do you hear, bring me twenty guineas for this their ambassadrefs.—Not for the world, my lord, indeed I will not accept a farthing. My father, though poor, is very jealous of his honour, and should I take any thing from any man living, he would never suffer me to darken the light that shines in at his door.

Aggy then made a curtsy to the ground, and retreated, attended by the affectionate regards of the company. Who can this creature be, cried out the earl, so lovely, so uncommon, such a sweet distinction about her? Ah! exclaimed Mr. Clinton, what a pity it would be that such innocence should be seduced! And yet, that is most likely to be the case, said Mr. Meekly, since beauty procures its own undoing, and loveliness is the very magnet that attracts men to its destruction. Harry half suppressed a sigh, but said nothing.

The horses were now immediately ordered to be put to, and our company drove into the town, accompanied by the acclamations of hundreds upon hundreds who lined the way. As soon as they came to the market-place, the coach set them down near a spacious flooring that was raised in open air, about a foot from the ground, and surrounded with benches raised one above the other, so as to be capable of containing the great number present.

When they were shewn to the seats prepared for them, they were served with a variety of wines and cakes; for our open-hearted townsmen had spared no cost for the entertainment of their noble guests, and their neighbours; the band of music (the choicest that could be got) began to play, and the jubilee was opened in full triumph. My lord then wished, in secret, that Harry and Miss Jessamin would lead the

ball ; but, observing that his son looked something dejected, he imputed it to fatigue, and suppressed his desire. In the mean time the lads and lasses entered upon the stage, and several footed it away featly, and with all due applause.

As Harry had not yet opened his lips to the amiable Aggy, nor even presented his hand to lead her out, she declined every other hand that was offered to her. At length, as the day began to lose of its lustre, Mr. Clinton whispered to Harry, and requested the favour that he would dance.

The desire of father or uncle was instantly, to Harry, the same as the command of the grand Seignior to his slave. He arose, and walking up to Miss Aggy, took her hand with a most respectful bow, and led her out to dance a minuet, in which they both acquitted themselves with such grace, as to bring tears of delight into most of the eyes that beheld them. That night, after supper, while Harry joined with the company in a kind of constrained cheerfulness, they began to compliment him on his dancing, when Harry replied, in evident discontent, No more, no more, my friends ! indeed, I never so thoroughly despised and detested myself as I do at this instant. And so saying, he rose hastily and withdrew.

Mr. Meekly soon followed him into his chamber, and sitting down in silence, while Harry was slowly undressing, My dear young friend, says he, I grieve to see you indisposed. Indeed, Sir, said Harry, I am not quite as I wish, and yet I dare not complain. Ah, my dear boy, cried Meekly, I know your disorder perfectly well. I marked the rise and the progress, I saw the whole as it passed. Had Aggy Jessamin been indifferent to you, you would have danced and conversed as familiarly with her as with any other girl. But you dreaded your own feelings, and you dreaded, still more, that those feelings should be betrayed to the observation of others. I know Aggy Jessamin and her father ; she is indeed very lovely and very deserving ; but yet she is no mate for you, my Harry.

Ah, Sir, cried Harry, since you have already seen so far into my soul, I think I had better open my whole bosom to you. You will look down upon me, to be sure,

sure, you will hold me in the utmost contempt; but, no matter for that, so you promise not to love me the less. I own to you Mr. Meekly, that I love Aggy Jeffamin; my heart also tells me that I shall always love her. What then must be the consequence of my unhappy affection? Neither my father nor uncle will ever approve of our union; and I would rather pine to death than offend the one or the other.

Should I happen to meet the sweet girl apart, I fear, nay I feel, that I should not be able to resist the temptation, and, should she happen to yield, what a ruin must ensue! If she loved me, it would break the poor thing's heart to be forsaken, and the breaking of her's would break my heart also. And yet I could never think of continuing in a criminal commerce.

Ah, my dear Mr. Meekly, pity the weakness of your friend, and pity the ignorance that he is in of his own spirit. My heart exulted this very day in its own humility, while it felt itself insensible to the acclamations of the vulgar, and while I reflected that a few years would soon cripple the performer of such trifling exploits, or possibly render me in old age, the ridiculous boaster of the feats of my childhood. But, when the sweet breath of Aggy gave its pleasing applause, vanity and self-esteem sunk, with her approbation, deep into my bosom, and I have not yet been able to dispossess them. O, help me then, Mr. Meekly, help me to struggle against myself; better it is to suffer all that the cruel conflict may cost me, than to suffer the stings of that never-ending remorse, which would tear my soul for having injured the object of my affection.

Meekly was in tears; and could not answer for some time.—Yes—says he at length, I will assist you in this combat, a combat more glorious than ever was fought by all the Cæsars and Alexanders that ever drew sword. And I will pray to the Captain of our salvation in your behalf; that he may fight the good fight both in you and for you, and finally crown you with the wreath of eternal glory. But then you must be ruled, you must conform to the prescriptions of your severe, but wholesome physician; in short, my dear child, you must not see her any more.—What never, Mr. Meekly, never see her any more? That is hard, indeed.—It

is a necessary hardship ; could you answer to yourself the consequences of such an indulgence?—I could not, I could not, I confess it, my friend.—I will prevail upon her father to send her far from you ; and I will look out for some agreeable man who may make her a worthy husband.

O, you bear too hard upon me, too hard, indeed, cried Harry. What, give her to another? And yet that is an ungenerous regret ; for, why should I grudge that happiness to another which I cannot enjoy? Well then be it so, since it must be so, Mr. Meekly. Take her, bear her, tear her away from my sight ; a fortune equal to her merit is above my power to give ; but take for her a sufficiency to supply the comforts, the conveniencies of life ; and more, I am confident she despises. Here Harry sat down and wept, and was accompanied by his friend. But, the conflict was now over ; and though his heart was deeply grieved, it was much more at ease.

The next morning, at breakfast, Harry appeared to be quite composed. When the earl, taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, turned with a fond and conciliating air, to Mr. Clinton, and said : My dearest brother, when you shall be at leisure to cast your eye over this parcel, you will find that I have not been all along the unnatural kinsman you had cause to apprehend. These are copies of the letters which I sent in search of you through several parts of Europe, and in which I petitioned you to pardon my past offences, and to return and possess yourself of your rights in the half of my fortune, and the whole of my heart.

Precious pledges, cried, Mr. Clinton, are all things to me that bring me any instance of the affection of so dear a brother ; and so saying he put the papers into his bosom. But tell me, my ever amiable Harry Clinton, continued the earl, where in the world could you hide yourself from my enquiries these twenty years past? I have got some scattered sketches of your history from Mr. Meekly and my son here, and have been burning to learn the whole, but dreaded to ask you that favour, lest the recollection of some passages should give you distress. I refuse no pain to do you a pleasure, my brother.

(Here

*(Here the honourable Mr. Clinton began his story, as formerly recited, and that night sent his auditors weeping to bed. On the following morning when he came to that part of his narrative where lady Maitland broke away, he proceeded as follows.)*

Having travelled through several parts of France and Italy, I took Germany in my tour. I stayed some time at Spa where I drank the waters, and within the year arrived, in perfect health, at Rotterdam.

On a visit to Mr. De Wit, at his Villa near the city, he told me, he had, at that time, in his house and his guardianship, one of the most extraordinary women in the universe. Though she is now, says he, advancing towards the decline of life, she is by far the most finished female I ever beheld, while all she says, and all she does, give a grace to her person that is quite indescribable. She has a youth too, her son, with her, who is nearly as great a rarity as herself; and, were it not that his complexion is fallow, and that he is somewhat short of a leg, and blind of one eye, he would positively be the most lovely of all the human species.

You put me in mind, said I, laughing, of the *Baratarian* wench, who was commended to governor *Sancho* as the most accomplished beauty within a league, with this exception only, that one eye was blind, and that the other ran with brimstone and vermilion. But pray, who are these wonders?

That, said he, I cannot declare. They are evidently people of the first fashion, and must have some uncommon reasons for their present conduct, as they live quite retired and admit no company.

I protest, said I, you have raised my curiosity in earnest. Is there no managing so as to procure me a short *tete a tete* with them? I wish there was, says he, for I long to know how far your sentiments agree with mine in this matter. Yesterday the lady told me that she intended to go and reside some time in England, and that I would oblige her by getting a person duly qualified to initiate her and her son in the language of that country. And now, if such a fine gentleman as you could condescend to undress himself, you might come to-morrow, as a person who wanted hire, and I might

might introduce you to an interview by the way of treating, provided you are upon honour not to reveal any thing concerning them or their place of abode.

The next morning I waited on Mr. De Wit, under the appearance of a reduced gentleman.

The lady received and spoke to me with that dignified complacency which awes while it engages, and, while it attracts, forbids an irreverent familiarity. She was, every thing that my friend had boasted of her; for though her person was all majesty, her manner was all grace. Will you answer for the discretion of this young man, Mr. De Wit? I will, Madam, says he. I bowed to them both.

On turning, I perceived that her son eyed me with much attention, and I, on my part, surveyed him with the utmost astonishment. He laboured indeed, apparently, under all the disadvantages that my friend described; but enchantment lurked on his accents and in the dimpling of his lips; and, when he smiled, heaven itself was infused through the fine roundings of his olive-coloured countenance.

In short, I felt such a sudden attachment to these extraordinary personages, that I resolved to keep on the deception, at least for a few days, and accordingly engaged with them at a stated salary. I entered on my province. My young pupil, especially, began to improve apace; and, as I was particularly cautious of observing the distant respect that suited my station, I grew into great favour both with mother and son. How long, Mr. De Wit would say, do you propose to carry on this farce? Till I can prevail upon them, I answered, to accompany me to England. For I feel my affections so tied to them, that I cannot think of parting.

On a day as I sat with my pupil in his apartment, he happened to let his book fall, and, as I stooped to take it up, the picture of *my Matilda*, highly done in enamel, and set with brilliants to a great value, suddenly loosed from its riband, and dropped through the bosom of my shirt upon the floor. I stood greatly abashed by this accident; but my pupil, still more alarmed, started up, and, catching at it, gazed upon it intently. Ah, my friend, said he, I doubt you are an impostor!



impostor! The proprietor of this Jewel would never let himself out to hire without some sinister design. Who, Sir, and what are you?

I own, said I, that I am not what I seem; I am of noble descent, and have riches sufficient to purchase a principality.—And what then could induce you to impose upon us as you have done?—Curiosity at first, and then the strong inclination which I took both to you and your mother at our first interview: nor did I propose to reveal myself till we should reach my native country, where all sorts of honours and affluence attend you.—Tell me then, said he, whose picture is this? Is it the face, Sir, of your mistress or your wife? (looking very inquisitively at me.) Ah, said I, she was once mistress of the hearts of thousands. She was once also my wife: but the dear saint is now eternally blessed with a more suitable bridegroom.

Will you indulge me, Sir, said he, with the story of your loves? It may atone, in a great measure, for your late deception, which, however well meant, was very alarming. Here I related to him the short pathetic history that I told you of my Matilda, with which he was so affected, and in such a violent agitation, that I was quite affrighted for him, and stopped several times, but he insisted on my proceeding.

Ah, said he, when I concluded, should I ever be consoled in the manner that you and your Matty were, how blessed I should think myself! I have, said I, a little cousin in England, perhaps the loveliest child in the world, and if you will marry her, when you both come to proper years, I will settle ten millions of French money upon you. Mean time I beseech you to say nothing to your mamma of what has passed. I will not, said he, unless I see a necessity for it.

That night I went to the city to settle the affairs of my household. On my return next morning, I met Mr. De Wit at the gate of his court. Ah, my friend, said he, our amiable guests are departed. Gone! I cried, gone! which way, where to, I pray you? That also is a secret, said he, which I am not permitted to tell you. Late in the evening there arrived a retinue of about twenty servants, strongly armed and mounted,

mounted, with a flying chaise and six horses, and a packet of letters. The lady did not go to bed, but ordered all things to be in readiness for their departure against the rising of the moon. When they were near setting out, and going to bid me adieu, Have you no commands, Madam, said I, for the good young man your tutor? Not a penny, says she, I cannot afford wages equivalent to servants of quality. How; Madam, said I, is my friend then detected? But it was a very innocent and friendly fraud, I assure you; I should not have imposed him upon your ladyship, did I not know you to be safer in his honourable hands than in those of any other.

I then gave them an account of your family, your vast fortune, nor was I quite silent as to your merits, my dear friend, and I added that I was sensible you would be deeply afflicted at the departure of persons to whom you were so strongly attached. There is no help for it, replied my lady; we have reasons of the utmost import for not disclosing ourselves to him. Tell him, however, that we esteem him highly—affect him tenderly—shall think of him—shall pray for him—and—and lastly—that you saw drop a grateful tear to his remembrance.

As I could extort no further intelligence from my friend Mr. De Wit, I parted in a half kind of chagrin, and prepared to pursue my fugitives, though I knew not what road to take, nor where to turn me for the purpose. At all adventures, however, I set out on the way to France, as they appeared to be of that country, as well by the elegance of their manners as by their fluency in the language. I was attended by eleven of as brave and faithful fellows as ever thrust themselves between their master and danger.

On the fifth day, as we got on the borders of French Flanders, in an open and desolate way, with a forest far on the left, a man rode toward us on the spur, and approaching, cried out, Help, gentlemen, for heaven's sake, help to rescue my dear ladies, who are plundered and carried away by the banditti. They have killed or mortally wounded twenty of my companions, and I alone am left to cry out for relief.—I bid him lead, and we followed.

In a few minutes we came where we saw a great number of the dead and dying, covering the sand and thin herbage. But our leader cried out Stop not here, my noble friends! Yonder they are, yonder they are! they have just taken away all our horses, luggage, and coach, and are now at the plunder. I am weak through loss of blood; but will help you the best I may.

Here he spurred again toward the enemy, but his horse would not answer his courage. I then looked about to observe if any advantage could be taken; for I perceived that the ruffians were still very numerous, about thirty who had survived the late combat; but seeing that the country was quite open, and that we had nothing but resolution and our God to help us, I commended myself to him in so good a cause, and putting my horse to speed, I rode full at the foe, confident of being gallantly supported.

When the banditti perceived us, they instantly quitted the plunder, and gathering into a group, they prepared their carbines, and discharged them full at us as we drew near. As I happened to be foremost I received the greatest damage. One of their balls gave me this mark in my neck, another passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, and another through my hat, and left this scar in my head. But when we came in upon them, hand to hand, had they doubled their numbers they would have been as nothing to us. My faithful Irishman levelled half a score of them with his own hand, and in a few minutes we had no opponent in the field. I then rode up to the coach and perceived two ladies in it, pale as death, and sunk senseless to the bottom. Immediately I ordered my surgeon to take a little blood from them, and on their recovery, to follow me, with all my people, and all the horses, baggage, &c. to the nearest inn. Then feeling my wounds begin to smart, I took my surgeon with me, and galloped away.

In about a league we came to a large house of entertainment, and finding myself sick and qualmish, thro' the great effusion of blood, I had my wounds directly dressed, and taking a draught of whey, got into a warm bed. After a night of uneasy slumbers, the curtain

tain of the bed was gently drawn aside, and awaking, I heard a voice say, in soft music, Ah, my dear mamma, it is he, it is he himself!

On lifting my feeble eyes, I perceived a vision at my side of a female appearance, but more lovely than any thing I had ever conceived of the inhabitants in bliss. Her eyes swam in glory, and her whole form seemed composed of harmony and light. While I gazed in silent astonishment, I heard another voice say, Do not you know us, my son, my dear Mr. Clinton, do not you remember your pupils? Do not you remember your blind, lame, and tawny Lewis? He is now turned into a passable girl there, whose honour and life you yesterday preserved at the peril of your own.

Here, seizing her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and cried, Am I then so blessed, my honoured Madam, as to have done some service to the two dearest objects of my heart's affections? Soft, says she, none of these transports! Your surgeon tells us that repose is necessary for you. Mean time we will go and make the best provision for you that the place can afford. And after that I will send a dispatch to my lord, and let him know how very deeply he and we and all his house are indebted to you.

For that day and the following week, as my fever grew somewhat high, I saw no more of the daughter, and the mother stayed no longer than to administer something to me, or barely to enquire how I was. At length I began to recover, when the former vision descended upon my ravished senses, the vision of that Louisa, the sight of whom never failed to bring delight to the hearts of all beholders.

They sat down by my side, and my lady, taking my hand, and looking tenderly at me, What would you think, said she smiling, of my Louy for a wife? Ah, Madam, I exclaimed, she would be too much of bliss, too precious, too overpowering for the heart and senses of any mortal. Do not tell me so, cries my lady, in my eyes, you are full as amiable for a husband as she can be for a wife. Beside, you have earned her, my son, she is your own dear purchase, by a service of infinite value, and at the price of your precious blood.

She

She has told me the story of your first love, and the recollection of it never fails to bring tears from my eyes. But I must hereafter hear the whole from your own mouth, with all your other adventures, the smallest incident will be very interesting to me, I assure you. O, you are, to a hair, the very man I wish for my Louisa; the brave, the tender, gentle, and generous heart; just the thing I would have wished for myself, when I was at the age of my Louy.

But, my dearest, my honoured Madam, you have not yet told me how your Louisa is inclined. Whereupon the bewitching creature, smiling, and blushing, reached forth a polished hand of living alabaster. Here, she cried, I present you with this trifle, in token that I do not hate you.—

My Clinton, said my lady, I have sent off my favourite servant Gerard, with my dispatches to my lord. He is the only one that remains of all my retinue. Your surgeon has dressed his wound, and pronounces it so slight as not to incommode him on his journey. I chose him more particularly for the carrier of my purposes, as he was a witness of your valour, and can testify to my lord with what intrepidity you rushed foremost into the thick of the assassins, and with what unexampled bravery you defeated, in a short time, a body of three or four times your number. These things, I trust will have their due weight; for though my lord is of a lofty and inflexible nature, he is yet alive to the feelings of honour and justice, so that our affairs have a hopeful aspect. But you are a little flushed my child; we will not encroach further upon you till to-morrow.

During the three following weeks, though confined to my room, I was able to enjoy their company; and the happiness of my heart accelerated my recovery. What bliss did I experience during that interval! The mother and daughter scarce ever left my side. One morning, when I just awoke from a terrifying dream, they both entered with peace and comfort in their countenances.

What is the matter, my Clinton, said my lady, your face does not seem composed to that complacency which is seated in your heart. Ah, Madam, I cried, I have

been all night tormented with the most alarming visions I ever had in my life. Three times I dreamed successively that my Louisa and I were walking hand in hand through the fields of Elysium, or in the gardens of Alcinous, gazing, and drinking in large draughts of love from each other : when at one time a huge and tremendous dragon, and again a sudden earthquake, and again an impetuous hurricane came, and caught, and severed us far asunder.

But my visions, said the heavenly smiling Louisa, have been of a very different nature. I dreamed that while we were standing on the brink of a frightful precipice together, your Matilda descended, all celestial, and a thousand times more lovely than she appears in the portrait that you carry about you. At first I feared that she came to reclaim you to herself ; but instead of that she smiled upon me, and began to caress me, and taking my right hand she put it into yours. Then ascending in her brightness, she hovered awhile on high, and casting down upon me a look of fixed love, she gave me a beck with her hand, as it were to follow, and was immediately lost in glory. O, my dear children, cried the Marchioness, might I but once see you united, how I should lift my head ! or rather how satisfied I should be to lay it down in peace, having nothing further to care for on this side of eternity.

That night I slept sounder than usual, and did not awake till the day was somewhat advanced. On opening the curtain, I saw James seated in a moody posture by the side of my bed. How are the ladies, James ? said I. Gone, Sir, gone. Gone ! I cried out. Yes, Sir, gone indeed, but with very heavy hearts, and both of them drowned in tears. Here has been a large body of soldiers sent for them, so that there was no resisting. Poor Gerard went on his knees to his lady, to beg permission to throw himself at your feet, and to bid you adieu, but she would not allow him. Mean time, she charged me with this watch and ring, and this letter for your honour. I caught at the letter, and, tearing it open, read over and over, a thousand times, what will for ever be engraved on my heart.

“ We leave you, we leave you, most beloved of men, and we are miserable in so doing, but alas, we  
are

are not our own mistresses. My lord, for this time, has proved unjust and ungrateful; and refuses your Louisa, as well to my prayers, as to your infinite merits. He has affianced her, as it seems, to a prince of the blood, and his ambition has blinded him to all other considerations. Be not yet in despair, we shall exert our very utmost to get this injurious sentence reversed; and if your Louisa inherits my blood or spirit, not all the engines of torture in France will ever compel her to give her hand to another. In the mean time, follow us not, come not near us, we beseech you. Should you be discovered, you will inevitably be assassinated, and we also should perish in your loss, my son. We are distracted by our fears for you, and it is this fear that has prevented us from disclosing ourselves fully to you. Keep up your correspondence, however, with our friend De Wit, and through him you shall learn the first favourable turn that happens in our affairs. I leave you my ring in token of your being the wedded of our heart, and Louisa leaves you her watch, to remind you of time past, and to look upon, when at leisure, and think of.

YOUR ELOISA DE——

YOUR LOUISA DE——

Yes, I cried, ye precious relics, ye delicious memorandums, to my lips, to my heart! Be ye the companions of my solitude, the consolers of my affliction! sooner shall this arm be torn off, and time itself pass away, than one or the other shall be divided from my custody. Ah, how useless are admonitions to the impatience of a lover! fervent love can know no fears. I was no sooner able to fit my horse than I set off directly for Paris, with this precaution only, that my people should call me by my mother's maiden name of Goodall.

As we knew not the names or titles of those after whom we were in search, our eyes became our only inquisitors, and we daily ranged the town, poring into every carriage of distinction for the sight of the mother or daughter; and even prying among the lacquies and liveries for the face of our friend Gerard.

On a day, as my faithful Irishman and I rode abroad, reconnoitring the suburbs, we heard a noise and a shout of distress that issued from a distant farmhouse: and, as we hastened up, the tumult grew louder, and the cry of help! and murder! was several times repeated. We instantly knocked at the door, but were refused admittance; when my man alighting, ran against it, and breaking through bars and all with his foot, threw the door off its hinges. On entering, we saw a man stretched on his back on the floor; with four others about him, who were going to use him very barbarously. Stay your hands, I cried; I will shoot the first man through the head who shall dare to proceed in this business,

Why, Sir, said a young fellow, rising, this man wanted to be gracious with my pretty young wife. I caught him in the very attempt, and so I think it but fair and honest to spoil him at such sport for time to come. Ah, but, said I, you might murder him, and I cannot suffer that. Come, my friend, no harm appears to be done as yet, and if he pays a handsome penance for the wickedness of his intention, I would advise you to pass matters over for the present. Say how much do you demand? Five hundred louis d'ors, said the fellow; if he pays that he shall be quit for this turn.

Five hundred louis d'ors! I exclaimed, why, all the clothes on his back are not worth the hundredth part of the sum. True, master, said the peasant, winking; but his pockets may happen to be richer than his clothes. Well said I, if he secures you in half the sum, I think you may be satisfied. Why master, since you have said it, I will not go back. Whereupon the astonished prisoner was permitted to rise. What do you say, you sad man you, are you willing to pay this fellow the sum I agreed for, in compensation of the injury you attempted to do him? I am, Sir, said he, with many thanks for your mediation. Then, hastily putting his hand to his pocket, he took out bankers notes to the amount, and we departed the house together.

As I was just going to mount, he came up and accosted me with elegance and dignity. Sir, said he,  
you



you have made me your debtor beyond expression, beyond the power of princes to pay. Be pleased however to accept the little I have about me, here are five thousand louis d'ors in this little note-book. Not a penny, Sir, indeed, I am by no means in want. You must not refuse, said he, some token of my acknowledgement, here is a stone valued at double the sum I offered you. Then, taking from a pocket the diamond button of his hat, he presented it to me. You must excuse me, Sir, said I, I cannot accept of any consideration for doing an act of humanity, and I rejoice to have preserved a person of your distinction and generosity. I then turned my horse, and though he called after me, I rode away, being neither desirous of knowing nor being known.

My researches hitherto being altogether fruitless, I imagined I might, with better likelihood, meet my beloved in the public walks, public theatres, or rooms of distinguished resort. One night, as I sat alone in a box at the opera, intently gazing around for some similitude of my Louisa, there entered one of the leveliest young fellows I ever beheld. He carelessly threw himself beside me, looked around, withdrew his eyes, and then looked at me with such a long and piercing inquisition as alarmed me, and gave me cause to think I was discovered.

Though the French seldom hesitate, he seemed at once backward and desirous of accosting me. At length he entered upon converse touching the drama and the music, and spoke with judgment and elegance superior to the matter; while I answered him with due complacence, but in a manner that partook of that regardlessness for trifles which then sat at my heart.

Between the acts, he turned and cast his eye suddenly on me. Sir, says he, do you believe that there is such a thing as sympathy? Occasionally, Sir, I think it may have its effect, though I cannot credit all the wonders that are reported of it. I am sorry for that, said he, as I ardently wish that your feelings were the same as mine at this instant. I never saw you before, Sir, I have no knowledge of you, and yet I declare that, were I to choose an advocate in

love, a second in combat, or a friend in extremity, you, you are the very man upon whom I would pitch.

I answered not, but seized his hand and pressed it to my bosom. I conceive, Sir, continued he, notwithstanding your fluency in the language, that you are not a native. My name is D'Aubigny; I live at such a place, and, if you will do me the pleasure of a single visit, all the honours, respect, and services, that our house can confer shall be your's without reserve. Sir, said I, I am of England; my name is Goodall, and, as soon as a certain affair allows me to admit of any acquaintance in Paris, you shall be the first elected of my arms and my heart.

In a few nights after, as my Irishman and I were turning a corner of the Rue de St. Jaques, we saw three men, with their backs to the wall, attacked by nearly three times their number: We did not hesitate a moment what part to take. At the first pass I ran one of the assassins through the body; my servant levelled two more with his oaken staff, and the rest took to flight. Gentlemen, said one of the three, I thank you for this brave and seasonable assistance.—Roche, run for a surgeon, I am wounded, I doubt dangerously.—Pierre, lend me your arm: come gentlemen, we have but a little way to my house.

Though the night was too dark for examining features, I thought the voice was not quite unknown to me. Within a few minutes we arrived at a place that retired inward, from the houses that were ranged on either hand; on pulling a bell, the great door opened upon a sumptuous hall, which led to a parlour, enlightened by a silver sconce that hung from the vaulting. As we entered, the master turned short upon me, and looking full in my face, started, and lifting his hands in surprize, Great Ruler of events! he cried, the very man I wished my brother and companion through life, and this is the very man you have sent to my rescue? Just then the surgeon arrived, and I heard him hastily asking where the marquis was. On entering he said, I am sorry for your misfortune, my lord; but matters may be better than we apprehend. And immediately he took out his case of instruments. One of

of the ruffians, said the marquis, before I was aware, came behind and ran me through the back.

The surgeon then ripped open his lordship's waistcoat, and changed colour on seeing his shirt drenched in blood; but, getting him quickly undressed, and having probed his wound, he struck his hands together and cried, *Courage, my friends!* it is only a flesh-wound, the weapon has passed clear of the ribs and vitals. As soon as the marquis's wound was dressed, and that we had got him to bed, I fancy, Sir, said I to the surgeon, I may have some small occasion for your assistance, I feel a little smart in my sword arm. On stripping, he found that a chance thrust had entered about half an inch into the muscle above my elbow. But he quickly applied the proper dressing, and I was preparing to take my leave, when the marquis cried out, *You must not think of parting, my dear friend; you are the master of the master here, and lord of this house and of all that is in it.*

The surgeon then ordered his lordship to compose himself as soon as possible; and, having wished him a good night, I sent my man to my lodgings to let my people know that I was well and in friendly hands. I was then conducted by the domestics to a superb apartment, where a cold collation lay upon a side-board, and a door stood open into a bed-chamber, prepared for my reception.

I had no stomach to eat, I drank a glass or two of wine and water, and I rose and sauntered through the room, musing on my Louisa, and nearly despairing of being ever able to find her. Some time after I sat down to undress and go to bed, when a number of the officers of justice silently entered my chamber, seized my sword that I had put off, and coming whisperingly to me, commanded me to accompany them, without making any noise.

I saw that it was madness to resist, and, as I went with them, I observed that two of the family liveries had joined themselves to the officers. It then instantly occurred that I was in the house of my rival; that the marquis was the very person to whom my Louisa had been destined; that I was somehow discovered; and  
that

that they were conducting me to the Bastile, of which I had heard so many affrighting stories. Ah, traitor, said I to myself, is it thus you serve the man who but now saved your life at the expence of his own blood? Let no one hereafter trust to the bleating of the lamb or the cooing of the turtle; the paws of the lion or the pounces of the vulture, may thus deceitfully lurk under the one and the other.

After passing some streets, they took me to the Lieutenant of the Police. Having knocked respectfully at the gate, and waited some time, at length we were admitted, and they took me to a kind of lobby, where we staid while one of the posse went to inform the magistrate of my attendance. At length he returned, and, accosting me in a tone of surly and discouraging authority. Friend, says he, his worship is not at leisure, to-night; to-morrow, perhaps he may hear what you have to plead in your own defence. So saying, he and his fellows thrust me into a waste room, and bidding me, with a sneer, to warm or cool my heels at pleasure, locked and chained the door upon me.

Fool, fool that I was, said I, to quit the side of my brave and faithful companions! How quickly should we have discomfited this magistrate, and all his host! but I must be a knight-errant, forsooth, and draw my sword in the defence of every scoundrel who goes the street. I then went and felt the windows, to try if I could force a passage for making my escape; but, finding that all were grated with strong and impassable bars of iron. O, I cried, that this marquis, this ungrateful D'Aubigny, were now in his fullest strength, and opposed to me, point to point, that I might reclaim from him, in an instant, the life I have given!

I then traversed the room with an irregular pace, now rashly resolving on furious events; and again more sedately deliberating on what I had to do. Till, having ruminated thus for the remainder of the night, I at last became more at ease, and resigned myself to the dispensations of all-disposing Providence, though I confess, with a reluctant kind of content.

When

When the day somewhat advanced, I heard my door unlocking, and concluded that they came to summon me to my trial. But, instead of the officers of justice, I saw near twenty men in the marquis's livery who silently bowed down before me, and respectfully shewed me, with their hand, the way out of my prison. I followed them also in silence, and getting into the street, I wished to know if I was really free, and turned from them down the way that led to my lodgings: whereupon they cast themselves before me, and, in a supplicating posture besought me to go with them.

Finding I was still their prisoner, I gave a longing look out for my faithful and brave attendants: but, as they did not appear, I suffered myself to be conducted to the marquis's palace, and followed my obsequious commanders into the proud apartment, to which they had led me the preceding night; and where, bowing to the ground, they all left me, and retired.

As I had been much fatigued in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed, leaving events to their issues, and fell into a kind of starting slumber; when I heard a voice at my side, cry out, O my dearest mamma, it is he, indeed it is he himself!

On this I awoke, and roused myself; and lifting my languid eyes, and fixing them on the object that stood before me, And are you then, I cried, are you also, Louisa, in the confederacy against me?—Say nothing; you are not the Louisa I once knew.—I will arise, I will go forth; not all your gates, and bars, and bolts shall hold me; I will tear my body, and my soul also, if possible, from you for ever!—Go to your betrothed, to your beloved! and leave me to perish; it is a matter of no import.—I am yet pleased that I saved your chosen; as it may one day serve to reproach you with the merits of the man whom he has so unworthily treated!

I could say no more. A long silence on all sides ensued, save the language that was uttered by heavings and sobbings; when the marchioness, coming and casting herself on her knees by my bed, You have reason, Sir, she exclaimed, you have reason to reproach and to detest every branch of our ungrateful family for ever! You  
saved

saved myself, you saved my daughter, and yet the Father and the Husband proved averse to your deservings, and turned your benefits into poison. You have now saved our son, the only one who can convey our name to posterity; and yet, from the beginning, you have received nothing in return, save wounds, pains, and sickness, losses, damages, and disappointments; and, even, at this very day the most ignominious usage, where you merited endless thanks. Blame my Louisa then, and me, but blame not my son, Sir, for these unworthy events; he is quite innocent of them; he is shocked and distracted by them; he respects and loves you more than ever Jonathan loved the son of Jesse. But he will not, he dare not see you, till we have, in some measure, made his peace.

How, Madam! I cried:—but no more of that posture, it pains me past bearing:—Is it a fact?—Can it be possible that the marquis D'Aubigny should be your son? Is he not of the blood royal? The very rival whom your letter rendered so formidable to me? And, was it not by his order that I was disgracefully confined in a dungeon all night? No, no, said my lady, he would have suffered the rack first. He is in despair, quite inconsolable on that account. Let us go, my dearest Clinton, let us go and carry comfort to him of whom you are the beloved.

Ah no, my mamma, cried out Louisa, let us put no constraint on Mr. Clinton, I pray you! There has been enough of confinement: we leave him now to his liberty; let him go even where, and to whom he likes best; once, indeed, we could have tied this all-conquering champion with the spinning of a silkworm; but now he tells us that neither gates, bars, nor bolts shall hold him to us.

Here, I threw myself at her feet; Pardon, pardon, my Louisa, I cried, O pardon the misdeeming transports of your lover, and pardon the faults that love alone could commit. My enemies are foreign to me, they and their injuries affect me not; but you are regent within, my Louisa! you sit throned in my heart, and the presumption of an offence from you makes strange uproar in my soul. Well, says she, reaching her hand,  
and

and smiling through tears, since it is so, poor soul, here is the golden sceptre for you ; I think I must take you to mercy. I caught her hand, impressing my very spirit on the wax, and my lady, casting her arms about us, and kissing us both, in turns, requested that we should go and carry some consolation to her dear re-pining Lewis. As we entered his chamber, the marchioness cried out, Here he comes, my son, we have brought your beloved to you, yet not your Mr. Good-all, as you thought, but one who is, at once, both your good angel, and our good angel, even our own Mr. Clinton, the betrothed of our souls.

I took my seat on the side of the marquis's bed, and looking fondly upon him, enquired of his health, but my speech for the time was overpowered by my affections. Then, taking my hand in his, The power of this hand, says he, I have found to be great, but, has your heart the power to pardon the outrage you have received in the house of him who is deeply your debtor ? My Lord, said I, I have already drank largely of Lethe on that head ; nothing but my diffidence of your regard can offend me.

You know not, said my lady, you know not yet, my dear Mr. Clinton, how this provoking business came about. I will explain it in a few words. On our return to Paris, and on our remonstrating to my late lord on the inestimable services you had rendered to his family, he enquired your character among the English : and, notwithstanding the report of the nobility of your birth, and your yet nobler qualities, hearing also that you had acquired part of your fortune in trade, he conceived an utter contempt and aversion to you. Some time after, as he took notice that Louisa and I wanted our watch and our ring, I dreaded his displeasure, and gave him room to think that the robbers had taken them from us in Flanders ; and this report became current among our domestics.

In the mean time my lord became importunate with our Louisa, about her marriage with the prince of C— who was then with the army, while her prayers and tears were the only shields she used in her defence. When couriers brought word that the prince was on his

his return, my lord sent for Louisa, and gave her instant and absolute orders to prepare for her nuptials; but she, full as positively and peremptorily, replied that her soul was already wedded, that she would never prostitute her body where her heart was an alien, and that tortures should not change her resolution. Her father, thereupon, rose to such ungovernable fury, that, with one blow of his hand he struck her senseless to his feet; but, when he saw my lamb, all pale and lying as dead before him, the tide of nature returned, and the conflict of his passions became so violent, that an imposthume broke in his stomach, and he was suffocated, and expired on the spot.

Soon after, the prince arrived. He had never seen my daughter, but his ambition to possess a beauty of whom the *grand monarque* himself, was said to have been enamoured, had caused him to demand her in marriage. For that purpose he also did us the honour of a visit. Louisa refused to appear; and I told his highness, with the best grace I could, that she happened to be pre-engaged. In a few days after, he met my son in the Thuilleries and accosted him to the same intent, but my son had been previously prejudiced in your favour, my Clinton; and answered the prince with so cold an air, that further words ensued; they both drew, and his highness was slightly wounded, but, as company interposed, the affair was hushed up, and shortly after the prince was killed in a nightly broil upon the Pont-neuf. We then wrote to our friend De Wit, to acquaint you of these matters, and to hasten you hither; but you arrived, my child, you arrived before there could be any expectation of an answer.

Two days ago, as I observed that my lamb's spirits were something dejected, I prevailed upon her to take an airing to our country villa. On our return this morning, we were struck half dead with the news, that our Lewis was wounded and dangerously ill in his bed. We flew into his room, and were still more alarmed to find him in a fury that is not to be imagined, while Jatome, his old steward, was on his knees, all pale and quaking at a distance before him. Villain, he cried, what have you done with my friend, what have  
you



you done with my champion, the preserver of my life? Please your lordship, said he, trembling, I took him for a highwayman, I saw my lady's ring and my young mistress's watch in his custody, I will swear to the property before the parliament of Paris, and so I lodged him in prison,—till—till—

Go, wretch! cried my son; recall your information; take all your fellows with you, and instantly bring me back my friend, or your ears shall be the forfeit; but conduct him to his own chamber; I cannot yet bear to see him; I cannot bear the reproach that his eye must cast upon me.

All afflicted, and yet more astonished, my Louisa and I sat down by the side of my son, casting looks of surprise and enquiring doubt on each other. At length I said, What is this that I hear of our ring, and of our watch? Alas, he is no highwayman who took them from us; they were our own free gift, a mite in return for a million of services. But do you know any thing of the possessor? I know, answered Lewis, that he is the loveliest of mankind, the preserver of my life, and that his name is Goodall. Ah! screamed out Louisa, there we are lost again; this Goodall must certainly have murdered our precious Clinton, and possessed himself of our gifts; he would never have parted with them while he had life. O my sister, said my son, when you see my friend Goodall, you will think nothing of your Harry Clinton. Why were you so hasty, so precipitate in your choice? A robber, a murderer? No. Had I a thousand lives, I would pawn them all for the probity that Heaven has made apparent in the face of my preserver.

It is with great reluctance, my dearest brother, that at times, I recite passages tending so much to my own praise! and yet, did I omit them, I should do great injustice to the kind and amiable partiality of those who were so fondly my lovers and my beloved.

But, madam, said I to the marchioness, did you not hint something of his majesty's being enamoured with my Louisa? Ah, such a rival would be terrible indeed, especially in a country of unlimited power.

There is no fear of that now, said my lady. The king has changed his fancy, from young mistresses and old counsellors, to young counsellors and old mistresses. But, what I mentioned was once very serious and alarming.

My Louisa was scarce turned of fourteen, when the dutchess de Choisseul requested her company at Marli, where the court then was. The king fixed his eye on her, and enquired who she was; but took no further notice at that time. Missing her, however, at the next, and again the following drawing-room, he asked the marquis what became of his fair daughter; said he had a place in his eye for her, and desired in an accent of authority, that he would send her to court.

The marquis instantly took the alarm. He was ever jealous of his honour, and singularly nice in matters of female reputation. He gave his majesty a sort of equivocal consent; and, hurrying home, ordered me directly to prepare for carrying my daughter out of the French dominions. The night was employed in hastening and packing. We disguised our Louisa in the manner as you saw her metamorphosed at Rotterdam, and set off for Holland before day. The rest you know, my Clinton, as you were the principal mover in all our concerns.—But, tell me, my Lewis, can you conjecture on what account those assassins set upon you?—I declare, madam, said the marquis, I cannot; perhaps they mistook me for another; or, now I recollect, it might be owing to some familiar chat which I had the other night, with a pretty opera girl, who is said to be in the keeping of a very great man. But, madam, you forgot to tell my brother how my father was banished, on account of Louisa, to his paternal seat in Languedoc, on the borders of the Mediterranean. Very true, said the marchioness, and was not recalled, till Madam Maintenon was taken into supreme favour.

But, I wonder what is become of our faithful Gerard; I thought that he would have been the first to come and to throw himself at the feet of his hero. Indeed, my Harry, he would have tired any, who loved you less, with his praises and perpetual talking of you  
and

and your exploits.—O, here he comes;—Step in, Gerard. Is there any one in this company that you remember, beside the family?

Gerard then advanced with a half-frantic aspect, and kneeling, and grappling at my hand, seemed desirous of devouring it. God be praised, he cried, God be praised, my noble, my glorious master, that I see you once again, and above all that I have the blessing of seeing you in a place, where a throne of beaten gold should be raised to your honour. O, had I been here, all sorts of respects and worships, instead of indignities, should have been paid to your deservings. But, I have provided for the hang-dog Jacome; I have tied him neck and heels, and tumbled him into the dark vault.

Ah, said I, but, my good friend Gerard, I have not yet got my share of satisfaction upon him, pray shew me where he is. I then followed Gerard to the place where the deplorable wretch was cast; and cutting all his cords, I led him back to the company, and warmly joined his petition for pardon and restoration.

As soon as Jacome and Gerard were withdrawn, Ah, my brother, cried the marquis, what new name shall we find for a man of your new character? Moreover, what shall we do with you, what shall we do for you? You have quite overpowered us, we sink under the sense of our obligations. We have nothing worth your acceptance, save this simple wench, and what is she in comparison of what we owe you? Ah, I cried, she is that without which all things are nothing; she is the living treasure! I would not exchange this little pearly joint of this very little finger for all the gems that glow in the mines of India, and so saying, I pressed the precious finger with my lips; while Louisa turned upon me an eye of such ineffable satisfaction, as sunk upon my soul and wrapt it in Elysium.

Ah but, my Harry, said the marquis, you ought not to prize your Louy as much as me; she did not fall in love with you at first sight, as I did. How do you know that, honest friend, cried Louisa? Is there a necessity that our tongues, as well as our blushes, should be tell-tales? Are maidens to trumpet forth

their thoughts like you broad-fronted men, whose ornament is your bold-facedness?

Thus happy, above all filed happy upon earth, we joyed and lived in each other, continuing a commerce of delightful sensibilities, and mutual love. But alas, our bliss was soon to be broken in upon. In a few days one of the royal pages came and intimated to the marchioness that his majesty required her immediate presence at court. She necessarily obeyed such a summons, while we remained in a kind of fearful suspense till her return.

As she entered, the consternation in her countenance instantly struck an alarm to all our hearts. O my children, my dear, my dear children, we must part, she cried, and that too, speedily. Our hour of bliss is past, our sunshine is over, and the clouds gather thick upon us, heavy laden with wretchedness. Alas, my heart misgave me ever since the inauspicious encounter the other morning. As we came from our villa, a great funeral met us, our carriage stopped to let them pass, and the carriage of the duke of Ne—rs drove up beside us. As we remained within a few paces of each other, he gazed at Louisa with such an unmannered intenseness, as caused her to colour and turn aside. However, he accosted us not, nor enquired concerning us; it seems our arms and livery were too sure an indication of our name and quality. In short, on my approaching the presence, the king affected to smile very graciously upon me, and said, I have provided, madam, a princely husband for your daughter; it is the duke of Ne—rs. Ah, I cried, bending my knee in a supplicating posture, my daughter is already engaged by bands of the most endearing and indissoluble obligations, to a man who has preserved the lives and honours of all our family; to a man who, I trust, by his eminent courage and qualities, will become the brightest jewel in your majesty's crown. Madam, said he severely, you must withdraw your election; I find I have ordered matters superior to your merits, but my will is the law here, and shall be obeyed. I rose, dejectedly, curtsied, and withdrew without reply.

Ah, I exclaimed, on what summit does this rival hold his abode? I will instantly go and scale it, and

at once put an end to his life and his pretensions ! My lady then, throwing her arms about my neck, and pressing her lips to my cheek, What romance, says she, is this, my Harry ? Would you at once fight the duke, and the king, and the whole army of France ? No, my child ; prudence reduces us to more salutary measures. We must part, my Harry, we must part this very night, and my Louisa must depart with you. My chaplain shall, this minute, unite you by ties that death alone can sunder. Alas, my precious babes, I little expected that your nuptials would be celebrated by tears and wailings ! But, better these than no nuptials. When you are once joined, I shall care little for myself : and, if we meet no more here, we may yet meet hereafter, as happily as the barbarians who tear us asunder.

The chaplain was then summoned ; and, having performed his office, no congratulations nor salutations ensued, save a kiss on the hand of my angel. The marquis then called me ; and, drawing me down to him, he pressed me ardently to his bosom, cried, O my Harry, O my Harry ! burst into tears, and dismissed me.

Mean while all was in a bustle throughout the palace. No festival was prepared, no bridal bed laid. Horses, arms, and carriages, were all the cry : and the marchioness, with a bleeding heart, but amazing resolution, issued her orders with a presence of mind that seemed serene in the midst of tempest.

I then sent for my brave fellows, with orders to double their arms, and to double their ammunition. They came accordingly. It was now within three hours of day. All was dispatched, all in readiness, the carriages were at the gate. Silence sat on every tongue, and a tear on every cheek. I threw myself at my mother's feet, I clasped, I clung to them ; she wept aloud over me, but neither of us uttered a word. When, rending myself away, I took my sobbing Louisa under my arm, seated her gently in her chariot, placed myself to support her, and away we drove.

When we got clear of the Town, and were speeding on the way, my Louisa started and cried out, O, how fast, how very fast they take me from you, my

mamma ! Whither, whither do they carry me, perhaps never to return, never to meet again ! I answered not, but kissed her head and drew her gently to me, and she seemed to be more at ease. But, after awhile, I felt her agitation at my bosom, and she exclaimed, From my birth to this hour of woe, my blessed mamma, never was I from those dear arms of yours ; shall I ever, shall I ever again behold those eyes that used to look with such fondness upon me ?

Here, I could no longer contain, but taking her hands between mine, and weeping upon them, I said, Will you then, my angel, are you resolved upon breaking the heart of your Harry ? O no, says she, no, not for worlds upon worlds would I break that dear and feeling heart, the heart of my heart, the heart of which I became enamoured. She then leaned her head fondly over, and, in a while fell fast asleep : while my arms gently encircled and my soul brooded over her, as the wings of a turtle over her new-begotten.

When she awoke and found herself so endearingly situated ; she gave me a look that overvalued the ransom of a monarch ; she kissed my hands in turn, she kissed the skirts of my garments. O, she cried, I will endeavour, I will do my best to be more composed. I know I ought not to repine. I am too rich, too happy. I ought to wish for nothing more, I ought to wish for no one more ; since my Harry is so near me, since I have him to myself.—But—but—And here her lovely lips began again to work ; and the drops that trembled in her living brilliants could hardly be restrained from breaking prison. Soon after, the grief of her heart overweighed her spirits, and she fell again asleep in my arms, that opened of themselves to receive her.

On setting up for the night, I rejoiced to find that my Louisa was something more alive ; and that her repose on the way had greatly deducted from the fatigue that I apprehended. When we had eaten a bit of supper, she looked to me and from me, with downcast lids ; and, with changing looks and a faltering accent began to say, Will you, will you permit me, my love, to be regent for a little time, and in a very trifling matter ? Allow me only to be governess for a few days,

days, and I promise that you shall be my supreme lord and sweet master all the rest of my life.

I swear, said I, in a transport, by that precious head, that you are already sovereign of all my thoughts and actions; and that, during my existence, you shall dispose of all that I have and all that I am at pleasure.

O then, said she, my Harry, we must lie apart for some nights. I would not have our blessed bridal bed stained by tears and dirges. Nay, no hesitation, you have sworn that I am ruler, and I will be obeyed. I then cast myself at her knees, and hiding my face in her lap,—Cruel, cruel Louisa, I cried, I find you are not yet mine. What shall I do to earn you? But I will be patient, if possible; I would not for the world put the colour of constraint on the love of my beloved. And so I kissed her gown in token of due homage. Arising I called her maids, and desired that they would order their mistress's chamber to be prepared, as also a bed for themselves in the same apartment. I then secretly ordered that a pallet should be spread for myself before her outer door, and laying myself down, with my arms at my side, I guarded, like the dragon of old, the precious fruit of my Hesperia.

At length we reached Calais, and immediately sent to the Beach to engage a ship for wafting us to the Land of Freedom, but the wind was contrary. Mean while the day advanced toward evening, and my Louisa and I sat together in the harbour of a little pleasure-garden that lay behind the house, when James came hastening to us and cried, Hide yourself, madam, for heaven's sake hide yourself! here is the duke de Ne—rs with a large party of the king's guards. Poor Louisa started up and attempted to fly, but she trembled and grew faint, and sunk down again on her seat.

James, said I, stay and take care of your mistress. Then, turning with hasty steps to the house I recommended my spirit in a short ejaculation, and entered, determined that the duke should accompany me in death. His highness was in the parlour. I advanced fiercely toward him. So, Sir, says he, you have cost us a warm chase.—Heavens! what do I see?—  
and,

and, so crying out, he threw himself back into an arm-chair, all panting, and his aspect working with distraction.—Curfed chance! he again exclaimed, are you the man, Clinton?—Ah, I must not hurt you, I ought not to injure you, but what is then to be done? Where have you put my Louisa?—But no matter, let her not appear, let me not see her, I could not answer the consequence.—I would be just if I could, Clinton.—O love, O honour, how you do distract me!—You refused my treasures and jewels, Clinton, but then you have rent from me a gem more estimable than my dukedom.—Help saints, help angels, help me to wrestle with myself!—Honour, Virtue, Gratitude. O, compel me to be just!—Tear, tear me away, while there is strength to depart!—Adieu, Clinton, you are recompensed; should we happen to meet again, I may assail you without reproach. And so saying, he rose suddenly and rushed out of the house.

I then hastened to seek my love, but had scarce entered the garden when I saw James on his knees before her, endeavouring to oppose her way to the house. But she cried, Away, villain, let me pass, they are murdering my lord, they are murdering my husband! I will go and perish with him. Then breaking away from him, she shot along like a lapwing, till, seeing me advancing, she sprung upon my bosom, crying, O my Harry! O my Harry, are you safe, are you safe? And fainted away in my arms.

The rest of my story, my lord, is no way material or entertaining. The serene of heart-felt happiness has little of adventure in it, and is only interesting to the possessors. Having settled my affairs in London, and carrying my Eden along with me, I passed into Holland to settle and be quit of matters there also. For the world that I wished for was in my holding, and all things else appeared encumbering. It was there that I met our Meekly, and taking a pleasant tour through the skirts of Germany, we entered France, and leaving Paris on the right hand, we reached the marquis's country seat, situate near twenty leagues beyond the metropolis.

What a meeting, what an interview! My Louisa sunk in tears, for half an hour, on the bosom of her mother.



mother. And the marquis would put me from him, and pull me to him again, all panting with transport ! It was too much joy. The domestics would no longer be restrained from their share of the felicity ; they rushed in, and as though we had been new descended divinities, they dropped on their knees, they fell prostrate and clung about us, kissed our feet, our hands, our garments, and broke forth into cries, as though it had been the house of mourning and lamentation.

On retiring, they got my Louisa's Gerard to themselves ; he now became a man of mighty importance among them. They crouded about him and in a joint voice, but a distraction of questions, enquired after our travels, our adventures, our good and evil occurrences, and all that concerned us. The marchioness then coming, and casting her honoured arms around me, and weeping upon me, cried aloud, O Harry, my son, my son, I delivered my daughter to you ; and I see that you have entreated her very kindly, my son, my son !

As my Louisa now began to be apparently pregnant, I earnestly pressed my precious mother and brother to accompany us to England, the place where law was regent, where there was no apprehension of inquisitions or bastiles ; and where the peasant was guarded, with a bulwark of adamant, against every encroachment of arbitrary power. They assented with joy, and the marquis, going to his *escritoir*, brought forth bills to the amount of ten millions of livres, the produce of some concerns which he had disposed of for the purpose. Here my brother, says he, if I am not able to be generous, I will at least be just ; here is the patrimony to which my lovely sister is entitled. But, I said to the marquis, My lovely Louisa can admit of no accession of value. Keep your goods to yourself. Remember how Esau said to Jacob, I have enough, my brother ; these things can add nothing to the abundance of my blessings. But then, he cried, you must accept them, as a token of our loves, and so he constrained me.

Soon after, we passed to London, where we continued some months, and where my Louisa was delivered

ed of my little Eloisa, who was said to be the beautiful likeness of her father.

We then retired to my seat near Stratford on the fatal Avon, the chief of the landed possessions that Mr. Golding had bequeathed me; where we remained something upward of five years, happy, I think, above all that ever were happy upon earth. For my Louisa was perpetual festivity to our sight and to our hearts; her attitudes were grace, her movements were harmony, and her smiles were fascination. Still varying, yet exhibiting the same delight, like the Northern Aurora she shone in all directions. She had been, from her earliest years, the beloved disciple of the celebrated Madam Guyon; and the world, with all its concerns, its riches and respects, had fallen off from her, as the cloak fell away from the burning chariot of Elijah. She looked at nothing but her Lord in all things, she loved nothing but him in any thing.

Our friends now prevailed upon us to accompany them in our turn, to France; together with our prattling Eloisa, who was become the darling and inseparable companion of her grandmother and her uncle. We again took London in our way. I there renewed for a-while, my old acquaintance with my fellows in trade, and they persuaded me to join them in a petition to his majesty for the restoration of some of the lapsed rights of their corporation, as your lordship may remember.

From Calais we turned, and by long, but pleasant journies, at length arrived at the marquis's paternal seat in Languedoc, that opened a delightful prospect on the Mediterranean. And here we continued upwards of five years more, even as Adam continued in paradise, compassed in by bliss, from the rest of the world. During this happy period, I often pressed my dear marquis to marry, but he would take me to his arms, and say, O, my Harry, shew me but the most distant resemblance of our Louisa, and I will marry and be blessed without delay. In the mean while, my angel made me the joyful father of a little son, who was also said to be the happier resemblance of his unhappy father. Then, though I had long disregarded the

the world and all its concerns, as I saw a family increasing upon me, and also considering the poor as my appointed and special creditors, I resolved once more to return and settle my long suspended accounts.

As for the marchioness, she protested that she could not think of parting with her little Eloisa, and that she should not be able to survive her absence ten days. So my Louisa and I, and my little Richard, who was named after you, my lord, set out by sea, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived in England; comforted however with the promise that our friends would join us as soon as possible in Britain.

Within the ten subsequent months we received the joyful tidings that our brother was married to the third daughter of the duke of Alençon, that they were all in the highest triumph, and would speedily be with us on the banks of the Avon. Soon after, as my Louisa and I rode along the river, pleasing ourselves with the prospect of a speedy union with persons so dear to us, and talking and laughing at the cares of the covetous, and ambition of the high-minded, a fowler inadvertently fired a shot behind us; and my horse, bounding aloft, plunged with me into the current, from whence however I was taken, and unwillingly reserved to years of inexpressible misery. Mean while my love had fallen, with a shriek, from her horse, and lay senseless on the ground. Some of my people flew back, and bringing a carriage, conveyed us gently home, where my Louisa was undressed and put into a bed, from whence she never rose. Her fright had given such a shock to her blood and spirits as threw her into a violent fever.

On the second day while I sat with the physicians by her side, James put in his head and beckoned me forth. Ah, my dearest master, says he, I pray God to give you the strength and patience of Job; you have great need of them, for your calamities, like his, come all in a heap upon you. Here is a messenger dispatched from France with very heavy tidings, that my sweet young lady, your darling Eloisa, was cast away, in a sloop, upon a party of pleasure, and that the good old marchioness did not out-live her five days. Then lifting my eyes to heaven, Strip, strip me, my God, I cried

cried, to the skin, to the bone, leave but my Louisa, and I will bless thy dispensations!

On the next day, my little Dicky was taken ill of a severe cold. As he was of a florid complexion, his disorder fell suddenly into an inflammation on his lungs, and in a few days he went to join his little sister in eternity. Did I not feel these losses? Yes, yes, my friends; they wrung, they rent my vitals. Yet I still lifted up my heart, and repeatedly cried, Take, take all, even the last mite, leave, leave me but my Louisa, and I will bless thee, O my Creator.

Alas, what could this avail? Can an insect arrest the motion whereby the universe continues its course? On the fifth day I perceived that the eyes of my Louisa, the lamps of my life, began to lose their lustre. The breath that was the balm of all my cares and concerns, grew difficult and short. The roses of my summer died away on her cheek. All agonizing, I felt and participated her changes, and she expired while I dropt senseless beside her. I knew not what our people did with her or me afterward. For three weeks I lay in a kind of dosing but uneasy stupor; neither do I recollect, during that period, when, or whether I received any kind of sustenance.

At length I awoke to the poignancy and bitterness of my situation. I did not awake to life, but rather to the blackest regions of death. And yet it was from this depth of death alone, that my soul could find, or would accept an alleviation of its anguish. O earth, I cried, where is thy centre, how deeply am I sunk beneath it! How are the worms exalted over me! How much higher are reptiles that crawl upon earth! I will not accuse thee, thou great Disposer, I have had my day, the sweetest that ever was allotted to man; but O, thy past blessings serve only to enhance my present miseries!

I then rose, and threw myself along the floor; my faithful servants immediately gathered to me, and finding that I would not be removed, they cast themselves around me. All light was shut out, save the glimmering of a taper, and for seven nights and seven days we dwelt in silence, except the solemn interruption of smothered sobs and wailings.

At

At length my spirit reproved me. What property, said I to myself, have these people in my sufferings, or why should I burden those who love me, with my afflictions? I then constrained myself, and went and took out a drawer. Here, my friends, I said, here is something that may help hereafter to dry up your tears. Divide this among you; neither these counters nor your services are now of further use. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my worthy and beloved friends! God will give you a more gracious master, but—but—such another mistress you never—never will find! I then took each of them to my arms, and embraced them, and the house was instantly filled with heart-tearing lamentations.

I now expected and wished to be left wholly alone; but James and two domestics remained against my will. I then endeavoured to seem easy, I even struggled to appear cheerful, that I might communicate the less of grief to the voluntary sharers in my misery. O world, world, I said to myself, thou once pleasant world, we now bid a long, an eternal adieu to each other! from thee I am cut asunder, thou art annihilated to me, and we mutually reject every kind of future commerce.

Ah, how much deeper was my death than that of those in the tomb, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!” While I was dead to every relish of light and of life, I was wholly alive to all the gloom and horrors of the grave. The rays of the sun became an offence to my soul, the verdure of the fields, the whole bloom of nature were blasted and blasting to my sight; and I wished to sink yet deeper, and to own a lower bottom of darkness and distress.

I no longer regarded what the world thought of me, or what it did to me, and I left my hair and my nails, even as those of Nebuchadnezzar, to grow like eagle’s feathers and birds’ claws. My faithful James, in the mean time, took a house for me in this village, in order to remove me from scenes that could only serve to perpetuate or aggravate my misery, by reminding me of the blessedness that I once enjoyed. He was now become the controller. I was patient and passive to every thing, and so he conducted me hither, I neither knew nor cared how.

In all this time, though I panted after a state of insensibility, even as a traveller in the burning desert thirsts after a cool and flaking stream, I never attempted to lay a violent hand on the work of my Creator. I did not even wish an alleviation of misery, since my God hath appointed that I should be so miserable. At length my spirit rose from its blackness, to a kind of calm twilight. I called for a Bible, and, since this world was incapable of affording me a drop of consolation, I wished to know if the next had any in store.

As I read the letter, the whole, and the facts contained therein, appeared as so many seals and veils that removed from before my eyes, and discovered depths under depths, and heavens above heavens to my amazed apprehension. I had no vision, no revelation of these matters; but the conviction was impressed as strongly on my soul, as though an angel, or God himself, had revealed them to me. How this came to pass I know not. Homer gives to his heroes a sight into futurity at the time that their spirits are breaking away from the shackles of flesh and blood. And it is not unlikely that the eye of the soul, when wholly turned from all earthly objects, can penetrate with greater perspicuity into concerns that are merely celestial and divine. I have now told you the whole of my dreary history, my friends, till I met with our Harry; and the rest our Harry can tell.

But Harry was in no manner of vein, at present for entertaining or receiving entertainment from any one. His eyes were swelled with weeping, his spirits totally depressed, and getting up, as with the burden of fourscore years on his shoulders, he retired slowly and silently to his apartment.

Here Mr. Meekly took the opportunity of our hero's absence, to apprise the company of what had passed respecting the fair Aggy Jessamin. And why, my dear Meekly, said the earl, why would you baulk my boy? I would rather than fifty thousand broad pieces get any offspring of my Harry into my arms. He is a glorious fellow, he cannot be debased by marrying a kitchen wench, although his alliance would ennoble a princess. What is your opinion, brother? Indeed, said

said Mr. Clinton, if the girl is virtuous, as her countenance promises, I have no objection.

Mr. Meekly instantly went with these indulgent tidings to Harry, but he shook his head, and said, No, no, my friend, I will not abuse their goodness. Beside, since I heard the story of my uncle's Louisa, my passion is not quite so violent. I have formed a perfect idea of the bride I would wish; and, if I get not some one answering the image in my heart, I will go unmarried to my tomb. Yet as I still ardently love the sweet girl, I would not for the world risk the temptation of a meeting with her; and I am willing to pay roundly for her removal. Be pleased then, my dear friend, to settle this matter with her father; the stipulated sum shall be ready on demand to any amount that you please, if it may serve to promote her happiness.

On the next day Mr. Meekly introduced to Harry a tall and comely young man in a peasant's dress, but of an air and deportment much superior to his appearance. My lord, said Meekly, as he entered, you must quit all further thoughts of the lovely Miss Jessamin. I have here brought a prior claimant; to whom, I am confident the probity, the generosity of your heart will give place.

Harry rose to receive him, when the stranger, looking earnestly and amazedly at him, cried out, Ah no, we must all give place. Does she know him? has Aggy seen him? I will then go and bury myself where my heart may break in despair of ever reclaiming her affections. No fear, Sir, said Harry, reaching his hand, give me but to know that you have entitled yourself to her regard, and my own heart shall break in a thousand pieces, rather than oppose the peace of two gentle lovers.

I will give you our story, my lord, in a few words. Mr. Jessamin, and my father Jessop, served an apprenticeship to the same merchant, and, when that was expired, they joined in trade to the Levant. But, as my father was of the more adventurous temper, they soon after broke partnership. My father traded to Turkey, and Mr. Jessamin confined himself to the Italian coast. In one of his voyages to Genoa, he there married and begot the charming Aggy; and, re-

turning to London after a number of years, he fitted out a ship of considerable force in order to convoy his wife and daughter, with all his treasures, to England. On their way home they were taken by a French privateer. Their ship and rich cargo were sent to Toulon. And Mrs. and Miss Jessamin, with some other persons, were taken on board the enemy's vessel, that proceeded on her cruise for further captures. I happened, at the time, to be on my return homeward, in a stout ship that had the appearance of a merchant-man, but was actually better fitted for war than trade.

The same privateer came up with us, and bearing on us, with confidence, commanded us to strike; but we answered them with an unexpected broadside, and, coming to close quarters, nearly cleared their deck by the discharge of our small arms. Soon after, we grappled and boarded; when, hastening down to the cabin, I there, for the first time, beheld my Aggy, in a fainting fit, with her lovely head reclined on the lap of her mother.

As I kneeled to give assistance toward her recovery, she first opened the morning of her eyes upon me, then turning them to her mother, cried, Ah, madam, what new misfortune has been added to our misery? I hope we have not fallen into the hand of the infidels. No, Miss, I said, you are free, you are free, and you are freed by hands that offer themselves, of their own accord, to your shackles.

When we came to port I divided the freight of our prize among the brave fellows who had seconded me so gallantly. And, having sold the vessel for three and twenty hundred pounds, I compelled Mrs. Jessamin to accept of it, as some small compensation for the losses that her family had sustained.

As soon as I had paid my duty to my father, and that the warmth of his first caresses was over, Sir, said I, I have melancholy news to tell you. I fear your old friend and partner, Mr. Jessamin, is undone, as to trade; great part of his fortune has been seized by the French, and that may prove a heavy loss to myself also. He has but one daughter, and might I have prevailed upon her to accept of my hand, I should have become  
entitled



entitled to all her father's possessions. But, Sir, I cried, casting myself passionately at his feet, if the happiness of your son is of any weight with you, you will still assent to our union, and thereby make me the most blessed of all human beings!

Everard, said my Father, sedately, you know I love you, and I am willing to divide that love between your fancy and your fortune. If Jessamin lays down twenty thousand pounds, in hand, toward portioning your sisters, I will consent to your union. And that is what I would not do with any other wench under double the sum.

As I knew my father's disposition to be obstinate, I rose and retreated without reply. I instantly went to Mr. Jessamin's, I found my charmer alone. I threw myself at her knees. I solicited, I urged her to an immediate marriage. When, blushing like the morning, Sir, said she, we owe you all things, I never can refuse you any thing that virtue will allow me to grant. Ah, how cold is that, I cried; I will not accept you as a debt, my Aggy, if your heart is not a free-will offering, then let mine burst in sunder; they can have no commerce together. Indeed, says she, giving her hand, I never had an inclination for any other, and I have in the world but one objection to you. What is that, what is that?—It is, she cried, with filling eyes, that I fear to hurt you by a match so disproportioned to your merits.

Her parents entered and found me still at her feet. I rose in much confusion, and, taking a seat, I candidly told them what had passed between my father and me; and urged the same petition to them that I had to their daughter; when Mr. Jessamin recollecting himself, gave me an answer deserving an everlasting memorial.

Mr. Jessop, says he, had I a province to bestow along with my child, you should have it as freely as I would give of my water-cistern to a thirsty traveller. But here it happens that the inestimable obligations which you have heaped upon my family, raise insuperable obstacles to the gratification of your present desires.

In the first place, as a man of probity, if I wish one day to merit the happiness of your alliance, I cannot consent to be a party in any clandestine matter. Again, shall a heart bursting with gratitude, bring either damage or disgrace on the only one whom I account my benefactor and patron? Lastly, shall a father, who estimates the honour of his child as a pearl above the world's purchase, subject her tender gratitude to the temptation of yielding further than she ought; or even to the temptation of binding her virtuous affections beyond the power of a retreat? This would be too severe a tribute even for all that you have done for us. Do not exact it, my son. My heart bleeds under the necessity of rejecting your suit. You cannot be pained as I am by this refusal. But it is inevitable. You and my daughter must meet no more till these clouds are over-passed, and that a new light of happier influence begins to dawn upon us. I answered not. I wept where I sat for half an hour, (not unaccompanied) and then withdrew.

But, my lord, I begin to grow tedious, in spite of my intentions. I returned to my father, and requested him, in order, as I said, to get rid of my present passion, that he would dispatch me abroad upon another voyage. I had given him a very lucrative account of my last, and that made him the less inquisitive respecting the prize we had taken. He assented with joy, as he feared that my love might yet prevail in the combat against duty. And he took upon himself the care of equipping out my ship in a more gallant plight than ever.

The day before I went on board, I stepped to Mr. Jessamin's. My Aggy did not appear, and I found her parents employed in preparing for a disconsolate retreat to the country. I told them I came to take my leave, and asked if they would send any venture by me? The worthy man then went to his desk, and taking out the produce of the sale of the privateer, Here, my Everard, says he, I have nothing to adventure with you save your own free gift. The remainder of the wreck of my fortune is enough to supply us with every frugal accommodation, in our desired ex-  
clusion

clusion from the world. And here is a little note of the place of our retreat, if ever, my child, if ever— if ever we shall happen to meet on this side of eternity! O, I cried, kissing the bills, if I do not bring you a good account of these ventures, never, will we meet till parting shall be no more.

We then set about taking leave, and having several times rushed alternately into the arms of each other, we again sat down and wept till no tears were left; when, rendring myself away from them, and nearly blind to the way that I went, I departed.

Within a year and a half I returned, and, in a storm, put in at Plymouth. But notwithstanding the intrepidity, and great affection of my companions; though I had made death and success matters equally indifferent, and on one of which I was determined; yet our high hopes had failed us on several occasions; and I am come back with little more than ten thousand pounds for Mr. Jessamin, over the produce of the voyage which my father may exact from me. Wherefore, with a beating heart, I have crossed the country, impatient, yet fearful, to know how the heart of the nobly inexorable Jessamin may be affected toward me, and this morning, as I skulked about the house, this gentleman met me; and having questioned me, brought me directly before your lordship.

Here Harry covered his eyes with his hand, and musing for a time, at length said, I fear, my friends, it may be difficult to bring this matter about with propriety. I would not willingly affront Mr. Jessop by a gift of the sum that is deficient to his happiness. Neither, indeed, would it be delicate in Mr. Jessop to offer to his father-in-law, a penny beyond what his venture had acquired. You therefore, my dear Mr. Meekly, shall be the conduit of the expedient that I propose on the occasion. I question if the war was proclaimed when Jessamin's ship was made prize; but be that matter as it may, I trust I have interest sufficient to procure a restoration of it. Do you therefore, my friend, get me an order from Jessamin for £10,000, on the first of his effects in France, and then take this key and deliver to our friends the sum required by the father of this worthy man.

Meekly

Meekly then sprung up, and catching, and clinging about Harry, O my hero, he cried, you are the very champion whom heaven delighteth to empower to subdue itself by violence! Go on, till the wreath of triumph shall be bound to your head in all its prepared glories! Mean while young Jessop lay prostrate, in the oppression of gratitude, at the feet of his younger patron. But Harry gently and affectionately disengaging himself from them, withdrew to his closet, saying to his own heart, Now Aggy, adieu, adieu Aggy, for ever!

For three succeeding Sundays, our hero heard the banns of marriage published between Everard Jessop and Agnes Jessamin, all which he bore with the resignation of a Christian. Perhaps, some may be curious to know how Aggy stood affected in regard to our young lord. Let it suffice to be told, that she made the worthiest of wives to the worthy Everard, notwithstanding that he had the imprudence to tell her of Harry's regard, as also of the obligations by which he had bound them. Aggy therefore could not justly refuse Harry a share in her friendship; and there is something extremely tender in the friendship of a generous female.

One evening, after coffee, the earl turned to Mr. Clinton, and said, How came it to pass, my brother, that Jesus suffered near four thousand years to elapse before he became incarnate for the salvation of the world, although it was by him alone that the world could be saved?

We may as well demand of God, said Mr. Clinton, why he suffered near four days of creation to elapse, before he compacted yond glorious body of far-beaming light. For, the sun himself is but a shadow of the CHRIST that was to come. But, did the world want light, before light became incorporated in its illustrious circumstances? No, my lord, JESUS, who was from eternity the illumination of the dark immensity of nature; Jesus who, alone, is the living light of spirits; the perpetual fountain of the streams of beauty and truth; he said, LET THERE BE LIGHT! and instantly, through the darkness of a ruined world, his ever living light kindled up a corporeal irradiation,  
that

that has its effulgence from him, and cannot beam but by him.

Now, as a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, in the sight of God; you see that the fourth day of Creation, wherein the light of the outward world was compacted into the glorious body of the sun, precisely answers to the four thousandth year wherein Jesus, the light of eternity, was to become embodied in Christ, the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. But, as the world wanted not light, before the sun opened his first morning in the east, neither did it want the means of salvation before the blessed doctrine of the MESSIAH was promulged upon earth.

All persons of selfish and little minds would make a monopoly of the SAVIOUR, they would shut him up into a conventicle, and say to their God, *thus far shalt thou go, and no further.* But he is not to be confined. The Spirit of our Jesus bloweth where he listeth. And he is at once both the purifier and redeemer, as well of all nations, as also of all nature. Accordingly we see that the Turks, who are wholly unblest by true religion or liberty; who live the slaves of slaves; without a settled form of civil government; temporally subjected to the will of a tyrant; and spiritually to the worship of a sensual impostor; yet want not the feeling of our Jesus in their hearts.

Even the wild Indians, who never heard the name of Jesus, who know no law but that of nature; these want not their attachments, their friendships, their family-feelings, nor the sweet compunctions and emotions of the human heart, by Jesus, forming to DIVINE.

The truth is, that people live incomparably more by impulse and inclination, than by reason and precept. Reason and precept are not always within our beck; to have their due influence, they require frequent inculcation and frequent recollection; but impulse and inclination are more than at hand, they are within us, and, from the citadel, rule the out-works of man at pleasure.

When the Apostle, speaking of CHRIST, affirms, *that there is no other NAME under Heaven whereby a man may*

*may be saved;* and again, when he affirms, that those, *who have not received the Law, are a Law unto themselves,* he intends one and the same thing. He intends that CHRIST, from the fall of man, is a PRINCIPLE OF REDEMPTION in the bosoms of all living. That he is *not* an *outward*, but an *inward Redeemer*, working out our salvation *by the change of our depraved nature.* That in and from him, alone, arise all the sentiments and sensibilities that warm the heart with love, that expand it with honour, that wring it with compunction, or that heave it with the story of distant distress. And that he alone can be qualified to be judge at the last day, who, from the first day to the last, was internally a co-operator and witness of all that ever passed within the bosoms of men.

Hence it is that, although the Christian countries have received the *two Tables* of the law of Christ, his *external* as well as *internal Revelation*, (each witnessing to the other, that the God of our Gospel is the God of our Nature) the nations however, who are strangers to his name, yet acknowledge his influence; they do not indeed *hear*, but they *feel* the precepts of that LIGHT *which lighteneth every Man who cometh into the World.*

My dearest brother, said the earl, my conceptions are quite clear with respect to the omnipresence of Christ's divinity. But, as his body is circumscribed by external lineaments, I can form no notion of its being in several places at once. How then will it be, I pray you, at, and after the last day? Will he be present to, and approachable only by a select number of his saints; or will he go certain circuits through the heavens, blessing all, in rotation, with his beatific presence?

Is not the body of yonder sun circumscribed, my lord?—Most certainly.—It is now, said Mr. Clinton, at a distance of many millions of leagues from you, and yet you see it as evidently, and feel its influence as powerfully, as if it were within your reach. Nay, it is *more* than within your reach, it is within your existence. It supplies comfort and life to your animal body; and you could not survive an hour without its influence.

Now.

Now, this is no other than the type of what Christ will be to his new-begotten in the resurrection, when *Corruption shall be swallowed up of glory, and mortal of immortality.* The same blessed body which, for the redemption of commiserated sinners, went through the shameful and bloody process of agonizing scourges, thorns, spittings, and buffetings; which hung six hours on the cross; which descended into the grave, and thence opened the way through death into life, and through time into eternity; even this body shall then shine forth in ineffable beauty and beatitude, in essentially communicative grace and glory; thro' the height and the depth, thro' the length and thro' the breadth, beaming wide beyond the universe, from infinity to infinity.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will then become embodied in this divine body; they will be the repletion of it, they will operate all things by it. To bring the Creator nearer to his creatures, the invisible Godhead will then become visible, the infinite circumscribed, the unapproachable accessible, and the incomprehensible comprehended, within the humanity of our Christ. Then will his cross be exalted, for an ensign to the circling, bending, and worshipping universe. His wreath of thorns will kindle all nature with the dartings and effluence of its coruscations. And his reed of mockery will become the sceptre of unlimited dominion.

From his five wounds shall be poured forth incessant floods of glory, and wide diffusing blessedness upon all his redeemed. Adoring worlds, in self-abjection, shall strive to sink beneath the abjection, that became their salvation. These ever-apparent ensigns of so dearly purchased benefits shall attract the wills of all creatures, they shall cause all hearts and affections to rush and cleave to him, as steel-dust rushes to the magnet, and as spokes stick in the nave whereon they are centered. There shall be no lapse thenceforward, no falling away, for ever; but God in his Christ, and Christ in his redeemed, shall be a will and a wisdom, and an action and a mightiness, and a goodness and a graciousness, and a glory rising on glory, and a blessing  
 rising,

rising on blessedness, through an ever beginning to a never ending eternity.

O brother, exclaimed the earl, I am enraptured, I am entranced!—I feel it all, I feel it all. I am already with all my transgressions, desirous of being crushed to nothing under the foot of my Redeemer. But he comforts instead of crushing me. O that I were this night, this very moment to be dissolved, and to be with Christ! That night, the earl was quite happy and pleasant, and affectionate even beyond his custom. He said and did every thing that could be endearing to his Harry and to his friends. He caressed them at parting for bed. He smilingly shook hands with all the domestics that approached him; and, in the morning, was found dead, without any notice to the servant who attended and lay in the room.

A sudden alarm was instantly given through the family, and quickly reached the town, and spread through the adjacent country, Harry fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him crying, My father, O my father! And they laid his remains in a rich coffin under a sable canopy of velvet, and the house and the court was circled with mourners from all parts, until his body was deposited in the family tomb: but Mr. Clinton would not permit Harry to attend the funeral of his father.

Our hero was now the master of unbounded wealth, approaching to the prime of youth, glowing with health, action, and vigour, of beauty incomparable, beloved of all who knew him, and the admiration of every eye where he passed. Yet all these advantages, with his higher accomplishments, became as matters of no value; they sunk and sickened to his sense, while he felt a void in his bosom, after he knew not what, sighing he knew not why; keen and craving in his desires, yet pining and languid in the want of possession.

What is the matter, my love said Mr. Clinton? My dear brother died in a good old age. Such things should be expected; and we ought not to grieve as persons without hope. True, Sir, said the young earl, and yet it is a melancholy thing for a poor man



to reflect how rich he was a very little while ago. I lately had a dear brother, a dear mother, and the dearest of fathers, but where are they now? I look round the world and see nothing but yourself therein. And—should you too.—He could no more. His uncle also broke into tears, at the thoughts of parting with his darling Harry, though it were to join his Louisa.

My Harry, says he, at last, for never will I change that dear name for any title however deserved by you, we have yet two precious treasures upon earth, if we did but know where to find them; it is your cousin the countess of Maitland, and the brother of my Louisa, the marquis D'Aubigny. Let us go in search of them, my son. Next to my Louisa they are the loveliest of all living. They abound in all human and divine affections, and will carefs us with kindred and corresponding hearts.

Soon after, they set out for France, and, soon arrived at Paris, where Mr. Clinton ordered his large retinue to his ancient hotel, and, taking only two footmen, he and his Harry went in their post-chaise to the marquis's palace.

On ringing of the bell and opening the gate, a single domestic came forth. Mr. Clinton perceived that all was dark in the hall, and this instantly gave an alarm to his ever ready feelings. He alighted, however, and, entering with his Harry, Where is your master, says he, where is my brother the marquis? Heaven bless us, cried the fellow, are you my master's brother? I have heard much talk of and about your lordship, though I never was so happy as to see your face before. Ho! he continued, and rung another bell, come all of you! attend the brother of your lord; attend the present master and lord of your household! Immediately the palace was in commotion, the house was lighted up, and all seemed to have acquired wings to aid their motions. Mr. Clinton looked with eagerness at each of the domestics, endeavouring to recollect the features of some old acquaintance, but all the faces were strange to him. Pray tell me, my friends, says he, where is your master? Where and how are he and his lady? are they still in good health; has he had any children by her?

Please your honour, said an elderly man, my master's first lady died in her child-birth, and her infant perished with her. But he is since married to one of the loveliest women in the world. He is gone, a year since, on an embassy into Africa; his lady would not be left behind; we lately heard from them; they are both in health; and we expect that less than a month will bring them safe to us; indeed, the sum of our prayers is for their happy and speedy return.

What, said Mr. Clinton, are there none of my old friends, not one of our ancient domestics here?—Please your lordship, Jacome, the white headed steward, is still left, but, though in good health, he is very little more than half alive.—Pray go and tell him that an old friend of his is here, and would be very glad to see him; but do not do things suddenly, and be very tender and careful in bringing him to me.

Old Jacome was wheeled in, wrinkled, pale, and paralytic; and all enfeebled as he sat reclining in an easy chair, he seemed to recover life and new spirits, as they brought him forward. Bring me to him, bring me to him, he cried; my eyes are wonderful dim; bring me closer, that I may know if it is my very master indeed. Bring me but once to know that it is his sweet pardoning face, and then let me die, I care not.

Mr. Clinton then took him lovingly by the hand; My good friend Jacome, says he, we are both growing old; I rejoice however to see you once more upon earth. O, cried the old man, a well known and a sweet tuned voice is that voice? it is you then, it is you yourself, my master! Alas for your losses since last we parted; I have got a salt rheum in my eyes of late, and I never thought of you but it began to come down. Here Jacome, sobbing aloud, provoked the joint tears of his attending fellow servants; though they had never been partakers of the foregoing calamities, farther than by the ear, whence they were now recollected and carried home to their hearts.

My lord, says Jacome at last, I am not the only one that remains of your old servants. Your Gerard too, who (blessings on his hands) once tied me neck and heels, Gerard too is forth coming and near at hand.

Your

Your honour's wonderful bounty made a gentleman of him at once, and he is now in a high way with a wife and three children. A hundred and a hundred times have we washed your remembrance with our tears. And indeed I think your honour ought not to send for him, lest he should suddenly die, or run distracted at seeing you.

In the mean time, one of the lackies had officiously gone and informed Gerard of the arrival of his patron. He came panting, and rushed forward, as it were, to cast himself at the feet of his lord : but stopping suddenly, and drawing back some steps, he nailed his eyes, as it were on the face of Mr. Clinton, and spreading his hands, cried : You live then, my lord ; you still live, my dearest master ! You survive all your deaths and sufferings, and the weight of ten mountains has not been able to crush you !—O, the times, my master, never more to return !—Will there be such times in heaven, think you ?—Will there be such angels there as we once lived with upon earth ? Here he clapped his hands together, and set up such a shout of bitter lamentation, as was enough to split the heart of every hearer.

As soon as Mr. Clinton and his two old friends had parted, for the night : Tell me, my dear Sir, said his Harry, are there different kinds of grief, or is it merely that grief affects us in different manners ? When I wept for my dear father, my mother and brother, my affliction was altogether bitter without any species of alleviating sensation to compensate my misery. But, it was far otherwise with me to-night ; when I grieved in the grief of your old and faithful domestics, I felt that it was my happiness so to grieve ; and I could with a return of the sweet sensations.

The reason is this, my love : said Mr. Clinton, when you lamented your parents, you lamented yourself in your losses. Your affliction was just, it was natural, it was laudible ; but still it participated but little of the emotion that is excited by the affliction of others, and the anguish was the keener by being nearly limited to your own bosom and your own concerns. But, in the griefs of my old and loving servants, this night, you became wholly expanded ; you went be-

yond, you went out of yourself. You felt without reflection, how delightful it is to go forth with your God, in his social, generous, and divine sensibilities. And you delightfully felt, my Harry, that such a house of mourning is more joyous to your soul, than all the festivals that flesh and sense can open before you.

As Mr. Clinton proposed to wait the return of the marquis, he employed the mean season in endeavours to amuse his darling, and to dispel the cloud of melancholy that continued to hang over him. For this purpose, he went with him to Versailles, and to the many other elegant environs of Paris, where our Hero became oppressed by his involuntary attraction of all eyes upon him. One night, happening to go to the play, without the company of his guardian, as he came forth, with a crowd, a carriage was opened for him, which he took to be his own, and in he stepped, and away he was taken.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton waited supper for him, and began to grow uneasy when the clock struck twelve. At last his carriage and servants, returned with tidings that they staid for him above an hour, after the play was over, and had ever since been in search of him to no purpose.

Though Mr. Clinton was of an intrepid spirit, and was still more assured by his reliance on Providence, he yet found himself agitated in a very alarming manner. He therefore retired to his closet, and there, fervently commended his Harry to the protection of his God. At length the clock struck three. Soon after the bell was heard from the hall, and Harry entering, with a page in a rich livery, flew like lightning up stairs, and cast himself into the bosom of his patron. My father! he cried, I have been in sad panics for you. I knew the love that you bore to your worthless Harry. But, indeed I could not help it. I have been a prisoner, Sir, and here is my dear deliverer.

As soon as they were something composed, Harry proceeded. As I came out of the theatre, I found a chariot in the spot where I had left my own, and stepping heedlessly into it, I was set down, and hastening through the great hall, flew up stairs to salute

you. But, think how I was surpris'd, when I suddenly found the most sumptuous chamber, perhaps, in the universe.

All astonish'd, I recoiled, and was going to withdraw, when I was met by a lady who accosted me. Have you any commands, Sir, says she, for any one in this house?—A thousand pardons, Madam, I perceive my error! I really thought I was set down at my own lodgings.—No great offence, Sir; but now that I look at you again, I think you ought to pay for your intrusion, by giving me an hour of your company at least.—You must excuse me, Madam, my guardian would be under the most terrifying alarms for me.—A fig for a guardian, she cried; you are now my prisoner, and nothing less than my friend Lewis with his army at his back, shall be able to take you out of my hands.

So saying, she rung a bell, and immediately a door opened, and shew'd us another apartment, where a supper, compos'd of all the elegancies of the season, was serv'd up. She then took me by the hand, and having seated me, placed herself opposite. A number of servants then vanish'd, leaving a dumb waiter of silver behind them.

Sir, said she, we are not to have any further company. You alone were expected, you alone are desired. In short, I have seen you often at the public walks and theatres. You did more than strike my fancy, you laid hold on my heart. I enquir'd every thing about you. I know your rank and fortune. I made use of this stratagem to decoy you to me, and though there are few women in Europe of equal opulence or dignity, I think I cannot much demean myself by an alliance with a sweet fellow whom I so ardently love. But come, our supper cools.

I gazed at her with admiration. She was indeed the most finish'd beauty I ever beheld. And I was in a manner attach'd to her, by her partiality in my favour. After supper, she drew her chair nearer to me. What say you, my lord, says she, fondly, am I to live, or to perish?

Ah, Madam, I cried, love is as a little bird, if you cage it, it will beat itself to pieces against its prison.

Not that I regard your late threats of confinement ; I am a willing prisoner ; and time may, possibly, reconcile me to your different customs. What customs, I pray you ? Why, Madam, love in England, is a kind of warfare between the sexes, just such a one as once happened between the Parthians and old Rome ; our ladies conquer by flying, and our men are vanquished while they pursue. Persons, Sir, of rank, said she, are dispensed with from conforming to little matters of decorum. However, if you will endeavour to adopt the manners of my country, I will do my best to conform to those of yours.

So saying, she looked languishingly at me, and drew her chair quite close ; when, by an involuntary motion, I put mine further back. Do not be alarmed, my lord, says she, women of my condition know always where to stop. Right, Madam, said I ; but possibly you might not be quite so successful in teaching me where to be stopped. Cold constitutioned boy ! she cried, (indignantly rising and colouring) your bed lies yonder, you may go to it, if you like, and ruminate till morning on the danger of slighting a princess. So saying, she swept out of the room, and locked me in. During an hour after she had withdrawn, while I walked about, considering the threats of this extraordinary woman, I heard a great bustling in and about the palace ; but, in another hour all was quiet. I then conceived thoughts of attempting my escape. But I hold it beneath me to be caught in the attempt ; and so I resolved to wait till morning, and then to force my passage in open day.

In the mean time, I imagined a pannel in the wainscot stirred. And, soon after, it was removed, and my young friend, here, entered my chamber. He beckoned me to silence, and, taking me by the hand, led me through the way by which he came.

We then descended a pair of back stairs, and, groping along a dark entry, he cautiously unbolted a door that opened into a garden, and hurrying with me, across, he unlocked another door, that opened to the street, and out we got, rejoicing.

My lord, said *Perree*, (for that was the page's name) it would be dangerous for you to remain another day,

or

or even till morning in Paris. The princess is the most intimate friend of Madame Maintenon, and through her can do what she pleases with the king. During my residence with her, she grew tired of two handsome lovers in succession; but they told no tales; and no one can yet tell what became of them.

Mr. Clinton was quite of Perree's opinion. He instantly sent for his people. All was hurry, and, toward dawning, they set out on the road to Switzerland; but, changing their course again, for several successive mornings, they arrived at Calais, by a tour of near five weeks travel. Mr. Clinton set up at his old inn, and after dinner the host entered to pay his compliments. Have you any news, landlord? Nothing at present, my lord, all is quiet again. But here has been a fearful bustle about three weeks ago. A party of the king's guards came down, in pursuit of a young Englishman who ran away with a lady of quality from Paris. Harry looked quite secure, being wholly innocent of any present design on the sex; but poor little Perree turned as pale as the table-cloth.

I remember, continued our talkative host, that just such another affair happened when I was a boy and servant in this house. Here came a young Englishman, just such another sweet fellow as this before me; and brought with him an angel of a creature, the like of whom my eyes never saw. After him came one of our great dukes with a party of soldiers, and terrible things were expected; but, they made it up, I know not how; and *Milord Anglois* carried off his prize in triumph! Mr. Clinton stooped his head, and dropt a silent tear.

That evening a gale sprung up, and going on board, they were safe anchored, before morning, in Dover harbour. They then mutually embraced; and Harry, catching his beloved deliverer to his bosom, We are now upon English ground, says he, welcome to my arms, my dear Perree, no longer my page or servant, but my friend and my brother! You cannot conceive what pain your officiousness has hitherto cost me, but there must be no more of this; you shall hereafter be served as I am, nay, I myself will serve you to the utmost of my power.

Ah,

Ah, my lord, cried the lovely Perree, gently falling at the feet of his master, if you deprive me of the pleasure of serving you, you deprive me of all the pleasure that the world can afford me. If you knew the delight I find in being always about you, in watching your thoughts and motions, in looking into your eyes, and there reading your desires, before they rise to expression, you could not find in your heart to deprive me of such a blessing. Well, then, said Harry, raising him fondly in his arms, our future contest shall be, which of us shall serve the other with most affection.

After dinner, the evening being calm and fine, Harry took his Perree with him along the shore that stretches under the stupendous cliffs of Dover. They had not walked far, when, getting out of the sight of people within the winding of a creek, a man advanced towards them, and taking out a pistol, called to Harry to throw down his purse. Our hero did not regard his purse, but thinking it an indignity to be robbed by one man, he put his hand to his sword. Hereupon the villain levelled his pistol, and the faithful Perree, observing that he was going to fire, instantly jumped in, between his master and danger, and received the ball into his own bosom.

Harry saw his darling drop, and, flying all enraged at the robber, he ran him thrice through the body. Then, flying as swiftly back, he threw himself by the side of his dying Perree, and gently raising his languishing head, placed it fondly on his bosom.

You are wounded, my friend, says Harry. Yes, my lord, I am wounded just as I could wish; and I would not exchange my present death for the happiest life that the world could bestow.—But, it is time to reveal a secret to you, which nothing but death should ever have extorted from me.—I am not what I seem, my most beloved master!—I am a foolish girl, who, at the first glance, conceived a passion for you.—My name is *Maria de Lausanne*.—I am niece to that bad woman whom you rejected.—But, what did I purpose by this disguise? First your deliverance, my lord, and that I effected.—But, did I further aspire to the honour of your hand? Far from it, far from it.—I felt



felt my own unworthiness ; I did not think you could be mated by any thing, less than an angel.—But then to see you, to hear you, to serve, to touch, to be near you, to fix my eyes on you unheeded, and, if possible, to win your attention by the little offices of my fondness, this was my happiness.—I have had it, I have enjoyed it ;—and I ought to die content.—But, alas, to part from you, there is the pang of pangs.—O, if this day merits any thing, by the offer of my own life for the preservation of my beloved,—then cause my chaste clay to be deposited in the tomb of your ancestors—that—when time shall come—my dust may be neighboured—to your precious dust—and there sleep in peace—beside you—till we spring together—into glory and immortality !

During these short sentences and difficult respirations, lord Moreland could answer nothing.—He was suffocated by his grief.—But, putting his speechless lips to the fading lips of his Maria, he drew her latest breath into his own bosom, while angels caught her spirit into the regions of purity, of love, and of faith unfailing.

His lordship, then plucking up courage from despair, pressed his lips to the pale, and unfeeling lips of his true lover, and cried, Yes, my Maria, our dust shall be joined, and I feel that our spirits too shall shortly be wedded !—Then, raising her in his arms, he bore her to the town, while he poured upon her, the two fountains of his affection.

When he got to the inn, and came to his uncle ; Here, Sir, said he, I present you with a precious burden, a burden that lies much heavier on my heart than it did in my arms. He then related to Mr. Clinton the whole of what had passed ; when, heavily sighing, and shedding a tear, Mr. Clinton cried, Ah, my Harry, I would to heaven that your Maria had lived ; she exceeds your Aggy Jessamin all to nothing.

Lord Moreland ordered a carriage on purpose for himself and his beloved. She was deposited in a coffin ; and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his uncle, he would not be divided from his Maria, till they reached London ; where he paid the last testimony of his regard to her remains in the most splendid manner.

As lord Moreland thought it his duty, so he thought it would be his delight to lament his Maria for ever. But time, though it may not wholly efface, daily wears an insensible portion of the deepest impressions.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton received a letter, by the French mail, in answer to one which he had left for his brother-in-law at Paris; and this letter informed him, under the marquis's hand, that he had returned from his embassy to the court of Morocco, and that he and his lady would be shortly in England. And at the bottom he found written in a different character, "Will it be any satisfaction to see them accompanied by your once loved—FANNY GOODALL?"

We have found them, my Harry, he cried, we have found them, our long and far sought friends; the two treasures which our God had graciously laid in store for us.

Within the following fortnight, as our hero stood with a single attendant in Fleet-street, over-against the Devil Tavern, he was accosted by a glittering appearance, who took him by the hand and said how are you, *Master Fenton*?—Well, Sir, I thank you. Lord *Bottom*, I presume!—The same, Sir.—And pray how are the worthy lord and Lady Mansfield, also your lovely sister, the Lady Louisa?—Passable, Sir. But what makes you in black? I hope Mr. Fenton is still in the land of the living?—He is, my lord. But black is a cheap kind of wear.—Well, I insist on your stepping over the way to take one glass with me.—Your lordship must excuse me, I am going to enquire concerning some friends whom I expect from France. O, I protest, *Master Fenton*, you shall not disappoint me; I insist on renewing our old acquaintance.

Lord Moreland could hardly have found it in his heart to refuse the request of an enemy: much less could he reject an invitation that was made under an appearance of friendship. When lord Bottom had seated his old enemy (as he still supposed him to be) in the midst of fourteen or fifteen bloods and bucks, lord Moreland would gladly have retreated; but rejected the thought lest they should think that he was intimidated.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, cried lord Bottom, give me leave to introduce a phenomenon to you ; my friend yonder is a CHRISTIAN ! A Christian, cried one ; a Christian, cried another ? Ah, said lord Bottom, a Christian of the right cast, he literally conforms to the example of his master. If you smite him on the one cheek, he will turn the other to you, and you cannot delight him more than by kickings, spittings and spurnings.

Pray, Sir, said one of the company, are you actually a Christian ? I hope so, Sir, said Harry. And may I spit in your face, Sir, said another, without fear chastisement ? You might perhaps, Sir, said lord Moreland, had you done it in the sudden impulse of passion, but,—I told you so gentlemen, exclaimed lord Bottom. I have myself put the christianity of my friend there to the proof. I have made him the butt and the jest of all companies. And yet he never shewed the least instance of his being offended. For example now, and so saying, he spit directly in his face. While lord Moreland calmly pulled out his handkerchief to wipe himself, another of the set advanced, and followed lord Bottom's example.

This was too much for his fortitude to bear. He started from his chair, and returned the outrage with a stroke that felled the caitiff to the ground. 'Sbl—d, cried one of the company, I fear Bottom, you have brought us into the wrong box. You have certainly mistaken your man. He has indeed, said lord Moreland, calmly. He calls me Fenton, but my name is not Fenton ; my name is Henry, earl of Moreland ; and you shall every man suffer for this outrage on a Peer.

The whole legion was instantly struck with terror. They sunk on their knees in petitioning postures. But lord Moreland said, with a firm accent, I desire your reformation, gentlemen, and I will endeavour to complete it, by treating you in such a manner as shall make you afraid to repeat such insults upon humanity and religion hereafter. Saying this he arose, and, taking each of the intimidated wretches in succession by the nose, he led them out, and kicked them down stairs, through the midst of their own servants, the waiters,

&c.

&c. crying, a kicking to all the scoundrel sons of *Belial*, who dare to spit at christianity!

The next morning as lord Moreland was walking along Cheapside, he saw a crowd gathered about a coach that had broke down; and while some stood gaping, the rest only laughed at the distressed situation of the people in the coach. But, the sight had a very different effect upon him. He burst through the crowd, and forcing his way to the coach, found in it a lady, with two female attendants, and a black boy, who all appeared to be foreigners.

This circumstance interested him still more strongly in their behalf. He soon extricated them from their own carriage, and engaged in assisting the servants to set every thing to rights, and remove their luggage to a hackney coach; he then led the lady, and her women, and the black boy, to a neighbouring tavern, to wait till his coach, for which he had sent, should arrive.

In the mean time, while he was busied in helping the lady to a bit of cake, and a glass of wine, happening to turn his head, he perceived the black youth by stealth kissing the hat, and pressing the gloves to his bosom that he had laid on a table.

Whatever the darkness of any aspect or person may be, if the beauty of the soul shall burst upon us, thro' the cloud, the dark becomes light, and we begin to affect what was lately our aversion. Thus it was that lord Moreland found himself suddenly attached by the two recent proofs that this out-landish youth had given of his affection.

Being all seated, his lordship looked earnestly at the young Moor, and turning to the lady, said, I now perceive, Madam, how ridiculous all sorts of prejudices are, and find that time may change our opinions to the reverse of what they were. I once had an aversion to all sorts of blacks, but I avow that there is something so amiable in the face of this youth, as is enough, as Shakspear has it, to make us in love with night, and pay no more worship to the gaudy sun.

The Moor, hereat, smiled celestial sweetness, and joy beamed from his eyes, and throughout his dimpling aspect.

But

But who can you be, my sweet fellow, said the lady, who are the picture, the image, almost the thing itself that I was so sadly in love with five and thirty years ago? Why, Madam, said our hero, you could not have been born at that early day. Ah, you flatterer, says she, I am turned of forty. But, pray Madam, who was he that was so happy as to attract your infant affections?—His name was Harry Clinton.—Why, Madam, Harry Clinton is my name.—Harry Clinton, Harry Clinton! screamed out the lady, and started up from her chair.—Yes, Madam, I am son to the late earl of Moreland, and I almost dare to hope that you were once the enchanting Fanny Goodall.—Yes, my lovely kinsman, I am indeed your Fanny Goodall, I am your uncle's marchioness D'Aubigny; and I am the dutchess of Bouillon.

Harry then sprung forward, and seizing her hand, kept it dwelling on his lips. But, disengaging it, she opened her arms and clasped him to her bosom, and wept over him as a mother would over a long-lost son, while the young Moor ran and danced about the room like a mad thing, clapping hands, and springing almost to the ceiling.

When they were something composed, the Moor caught the lady about the neck, and kissing her, cried, Joy, joy, my dearest Madam, the greatest of all joys! Then turning to our hero, he took each of his hands, in turns, and pressed them to his lips, while lord Moreland kissed his forehead, and cried, My brother, my brother!

News was now brought that the carriages were at the door, whereupon they set out in a hurry for Mr. Clinton's, the dutchess readily assenting to lord Moreland's desire to go thither.

When they arrived, the dutchess hastened in, enquiring for Mr. Clinton, and when she came where he was, she cried out, as she advanced, Your Fanny, your Fanny Goodall, my cousin; and throwing herself into his arms, dwelt there for a minute. Then recoiling awhile, she looked fondly at him, and cried, Your sister also, my brother, your sister D'Aubigny; the happy wife of the brother of your heavenly Louisa!

then clasping him to her arms, she broke into tears; and again, quitting him, sat down to quiet her emotions.

Mr. Clinton, having seated himself beside her, said: These are wondrous things that you tell me, my sister; by what miracle have these blessings been brought about?

I am too much agitated at present, says she, let me recover myself, and the matter shall be unravelled.

When they had sat a few minutes, Give me leave, Sir, said the dutchess, to introduce my little black companion to your notice. He is a sweet fellow I assure you, notwithstanding his complexion. He is child to our royal friend the emperor of Morocco, who has entrusted him to our guardianship. However he might have come by his sable outside, his father, the great *Abenamin*, is the least tawny of any man I saw in Africa, and his mother is one of the fairest women that ever opened a pair of living diamonds to the light; but my brother, I shall more particularly recommend him to your regard, by telling you that he is an exceedingly pious Christian.

She then turned, and taking the little *Abenamin* by the hand, led him up and placed him before her brother. When the youth suddenly dropping on his knees, looked up to Mr. Clinton, with eyes that spoke love and reverential awe, and besought his blessing.

The old gentleman found himself surprizingly affected, and, lifting up his hands, cried, "God be gracious to you, my child, and make your soul as bright as your countenance is sable! and may the Sun of Righteousness shine with power upon you, and illumine every shade that is about you." The prince embraced his legs, kissed his knees and arose.

You may remember, my dearest cousin, said the dutchess, in what a hurry I last parted from you. Mr. Fairface, with whom the bulk of my fortune was deposited, went off with above a hundred thousand pounds of my substance. I traced him to Paris, and there he had the impudence to give me an interview, but at the same time, had the greater impudence to bid me defiance.

Immediately

Immediately I commenced a suit, and went to London for my papers and witnesses. On the opening of my cause in court, I was summoned by the title of countess of Maitland, otherwise Frances Goodall. On hearing the name, a gentleman who was near me started, and turning, Pray, Madam, says he, are you related to the honourable Harry Clinton, who once went by that name in this city? I am, Sir, said I, almost the nearest relation that he has upon earth. He is Madam, my dearest friend and brother. Pray speak to your advocates to postpone your suit for a few days, till I am informed of the merits of your cause.

This was done. He desired to know where I lodged, and in less than an hour his chariot was at my door. Except yourself, my cousin, the marquis had the most lovely aspect and person that I ever beheld. I soon convinced him of the equity of my demand, and of the villainy of my trustee. But he still continued to visit, and to stay with me a considerable part of every day, under colour of being better informed. The remaining time was spent in soliciting for me.

At length a hearing came on; and, after a short trial honest Fairface was cast. He was instantly taken into custody, and put under confinement, till he discharged the whole amount of the judgment.

No sooner was one suit over, wherein I was plaintiff, but another was commenced wherein I happened to prove but a weak defendant. The marquis now became solicitor for himself.

I could not refuse part of my time to him who had devoted the whole of his time and assiduity to me. We spent whole days together. But O, what floods of tears did that time cost both him and me, while he pathetically related your history, from the place where you broke off, to the death of your Louisa and your precious infants.

I believe, my cousin, that, as grief is a greater softener, so it is a greater cementer of hearts than any other passion. I gave the marquis, in my turn my little story, and dwelt on every minuteness of my infant passion for you. Ah, said he, what a pity that a  
Y 2 heart,

heart, so susceptible of all humane feelings, should sit as a lonely turtle, upon the house-top, without a suitable mate !

I took him for that mate, my cousin, and in a husband I found the tenderest of lovers. I became pregnant, for the first time of my life, and was delivered of a sweet little fellow, whom we left at nurse in our country seat, while I attended my lord on his embassy to Morocco.

But here I must stop, my brother ! I am under the positive interdiction of a husband, not to divulge a word further till he sees you face to face. But I trust that he has blessed tidings for you, my brother ; he says that otherwise he would not have dared to present himself before you, after his loss of your Eloisa.

Mr. Clinton smiled, careless, as at the impossibility of any consoling event upon earth. Again, smiling, I protest, my sister, said he, you appear to me to grow younger for your years.

But pray, when may we expect my brother ?—In about two months ; at present he is engaged with the king, who lately created him a duke, on account of the services which he rendered the state in Africa. We received your letter, my dearest brother, at Paris, but wondered who the sweet fellow could be who was said to accompany you.

In the mean time, our hero, and the young prince were in close combination. Abenamin stepped about and about lord Moreland, and toyed with him, and twisted the curls of his careless locks around his fingers. Then turning and looking up in his face, Ah, how fair, says he, does this black visage of mine shew in those fine eyes of yours ! It is in truth, said his lordship, so fair in my eyes, that I would not exchange it for fifteen of the fairest female faces in Britain. The prince then caught his hand and pressed it to his bosom.

As soon as lord Moreland's grief for his late Maria would allow him to associate, he had been to seek his old friend and tutor Mr. Clement. But he found only a single domestic at home, who told him that the old gentleman had been some time dead, and that the family

were



were lately gone to take possession of a new seat that they had purchased in the country. However, as his lordship found himself happy in the present society, he sought no further acquaintance in London. In less than three weeks they all set out for *Ennaville*; there to await the arrival of the duke.

The second day, as they stopped at a village to repair the harness of a horse, lord Moreland took a walk with his Abenamin along the road. In their way they came to a long and waste cottage, where they heard the confused clattering of voices. His lordship stepped to the door, and, looking in, perceived about forty or fifty boys ranged on benches, while a man of pale aspect sat on a decayed chair, instructing them in their lessons.

Your servant, Sir, says lord Moreland, what language do you teach?—I can teach Latin and Greek too, so please your honour; but the people of this country choose to confine themselves to the language of Old England.—If I am not too free, Sir, pray what is your name?—Longfield, so please your honour.—Longfield, Longfield? I have surely heard of that name before. Pray, were you ever acquainted with a man called Hammel Clement?—Hammel Clement, Sir, he was my dearest friend, the friend whom I injured, the friend of my heart! Then, cries his lordship, this acknowledgment makes you my friend also, Mr. Longfield. And so saying, he took his hand and shook it in the most affectionate manner.

The poor man shrunk back in half wonder and half terror at what this might mean; but the earl soon quieted his apprehensions. Your friend Clement, says he, is come to a great fortune, and, I dare answer for him, would feel sincere joy at your sight, and gladly divide his substance with you; but, if you please, you shall be no incumbrance upon his growing family. You shall instantly come with me, and, as Pharaoh said to Jacob, regard not your stuff, for the good of all my land lies before you, Mr. Longfield. And I rejoice more in acquiring such a heart as yours, than if I had acquired the possession of a province.

Lord Moreland then called a few of the neighbours in, and giving them some guineas, to be divided among the children, in order to enable them to see a new master; he and Abenamin took the threadbare Longfield, on each side, under the arm, and carried him away.

When they came to the turn that led to the mansion-house, the earl perceived with much pleasure that the two school-houses, which he had put in hand before the death of his father, were completed. They stood opposite to each other, with the road between them. Their fronts were of hewn stone, and a small cupola rose over each, with bells to summon the children to meals and to lesson. Here, Longfield, says our hero, is to be your province. You are to superintend these schools, at a salary of one hundred a year. And I will soon send you, with proper means, throughout the country, to muster me a hundred chosen children of each sex, for I wish to be a father, Longfield, and to gather my family of little ones under my eye and my wing.

It is impossible to describe the happiness of this most worthy set. Festivity glowed on every face, and the late house of mourning became a house of joy. Above all, Abenamin inspired good humour throughout the family, and melancholy fled before him wherever he turned. He was daily inventing new matters of entertainment. He danced African dances for them, with wonderful grace; and he sung African songs that imitated and exceeded the wild warblings of the nightingale! so that he became the little idol of the whole household.

Lord Moreland had sent for a taylor, and got Longfield fitted with three or four suits from his father's wardrobe. He then sent him on his commission, in company with Mr. Trusty the agent, whom he ordered to shew him the country, to introduce him to the several families of the peasantry, and to furnish him with whatever sums he should call for.

In the meantime, our hero and Abenamin became inseparable. He made the prince a present of his little jennet,

jennet, and often pressed him to ride, but Abenamin always found some excuse. One night, as our hero sat with the prince in his apartment, Have you ever been in love, Harry, says Abenamin? I confess, said the earl, that I have had my twitches that way.

He then gave him a narrative of the struggles of his heart, respecting the fair Aggy Jeffamin. And again he related to him the tragedy of his faithful Maria, which cost the prince many tears. Ah, exclaimed the prince, never, never will I forgive your Maria her death! Why was it not my lot, so to prove to you the superiority of my affection? What, cried the earl, would you not leave me a single companion upon earth? When my Abenamin quits the world, I shall also bid it adieu!

When the tears were wiped away, the prince took his friend by the hand, and said: I have a sister, my brother, a sister twinned with me in the womb, and as fair as I am black. All Africa is pleased to hail her as the beauty of the universe, but the truth is, that I think but poorly of her. The duke brought her with him to France, and should he bring her to England, beware of your heart, my Harry; for though I am prejudiced against her, she is the idol of all others. This has made her so vain, that she thinks the homage of the world nothing less than her right. And now, my Harry, though I earnestly wish to be allied to you by a tie nearer if possible than that of friendship, yet I would not wish my own happiness, at the expence of your peace; and so I give you timely warning against this dangerous and haughty girl.

Our company had now been upward of six weeks at the mansion house. Lord Moreland, hitherto, had never seen any part of the country, or any part of his own estate, above a mile from the house. Wherefore, leaving his friend Abenamin in bed, he issued early forth one morning, accompanied only by Jack, and his agent's runner, who knew and was known every where. With their staves in their hands, they crossed and quartered the country at pleasure.

At length they came within prospect of a house sumptuously fronted, and of a happy situation. His lordship

lordship stopped here, with pleasure, comparing, as he approached, the improvements of art with the advantages of nature, when a servant issued forth and humbly besought him to walk in. What is your master's name, says he? Fielding, so please your honour, and we are this day celebrating the nuptials of his son.

The master of the family met our hero at the outward door. The earl recoiled at recognizing the face of the Mr. Fielding, whom he had seen at Hampstead, but taking no notice, walked with him into the house. Breakfast was soon ushered in, and Mrs. Fielding and Mr. and Mrs. Catharines, and Ned came with his blooming bride to the table.

The earl rejoiced at heart, but still took no notice; when, after some cursory conversation, Ned looked at him with an eager disturbance, and cried, Bless me, my heart tells me that there is something in that face which is not quite unknown to me. If I could think, after my many enquiries, that my patron was alive, I should verily believe that you were,—Your Harry Fenton, cried our hero, springing up, your Harry Fenton, my dear Ned! Lord Moreland then opened his arms, while Ned leaped and caught at him, as the grappling iron of a corsair would catch at a ship from which a great prize was expected.

All the family then struggled who should be foremost in their acknowledgments and caresses. The truly reverend *Catharines* fondly taking him to his arms, cried, Christ be gracious unto you, my child! and may the God, who has formed you as an angel upon earth, make you also of the highest order of angels in heaven!

After dinner lord Moreland rose, and took his leave; but they all got in a group and opposed his passage: telling him he must be their prisoner for that night. I consent, only on this condition, said his lordship, that all of you dine with me to-morrow. Why, pray Sir, where do you live, says Mr. Fielding? At Ennaville, with the young earl of Moreland, says Harry; but he has a great friendship for me, and the house is as it were my own.

Lord.

Lord Moreland rose, by the dawning, and walked in an hour to Ennaville. He flew up stairs to salute the family, but found no one, save Mr. Clinton, from whom he received at once, a warm blessing and an embrace. Where is the dutchess, Sir, and my friend Abenamin? Gone, Harry, says his uncle. About breakfast time yesterday, a courier arrived with the joyful tidings that my brother was on the road; and so my sister and our Abenamin hastened to meet him. By this time I suppose they are all on their return; and now take care of yourself, my Harry. The duke brings with him the sister of our Abenamin, the fair princess Abenaide; the dutchess tells me that a lovelier creature never beheld the light: so that you must guard your heart against the power of this beauty.—She is vain, Sir, excessively vain, I am told, so that her pride will prove an antidote against the poison of her charms. However I will haste to meet and welcome your most noble brother.

He accordingly took horse directly, and had not gone very far, when he met them. The princess rode in the foremost carriage: lord Moreland bowed twice as he approached, but she scarce deigned a perceptible acknowledgment to his salute.—Our hero felt himself piqued. Proud beauty! thought he, I thank you for timely prevention of a passion that, perhaps, might have proved unhappy. He then passed forward with affected carelessness to salute the duke.

When he came up, the coach stopped, and lord Moreland, flying from his saddle, approached the window. My lord, said the earl, seizing the duke's hand, and kissing it, if you were sensible of the joy that my heart receives from your presence, I think it would make you nearly as happy as myself. My sweet fellow, said the duke, I have often heard of you at Paris, as also by the letters of my love here; my longing at last is gratified, though my wonder is increased.

But, madam, says his lordship, what have you done with my little playfellow, what is become of my Abenamin? O, cried the dutchess, laughing, he is forth coming I warrant you; but what has so bewitched you to him? I think you could not be fonder  
if

if he were a mistress. True, madam, answered the earl, sighing, I never expect to have a mistress that I shall love half as well; but pray put me out of pain, and let me know where he is. Be pacified, said the smiling duke, he is not far off; and here is my hand that you shall see him before night.

As our hero attended the carriage of the duke, the princess and her train had got to the house and alighted, while he opened the coach door, and handed out the noble pair, who alternately kissed and took him to their arms. Mr. Clinton then came forth, and received them all with transport. But the earl under some pretence walked away, in order to avoid the disdainful regard of the young lady.

In the mean time, our company caressing each other all the way, had got slowly to the great parlour. The duke then, respectfully taking the young lady by the hand, permit me, brother, says he, to recommend to you my lovely ward, the fair princess of Morocco. The lady then gently bent one knee toward the ground, while she received the cordial blessing and salute of the old gentleman.

They then took their seats. When Mr. Clinton, while he looked more earnestly on the princess, grew suddenly affected, and called out for a glass of water and hartshorn. When he drank it, he found himself in a measure restored, and, lifting his hands, he cried, I protest one would think that nature had copied this lovely creature from an image that has lain impressed upon my heart near these forty years.

You are in the right, my brother, exclaimed the duke, it is even as you surmise. Allow me then, once more, to introduce to you the counterpart of our once adorable Louisa, to introduce to you my niece and your own offspring, my brother, even the daughter of your still living and ever precious Eloisa. The princess then sprung forward, and, dropping precipitately at the feet of her grandfather, she put her face between his knees, and, seizing both hands, she bathed them with her tears, crying, My father, O my father, my dear, my dearest father, how inexpressibly blessed I think myself, to be the offspring of such a father! Mr. Clinton then raising her, and seating her fondly  
on

on his knee, and grasping her to his bosom, I will not ask, he cried, how these miracles came about, it is enough that I feel the attraction which pulls you into my heart. And so saying, their tears flowed, till they mingled on the floor.

Go, my angel, said Mr. Clinton, and take yonder seat, that I may view and delight my soul with your sight, at leisure. My eyes begin at these years, to see best at a distance. At length the soft voice of the earl was heard in the hall, and the duke whispering his brother, requested him, for a little time, to take no notice of what had passed. Our hero entered, bowing respectfully, but carelessly toward the side where the princess sat, and taking his seat beside the duke, bent fondly to him, and seizing a hand, with both his hands, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, Welcome, welcome, my dearest lord, to the house and to the hearts of your truest lovers.

Then giving a glance to the side where the princess sat, he caught a glimpse of her attractions, and, sighing, said to himself, O the pity, the pity! But no matter; her pride shall never suffer a single charm to take place; and, so thinking, he turned his eyes aside.

Mean time Abenaide arose, and stealing round, came behind the earl's chair, and covering an eye with each of her hands, she turned his head to her, and made a sound with her lips as though she had kissed him. The earl opened his eyes in utter astonishment, while in a twinkling standing before him, she burst out a laughing, crying, My Harry, what, have you forgot me? Do not you remember your old playfellow, your little friend Abenamin?

Lord Moreland's eyes were now opened, in the midst of the hurry and agitation of his soul. At a glimpse he took in the whole oppression of her beauties; and, cast himself, quick as a glance of lightning, at her feet. At length, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Ah, what are all these wonders to me, or my happiness, unless my Abenamin will also become my Abenaide? That, replied the princess, is not at my option; there sits my lord and father, at whose disposal I am.

The

The earl then arose, and, throwing himself at the feet of his uncle, embraced his legs in silence, while Mr. Clinton cried out, Yes, my Harry, I understand you; nothing shall ever be wanting to the happiness of my darling, that the power of his tender parent can effect. I can have nothing in heaven or earth, that is not the property of my Harry. Then, turning to Abenaide, he continued, I aver I am still in the labyrinth. Did you not say, my Abenaide, that you were also our Abenamin? I did, my lord, says she; but I did not dare to avow myself. Ah, what a painful struggle did that reflection cost me! while I panted to cling to your honoured feet; while I used to gaze upon you unperceived; while my heart swelled with affection, and my eyes with restrained tears, and while I kissed in secret the book that you read, and the ground that you trod on.

Abenaide then sat down, and lord Moreland, lightly throwing himself beside her, looked beseechingly around and cried, My lord, my dearest lady, our still precious Fanny Goodall, can you vouch, can you warrant that I am safe in this matter? Just then Mr. Meekly came in. He had been long and far away, upon many a blessed tour of doing good through the earth. But as soon as he heard of the arrival of his beloved patron and young lord, he rode post to embrace them. Lord Moreland sprang from love to friendship, and catching him in his arms, cried, O, my Meekly, my dearest Meekly, how seasonable you come, to temper, by your advice, the insufferably transports of my soul; behold the regent of my heart, behold the queen of my wishes! Meekly then fixed his eyes upon the princess, and soon after exclaimed; Gracious Father! what do I see? Can Louisa be raised from the dead? O then, it must be so, she must be her descendent. No one save my peerless patroness, could produce the likeness of my patroness. But how this blessed miracle was brought about is the question.

That is my question too, my dear Meekly, said Mr. Clinton, if my most noble brother would be so good as to solve it. I will gratify you, gentlemen, said the duke, in as few words as possible. Mean while the princess



princess withdrew. On my embassy to the court of Morocco, I had several private interviews with the emperor, before my credentials were opened in public. I had the good fortune to be liked by him, so that he suffered no day to pass without seeing me. His name was Abenamin; he was accounted a great captain, he exceeded all in his dominions, for grace of person and beauty of aspect. And that which rendered him still more singular was, that he had given liberty to all the ladies of his seraglio, and, for many years, had kept constant to the reigning sultana, said to be the most exquisite beauty upon earth.

As we grew more intimate, in the exuberance of his affection for the empress, he could not refrain from speaking of her to me, and he promised that, before I departed, I should see and converse with her; a grace, he said, never granted to any other man. At length the day being appointed for my public entry, I rode through the city, attended by a sumptuous train, and, alighting before the palace, advanced to the hall of audience. As soon as that ceremony was ended, and I was preparing to withdraw, one of the emperor's principal eunuchs led me into an inner apartment, where, he said, the emperor desired to see me. I had not waited many minutes when a door opened into another room, where the emperor was seated, with his sultana at his hand. As soon as I had approached the presence, the empress gave a great shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the bosom of her husband.

The royal Abenamin instantly turned pale as death, tore off her veil with trembling hands to give her air, and called me to his assistance, as all the attendants had been ordered to withdraw. But, O heaven, O my friend! think what was my astonishment, when in the pale face of the queen, I beheld the lovely features of our darling Eloisa! As soon as she recovered, she opened her eyes upon me, and reaching out her arms, and catching me to her, she cried, O my uncle, my dearest uncle! am I so blessed then as to behold you before I expire? The monarch, in the mean time, looked upon me with a jealous eye, and twice put his hand to his dagger, but checked his indignation, till he should have the mystery of his queen's behaviour explained.

explained. Her women whom the emperor had called then raised her up and bore her to her apartment; while turning to me, with no very friendly aspect, he ordered me to follow him.

When I had attended a considerable time in the anti-chamber, he came forth with a joyous countenance, and embracing me, cried, O my friend, my dear kinsman, how transported I am to find and acknowledge you for such; the relation of my angel becomes a part of myself. He then led me by the hand into the chamber of my Eloisa, where we renewed our caresses without restraint. But the monarch, fearing that these emotions would be too much for her, told me that he had something for my private ear till dinner; and took me into an adjoining room. There, seating, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I will now tell you, my uncle, says he, how I came by this inestimable treasure.

I had fitted out a royal ship of my own, not as a corsair, but rather for trade in the Mediterranean. On their return from the coast of Egypt, as they past, after a violent hurricane, within sight of old Carthage, my people perceived, at a distance a sloop stranded on a shoal of sand about a league from the shore. Immediately they sent out a boat and took the distressed company in, consisting of my charmer, two female companions, and several servants in livery, beside the boatmen.

The intendants of my ship behaved themselves with all possible respect toward the young lady and her attendants, and endeavoured to quiet her terrors, by assuring her that she was free, and that their prince was a person of too much humanity to derive any advantage from the disasters of the unfortunate. The moment they brought her before me, pale, trembling and in tears, while she dropt on her knees, and lifted to me her fine eyes in a petitioning manner, the gates of my soul opened to the sweetly affecting image, and ever after closed upon it. Ah, I cried, heavenly creature, calm, calm your causeless fears! I swear by our prophet, and the God of our prophet, that I would rather suffer death, than put the smallest constraint on your person or inclination. You are free, madam,  
you

you shall ever be free, save so far as I may bind you by my tender offices. I raised her, and she grew something better assured; when bending a knee in my turn, I cried, Look not upon me as your tyrant, look not on me as your lover; but look upon me as your friend, the tenderest and truest of friends, who shall ever be ready to sacrifice his own happiness to your's.

From that time I studied every amusement, that might dissipate her remaining apprehensions, while I conducted myself toward her, with a distant though fond respect, not even presuming to touch her hand. In the mean time, my soul sickened, and grew cold to all other women. If you were ever in love, my dear D'Aubigny, you know that it is a chaste as well as a tender passion. I languished indeed for her, I longed and languished to death; but then it was rather for her heart than her person.

One day, as she heaved a heavy, but half-suppressed sigh, Ah my angel, I cried, I can have no joy but yours, and yet you have griefs to which you keep your friend, your Abenamin a stranger. True, my lord, says she, tears breaking from her, all your bounties have not been able to silence the calls of kindred or claims of nature within me. Ah, my parents, my dear parents! I feel more for you, than I feel even for myself, in being torn from you.

The weight of her affliction fell like a mountain on my soul, and crushed me to her feet. You would leave me then, Eloisa, you wish to leave me, but your generosity delays to tell me so, for fear of breaking my heart.—Well, be it so—go from me.—You know I cannot survive you—But, my death is of no consequence, my Eloisa shall be happy.—I will go this instant, I will dispatch my swiftest galley to Languedoc.—I will write word to your parents that you are safe; that you are beloved; and yet pure and untouched.—I will invite them to come and take possession of my treasures, my dominions, my heart: But—should they reject my suit, I again swear, by Alla, to send you to them, laden with wealth, though I myself should drop dead at the instant of your departure.

The noble soul of my Eloisa became instantly affected. She caught a hand between both of hers, and

bathing it with tears, cried, O, now indeed you have bound me by chains infinitely stronger than all the shackles that fasten the slaves to the galleys of Africa.

I kept firm to my engagement, and in a few weeks, my winged messengers returned. But, O the tidings, the very doleful tidings for my beloved! They brought word that they found no creature, save a few ancient domestics in the palace, as ravens in the midst of a lonely forest. From these they learned, that my Eloisa's mother and little brother were dead, that her grandmother was dead, her aunt the marchioness also dead, and that the marquis had retired they knew not whither. She wept incessantly, and I wept with her.—At length she softly said; You have conquered, my lord, you have conquered; I am subdued by your weight of affection! O, that you could but conform to one article more, that we might be united as one heart, and one soul, and one sentiment for ever!

It was now, for the first time, that I dared to seize her hand. I pressed it to my lips, and cried, I would do any thing, dare any thing, to be united to my Eloisa. In life and in death, body to body, and dust to dust, never, never to be sundered, till her spirit should make the heaven of my spirit hereafter.

Ah, she suddenly exclaimed, that, that is the very thing I so eagerly desire. Let the God of my heart be the God of your heart; let the God of my spirit be the God of your spirit; so shall we be united in him, and jointly partake of his blessedness through eternity.

Ah, I cried, can I forego the divine precepts of our prophet? Your prophet, says she, preaches only to the eye and the ear, and this is all that he does or can pretend to: but CHRIST, my prophet, preaches in the heart, to the affections. From him is every good motion: he is the unknown God of your spirit, my master, my *Abenamin*, and you feel his precious power while you disavow his name.

I was puzzled, I was silenced. I bent a knee in reverence, kissed her hand, and withdrew. I sent for the chief of the Christian missionaries, throughout the city and country. I consulted each of them in private, but received no satisfaction from them. They all  
appeared

appeared equally zealous for my conversion, but attempted it by different and even by opposite arguments. I knew not what to do; I was put to a stand, and quite confused by this multiplicity of conflicting opinions. At length, a countryman of my own came to me from the desert. He had been a great sinner, but was converted by the sense of his sins, and he was revered and resorted to by all the friendless and afflicted.

I opened my soul to him, with all its doubts and difficulties.—My friend, said he, with a gentle and still voice, they have all been leading you astray, quite away from the heaven that stretches forth its arms for the reception of long toiled mariners, whom storms have at length, compelled to seek a final port.

The God of your creation can alone be your redemption; the God of your nature can alone be the salvation of the nature that he imparted. But, who shall convince you of this? Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the doctors upon earth, till Christ himself shall be pleased to convince you that you are, however mighty a monarch, a poor, frail, erring, vile, and despicable creature; subjected to innumerable lapses and infirmities, sickness, passions, and crosses, griefs, agonies, and death; when this is effectually done, the whole of the business is done. You will call for and catch at a Saviour, in the sensibility of your want of him. When you come thus laden with your sins to him, he will in no wise cast you out; but he will take you, as Noah took the wearied dove into the ark. He will take you within the veil of his own temple of rest, and all sects, forms, and ceremonies will be as the outward courts, on which you will lay no manner of stress.

My heart felt the weight and fulness of conviction. I took him to my arms and requested instant baptism. My Eloisa was called; we locked ourselves in, and I was washed by water and faith into Christ, while my kneeling angel wept a stream of delight beside me. It is said that possession cloy. But I experienced, my dear D'Aubigny, that love never cloy. Every day, with my Eloisa, seemed to triumph, in heart-felt happiness over my bridal day. But, O what was the joy,

the exultation of my fond heart, when she gave me to be the father of a little daughter of Paradise!

One day, while we were toying and fooling with the smiling infant, Ah, my husband, cries Eloisa, how poor I was lately! No parents, no kindred, nothing but my Abenamin upon the whole earth! And now God has been pleased to make my affliction to laugh, and to give this babe for a further band, a precious link of love between us. He was just in this part of his narration, when the music sounded to the banquet. We instantly rose and joined our Eloisa.

When the colation was removed, Madam, said I to the empress, have you ever heard of a relation of yours, christened by the name of Fanny Goodall, and lately countess of Maitland? I have, said she, often heard my fond father speak of her with filling eyes. She is in this city, Madam. She is no longer countess of Maitland. She is now doubly your relation, your aunt as well as your cousin, and goes by the title of the marchioness D'Aubigny. With the good leave of my lord here, I will bring her to you directly.

I went to the palace appointed for my residence: I there gave my Fanny a few heads of the story of our Eloisa, and took her hastily to the presence. The ladies looked at each other, in long and silent admiration. Then, opening their arms, and rushing together, they continued some minutes locked in mutual embraces. Madam, said the emperor, smiling, I think I ought to be allowed the same liberties with my aunt, that your husband took with his niece. Whereon, he welcomed and caressed her with an affectionate fervour.

O, exclaimed the royal fair, how very poor, and how very rich our God can suddenly make us! But then, lord of my life, to think of parting, of parting with these dear friends again, perhaps never to see them more, that is what wrings my heart, in the midst of exultation! That, my love, said the emperor, is the very important article on which I wish to consult with you and our friends here, our dear kindred in Christ. But I must first shew them their young relation, my little enchantress, my eye-delighting Abenaide.

He

He then stepped forth, and, after a while, led in a gracefully moving creature, but veiled from the head to the waist. Throw up your veil, my love, says he; here are none but your friends, your very dear relations, your lovely aunt and your uncle, the marquis and marchioness D'Aubigny.

She did as she was ordered, and instantly broke upon my sight, like a new glory arisen upon mid-day. My Fanny seized upon her, as desirous of devouring her; and I, in turn, took her to me, with tearful eyes, as almost persuaded that I embraced the newly revived person of my dearest sister Louisa; so perfect was the resemblance in every grace and feature.

When we had nearly oppressed the celestial looking maid with our insatiate caresses; she seized our hands, and kissing them, cried, What a blessed day is this, that enriches Abenaide with two parents more; another precious father, and another lovely mother; happy Abenaide! Her royal father then gave a beck, and she instantly vanished; while her absence seemed to cast a shade throughout the room.

The monarch then, deeply musing, and heavily sighing, began:—I am now, my dearest friends, friends beloved above the world and all that it contains, I am now to open to you my inmost heart, and to reveal a purpose whereon I have been ruminating these many months, but could not hit on an expedient for bringing it to pass. How opportunely has our Jesus sent you to us on this occasion! I have but two children living; my Abenaide, and a son, by a former woman of my seraglio. His name is Abencorrage; he is a youth renowned in the field, but of a proud and impetuous demeanour. He had long conceived an illicit passion for his young and lovely sister. At length the fire broke forth, and he lately attempted her honour. I would instantly have put him to death, had I any other heir to succeed to my dominions. I therefore contented myself with banishing him my court and my presence, though I am sensible that this has not availed for the extinguishing his horrid flame.

Now, my friends, should I die, or should this violent boy break into rebellion, for he is the favourite  
of

of the soldiery, I tremble to think what would become of my bright-eyed dove, within the talons of such a vulture.

This, together with my eager desire of quitting a kingdom of infidels, and of joining with the blessed society of holy saints, has, after some struggles, determined me to abdicate my throne, as soon as I can amass and transmit a fund sufficient for supporting my Eloisa and myself, with becoming dignity, in her native country,

Ah, my lord, I cried, clasping him passionately in my arms, regard not your treasures, delay not a moment for that! Your Eloisa's relations, both by father and mother, are possessed of princely fortunes, and they will all be freely at the disposal of your majesty.

Ah, my D'Aubigny, said he, I am not yet so duly mortified a Christian as needlessly to descend at once from the king to the beggar. I have however been preparing: I have already converted a large part of my effects into bills and jewels, of high value but light portage, to the amount, as I think, of about twenty millions of French money; this I will transmit by you; and as soon as I shall have compassed an equal sum, I will stay no longer in Africa; I will fly to your bosoms, my precious friends.

In the mean time, this violent boy gives no rest to my apprehensions. It is therefore necessary that I commit my Abenaide to your trust. It is necessary, I say, that I tear away my choicest limb, the dearest part of my vitals. Support me, Christ, in the trial; but it must be gone through. This, however, must be done with all possible privacy. I am persuaded that my young villain has spies in and about my palace. I shall therefore request my dear aunt, to disguise my little girl in boy's apparel, and to blacken every part of her visible complexion, that she may pass unnoticed, as your page, through the midst of my attendants: as also that it may prove, during the travels of my darling a preservative against any further attempt tending to violation.

At length the time approached for my departure; but how to part was the question. All attendants were ordered



ordered to avoid the presence far away. Our metamorphosed Abenaide stood weeping beside us, while her father and mother pressed us successively to their bosoms. All was passion, a gush of tears, but not a word was uttered on any part.

O, my D'Aubigny, cried the Emperor at length, friend, brother of my heart, can you conceive what I feel at this instant? - I regard not the world, nor the things of the world. Omit such necessary accommodations as are common to us with brutes: and all belonging to the immortal and divine humanity of man, is magnetism, is fellowship; the feeling as of steel to the magnet, and of the magnet to steel. There is the friendship, the endearment, the love surpassing all other enjoyment. - If we meet again, my D'Aubigny, I shall anticipate my heaven!

Again he embraced his little angel, and again he embraced his queen, and besought her to be comforted. We then took leave, and again they called us back, and embraced and took leave again; till, seeing no end, I suddenly broke away, hurrying with us our Abenaide for fear of observation. I forgot however to tell you, that the day before our departure, the royal Abenamin had enjoined me to set apart ten millions of livres, for the portion of his child, in case she should be married to any prince or potentate; requesting me, at the same time, not to put any constraint on the inclinations of his lamb.

I have little further to say, my brother. - We arrived safe at Paris, where we received your letter; and impatient to make you happy, I dispatched my Fanny with your Abenaide before me; enjoining them however, not to reveal our secret till my arrival. For as I had charged myself with the loss of your Eloisa, I deemed myself best entitled to make you reparation in person. But I ought not to omit, that, before I left Paris I received a letter from the emperor, so that we may speedily look to have the royal pair in England.

Soon after a post-chaise whirled into the court, and lord Moreland flying out, caught Clement and Arabella into his strict embrace. He then hurried them in, where Mr. Clinton received and caressed, and introduced them to the duke and dutchess, as persons of great

great merit, and his highly valued friends. He then presented to them his Abenaide, who saluted Clement, and embraced Arabella with an affectionate familiarity.

O, Sir, cried our hero, kissing his uncle's hand, am I to be the last person in the world whom you will honour with a salute from your bewitching daughter? I ask your pardon, my lord, said Mr. Clinton solemnly, allow me then, at length to repair my omission by presenting to your lordship her little highness Abenaide.

Just then a footman entered: My lord, says he, to Harry, here are three carriages and several horsemen waiting without the gate, they enquire for one Mr. Fenton, who, they say, lives with the earl of Moreland, but I assured them there was no such person in the house. O, Sir, said lord Moreland, these are our old friends, the Fieldings; and out he flew. As he approached the carriages, the company gave a shout of joy. Why, Sir, said Mr. Fielding, a servant denied you to us, and said that no one of the name of Fenton lived here. O, says his lordship, heed him not; he is but a new comer. He then opened the doors of the carriages, and handed and kissed them in turn as they came out, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, the reverend Mr. Catharines and his Phoebe, and Ned and his blooming bride.

Mr. Clinton received them at the door, with the joy of his heart apparent in his countenance. He then introduced them to his most noble brother and sister, to his friend Meekly, and lastly he presented his Abenaide to them, on whom they all gazed in mute astonishment. Pray, Sir, said Mr. Fielding, whisperingly to Mr. Clinton, is the earl of Moreland in company?—That is he, Sir, pointing to Harry.—Q then, cried Fielding, he is titled below his merits; it was for an emperor that nature intended him.

Dinner was then served.—During the repast the duke said, Let us not, my brother, keep our Harry in pain: why should we delay the happiness of children so dear to us? With regard to your child's marriage to some mighty prince, as her father hinted, I think her more ennobled, by her marriage with our hero here, than if she were mated to the greatest potentate on earth. You must

must excuse me, my noble brother, said Mr. Clinton, I will have no clandestine doings in this business. My girl shall be married in the face and witnessing of thousands. What day of the week is this? Thursday, I think; let Monday se'nnight be the day. Lord Moreland rose, pressed and kissed the hand of the duke with rapture, and then kissed the hand of his uncle in silent submission. They kept the Fieldings with them for three days. But the earl would not part with his Clement, nor Abenaide with Arabella till the marriage should be over.

At length the auspicious morning rose; the beautiful pair wanted no ornament to set them off. Lord Moreland was dressed in a suit of the finest white cloth, of the manufactory of his native country, lightly embroidered with gold. The princess was habited after the Persian fashion, in a vest of silver silk. Our hero, coming forth, beheld her, just issuing, from her anti-chamber. He stepped back, as she advanced, and fixed his eyes upon her in mute astonishment; then lifted his hands toward heaven, and cried, O, may every day rise, like this, on my soul-enrapturing Abenaide, encircling her with friendship, love, and joy!

Arabella attended her royal friend, and Clement his noble pupil, just as Longfield entered to give an account of his expedition. But he had scarce begun his detail, when, catching the image that had long since made an impression on his heart, he started and turned pale, and breaking off, he cried, Bless me, my Lord, Mrs. Clement, I think! Yes, Longfield, said the earl, and there too is your old and fast friend Hammel Clement. Clement would not have known Longfield in his genteel plight, but hearing his name, and recollecting him at a glance, he flew and seized him with a strenuous embrace. Arabella then advanced to welcome her old friend; but poor Longfield respectfully bowed and shrunk back.

You shall not escape me so, my dear Mr. Longfield, says she; I cannot forget what I owe you, even my life and reputation; and I bless the Father of mercies, who has put it in our power to pay part of our debt; and

and so saying she embraced him with freedom and cordiality. Yes, my dear Longfield, cried Hammel, yours is the half of our fortunes, and more than half of our hearts. Your heart, Sir, said Longfield, will ever be most valuable ; but as to any thing additional, the bounty of my young master has rendered all further fortune quite superfluous to me.

Longfield then beckoned his lord forth, that he might relate to his eye, rather than to his ear, the success of his commission. They hastened to a long barn, where he shewed Harry two ranges of beautiful children, one of a hundred chosen girls, another of a hundred chosen boys, all dressed in a clean and neat uniform. Harry walked between the ranks, his heart exulting in the sense of its own divine humanity. Then embracing his agent, Yes, my Longfield, he cried, these shall be indeed my children, and I will prove a true and affectionate father to them ; but let us hasten to bestow upon them a tender mother too.

He flew back as a glimpse of lightning, and seizing the hand of his bride, Will you pardon me, my beloved, says he, some matters that have happened before our union ? I have collected all the children I ever had before marriage. I scorn any thing that is clandestine. They wait for your inspection ; and I hope that you will not prove a hard step-mother to them. You are a rogue, says she, smiling ; but come along, and so saying away they tripped.

The princess walked, with a silent and musing attention, up and down the ranges. Her heart grew strongly affected, and taking out her handkerchief, she wiped away the dropping tear. And has my Lord, says she, to Longfield, has he indeed taken upon him to be a father to all this pretty host of little ones ? He has, so please your highness, says Longfield, and has accordingly clothed and provided for them. O, she cried, under the Father which is in Heaven, he is the dearest and sweetest father that ever was upon earth ! So exclaiming, she flew to her Harry, and notwithstanding her late coyness, threw her arms about his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, vented her passion in tears.

On

On their return, they perceived Mr. Clinton, the duke and dutchess, all standing at the great folding door, and, flying up the marble steps, they both bent the knee, and received the joint blessings and successive caresses of their three exulting parents.

High as my impatience justly is, said lord Moreland, to take possession of the happiness before me, I thought it my duty to do the business of my Master first. I have been shewing to Abenaide her family; I have been shewing my children their heavenly mother.

The procession then set out for the parish church, in this order. First, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly moved away in Mr. Clinton's coach. The family of the Fieldings then followed. Next went Clement and his Arabella, in their post chaise. The duke and dutchess then succeeded. Last advanced the princess's four faithful Moors, mounted on fiery coursfers. And last of all came our hero and his Abenaide, in an open phaeton. Never will any sight more glorious be exhibited, till the heavenly Jerusalem shall descend upon earth.

The crowd, however, extended wide and far beyond the cavalcade. They bowed respectfully to Mr. Clinton, the duke, &c. as they passed; but as soon as they got a glimpse of the carriage of their young Lord, their acclamations became almost insufferable to the ear, like the shouts of a Persian army at the rising of the sun.

Slow as lord Moreland moved, the multitude strove to retard him by throwing themselves in the way, that they might satiate their eyes. Bended knees and lifted hands, prayers, blessings, and exclamations were heard, and seen on all sides; and all the way as they went, thousands upon thousands, shouted the hymeneal of the happy pair.

T H E E N D.

# BOOKS

Published by the late Rev. Mr. WESLEY, &c.

Sold by Mr. Whitfield, City-Road, London.

1. **T**HE Life of Mr. THOMAS WALSH, of Bally-Lynn, in Ireland; collected chiefly from his own papers, by Mr. JAMES MORGAN. Mr. Walsh was educated in the principles of the Church of Rome, but being convinced of the errors and pernicious doctrines of that Church, he embraced the Protestant Religion. Soon after, he was instructed more perfectly in the Truth as it is in Jesus, and became an Itinerant Preacher in the Methodist Connection. This Narrative contains a particular account of his remarkable Convictions and Conversion; his deep experience, inward sufferings, persecutions, afflictions, and temptations; his almost unexampled zeal for the conversion of sinners, and indefatigable labours in the ministry, both in England and Ireland. Bound 2s. Sewed 1s. 6d.

2. The Life of the pious and venerable Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, Vicar of Madeley, Author of the Checks against Antinomianism, and many other valuable pieces of polemical and practical divinity. For the Character of Mr. Fletcher, see the Arminian Magazine for the year 1793. Price bound 2s. 4d. sewed 1s. 6d.

3. The Journal of Miss MARY GILBERT, daughter of Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq. of the Island of Antigua. Miss Gilbert is an instance of early piety, being taken to everlasting Rest in the 16th year of her age. She began to write her Journal, three years before her death, so that it contains the genuine experience of a Child, written by herself, merely for her own use, wherein she sets down, from time to time, just what occurred between God and her own soul.

4. The Journal of Mrs. HARPER, of Redruth, in Cornwall; containing an account of her Experience in the Knowledge and Love of God. 4d.

5. The Life of Mr. JOHN JANEWAY, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 4d.

BOOKS published by Mr. WESLEY, &c.

6. The Life and Christian Experience of the Rev. DAVID BRAINERD, Missionary to the Indians in North America; containing an account of the work of grace upon his mind in his childhood and youth; his preparation for the ministry, till he was examined and licensed to preach the Gospel: appointed Missionary to the Indians, by the delegates of the Society in Scotland for promoting Christian Knowledge. Great discouragements and sore conflicts on his first entrance upon the arduous undertaking. Labours among the Indians, in different parts of the forests of America. Extraordinary work of God among them. Many remarkable conversions of notorious sinners. The manners, customs, &c. of the native Americans. An account of Mr. Brainerd's experience in his last sickness and death, together with some of his letters to particular Friends. Price bound 3s.—sewed 2s. 6d.

7. The LIFE of M. De RENTY, a French Nobleman, of exemplary piety and devotedness to God. Some years before his death, he could testify, “I carry about with me ordinarily, an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the presence of the Holy Trinity; and this in so lively a manner, that my outward employments create me no disturbance at all.” 6d.

8. The Journal of Mr. JOHN NELSON, one of the first Itinerant Lay-preachers among the Methodists. Containing an account of God's dealings with him from his youth, to the 42d year of his age. Particularly his being called to preach the gospel in his native country; the success with which the Lord was pleased to crown his labours; the beginning of that great revival of Religion at Leeds, and in many parts of Yorkshire; persecutions and sufferings which he was strengthened to endure steadfastly for the Truth's sake; imprisoned and impressed for a soldier, for preaching the gospel; providentially liberated; successful labours in the Lord's vineyard; conflicts and debates with various species of Antinomian professors. Price bound 2s.—sewed 1s. 6d.

BOOKS published by Mr. WESLEY, &c.

9. Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. PEARD DICKINSON, A. M. late of Hertford College, Oxford: In which the Dispensations of Providence and Grace, towards Individuals, are exemplified in some remarkable Instances. Written by himself, and revised and corrected by JOSEPH BENSON.—Sewed 1s. 6d.

10. The Life of Mr. SILAS TOLD: Containing many instances of the interposition of Divine Providence in his favour when at sea; his sufferings in the West-Indies, and on the coast of Guinea; the execrable cruelty of slave captains and dealers in human flesh; captured by Spanish pirates; shipwrecked on the coast of America; voyage up the Mediterranean; returns to England, and becomes acquainted with the Methodists; visits the malefactors in Newgate for twenty years together, many of whom he is made the instrument of their conversion, several remarkable instances. Price sewed 1s.—bound 1s. 6d.

11. An Account of God's dealings with Mr. JOHN HAIME. He was brought to the knowledge of the Truth when a soldier in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons, and preached the Gospel to the British Army in Flanders, in the years 1744, and 1745. This Narrative includes some account of the Methodist Soldiers who were killed at the battle of Fontenoy. 4d.

12. A short account of JOHN DILLON. Mr. Dillon was born in the Army, and was present at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy. In the year 1757, being then in Ireland, he was brought to the knowledge of God, and some time after, became an useful labourer in the Lord's Vineyard. 1d.

13. DEATH and HEAVEN; or, The last Enemy conquered, and separate Spirits made perfect. With an Account of the rich Variety of their Employments and Pleasures; attempted in Two Funeral Discourses, in Memory of Sir John Hartoep, Bart. and his Lady.—By Isaac Watts, D. D. 1s. 6d. bound.

14. KEMPIS's Christian Pattern, a new Edition, 1s.













